

FINDING
THE
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IN THE
ORIENT

KIRTLAND

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LUCIAN SWIFT KIRTLAND

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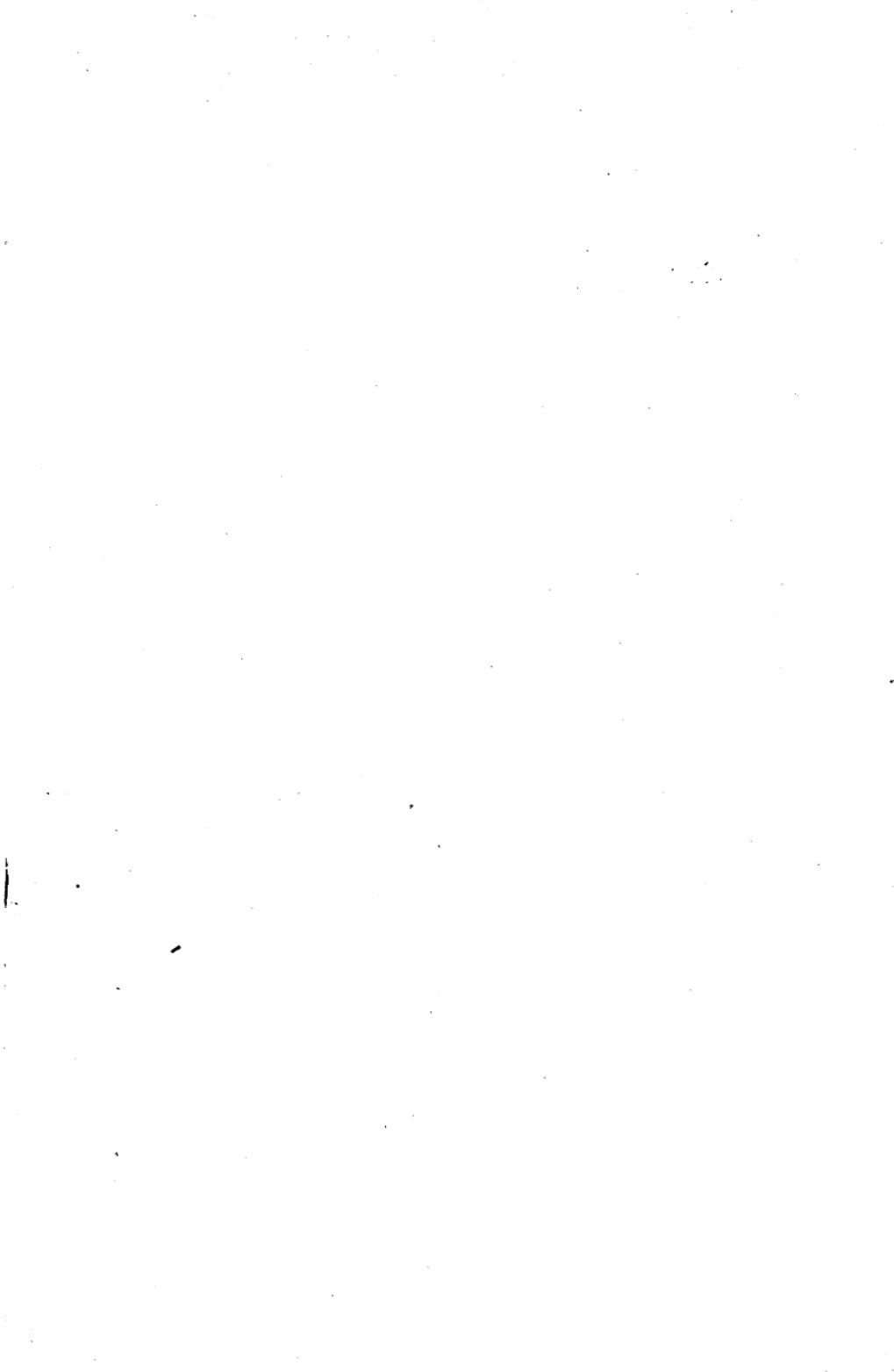


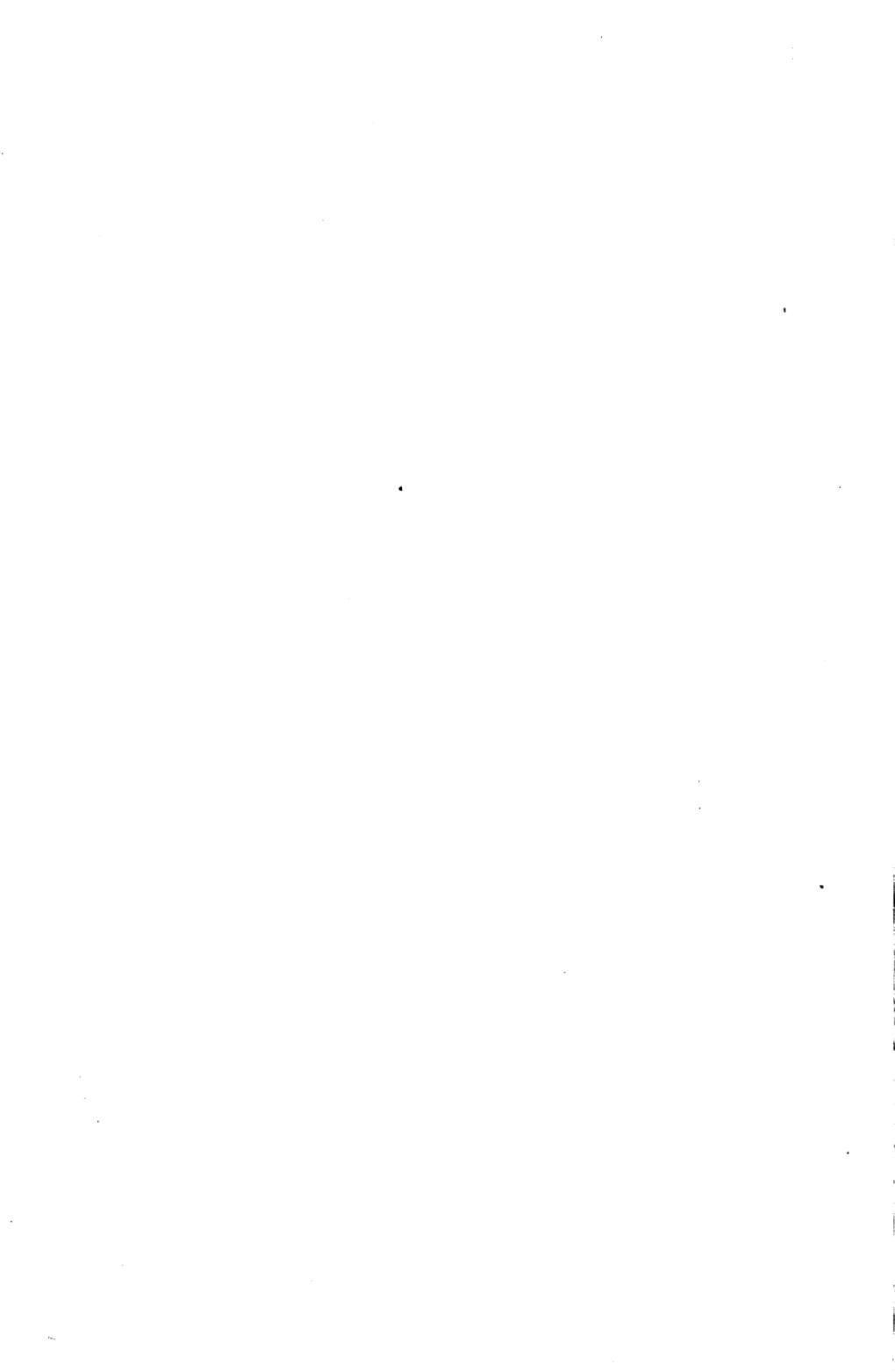
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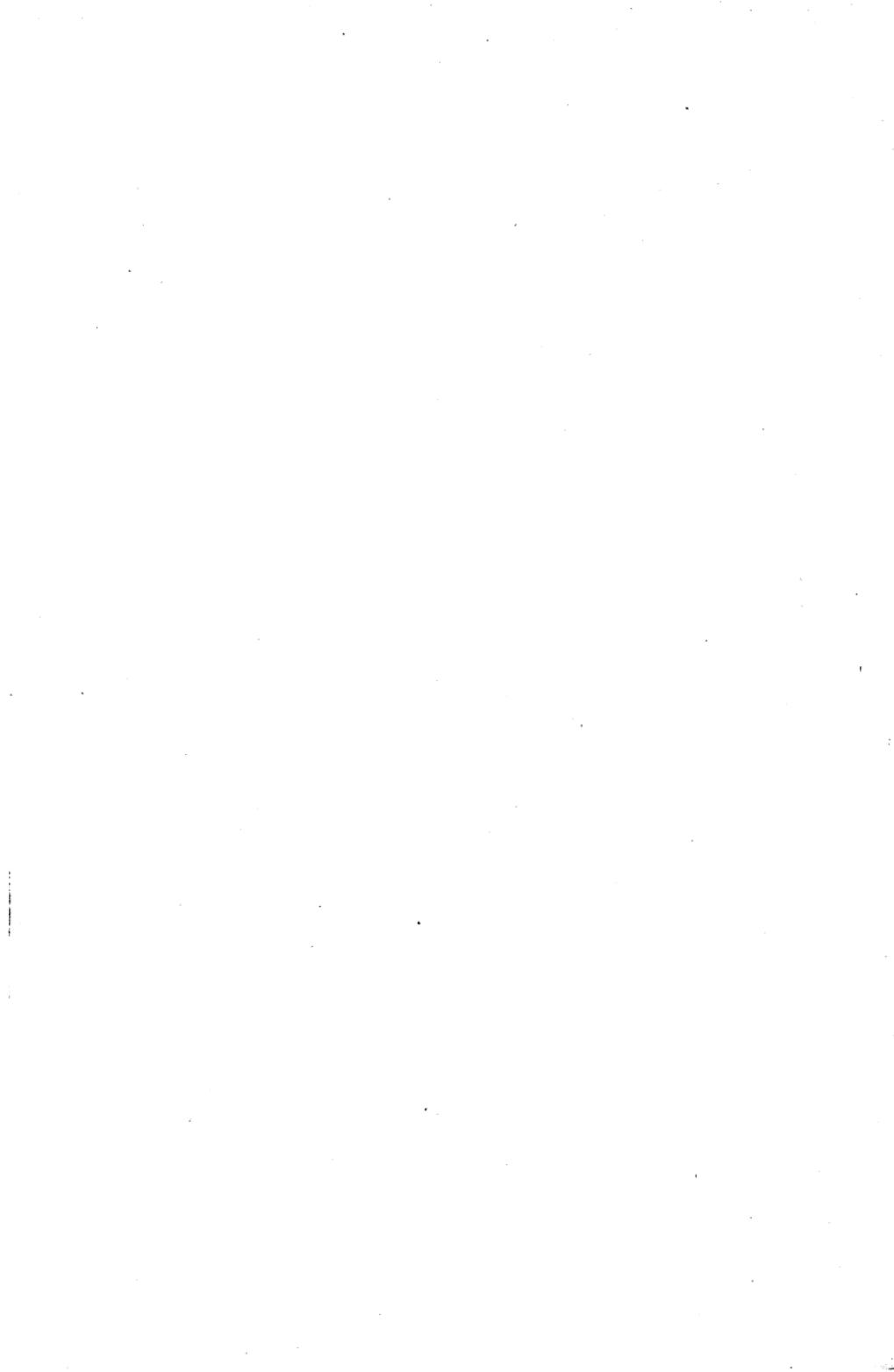
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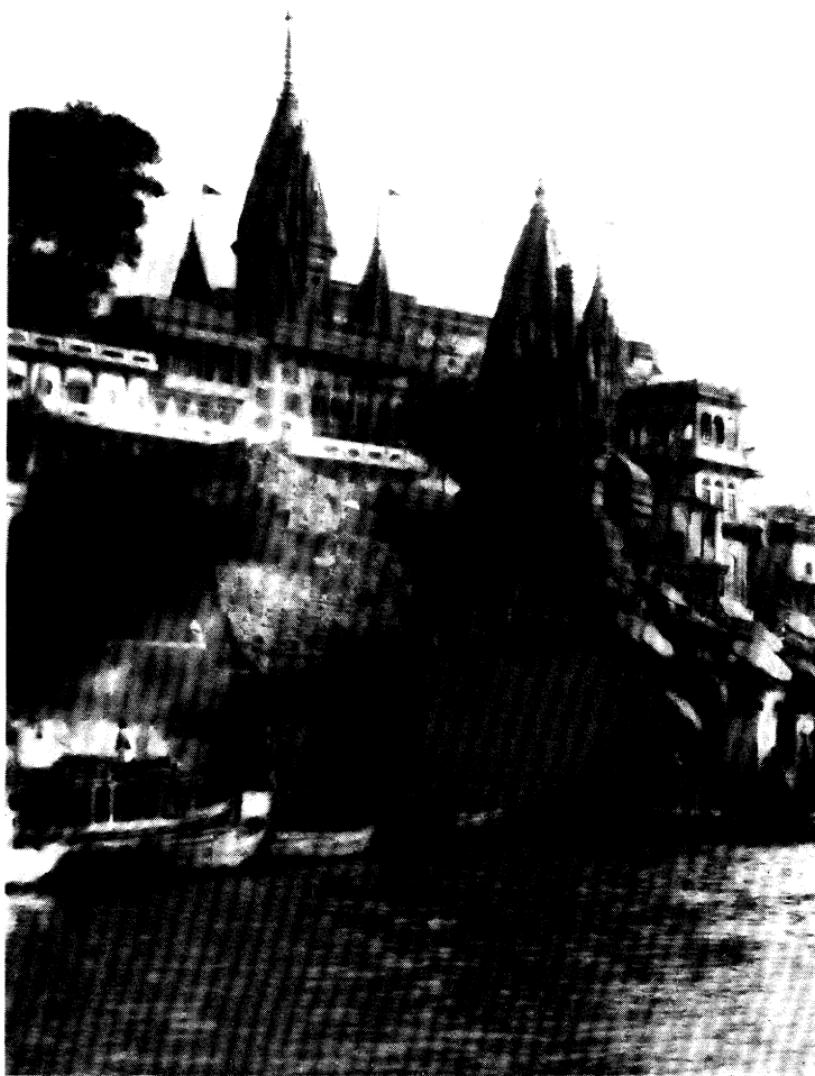


FINDING
THE WORTH WHILE
IN THE ORIENT



JAPAN
CHINA
KOREA
THE PHILIPPINES
THE DUTCH EAST INDIES
THE MALAY STRAITS SETTLEMENTS
SIAM
FRENCH INDO-CHINA
BURMA
INDIA
CEYLON





The Vision of the East, Benares

FINDING THE WORTH WHILE IN THE ORIENT

by

LUCIAN SWIFT KIRTLAND

Author of "Samurai Trails," etc.

ILLUSTRATED



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To
H. W. J. K.
My Companion Wanderer

PREFACE

The romantic allure and the gorgeous pageantry of the East have not palled for the writer, in spite of many years of intimate acquaintanceship.

But this enchantment does not envelop the entire Orient; much of it is commonplace and uninteresting and can easily be avoided. Above all, the modern port cities, with their Western veneer, do not reveal the ancient East.

A guide-book must be all inclusive in its scope. Its information must be dispensed impartially. The author herein has no designs on the province of the guide-book. He aims to stress those places which in his opinion possess unusual beauty, strangeness, or the fascination of the picturesque. He aims also to warn the traveler against certain famous places which will be found both mediocre and uninspiring despite their renown. The avoidance of what is tiresome and dull spells a more leisurely wandering through those paths most expressive of the life and culture of the East.

Where the reader and the writer share somewhat the same tastes, this program is acceptable. Some of the places of greatest interest have little heralded fame and lie off the usual paths. The traveler who is willing occasionally to play truant from the established routes will have his high rewards. But even for the most hurried, the portals of the gorgeous East are not closed if only he will turn his back upon the obtrusive modern ports and cities and seek the old and genuine. Kyoto is less than two hours from Kobe. Hangchow is but a half day from Shanghai. Benares may be reached by a night's train ride from Calcutta.

L. S. K.

CONTENTS

PREFACE	vii
INTRODUCTION—THE ORIENTAL TOUR	i
CHAPTER	PAGE
1 JAPAN, LAND OF THE RISING SUN	18
2 KOREA, LAND OF THE MORNING CALM	93
3 MANCHURIA, THE KINGDOM OF THE SOYA BEAN	113
4 NORTHERN CHINA—PEKING, THE IMPERIAL CITY	129
5 CENTRAL CHINA—SHANGHAI AND THE YANGTSE VALLEY	173
6 SOUTH CHINA—HONGKONG AND CANTON	198
7 MANILA, AND THE ISLES OF THE PHILIPPINES	231
8 FRENCH INDO-CHINA—ANGKOR	252
9 SIAM, THE LAND OF THE YELLOW ROBE	269
10 MALAYA—TOWNS AND JUNGLE	282
11 THE DUTCH EAST INDIES—JAVA AND FABULOUS BALI	293
12 SMILING BURMA	314
13 NORTHERN INDIA AND THE VALE OF KASHMIR	335
14 CENTRAL AND SOUTHERN INDIA	403
15 CEYLON, THE FRAGRANT ISLE	427
16 MEMORANDUM OF EASTERN ITINERARIES	444
INDEX	451



ILLUSTRATIONS

	<i>Frontispiece</i>	<i>PAGE</i>
The Vision of the East. Benares	<i>Frontispiece</i>	32
A Shinto Shrine in Tokio	32	32
Fuji-san from a teahouse window	33	33
An Autumn festival in a temple courtyard	48	48
A flute-playing mendicant at a shrine entrance	49	49
The Sacred Mountain of Japan	64	64
An itinerant juggler performing	65	65
Cormorant fishing at night	80	80
The great bronze Buddha, Diabutsu	81	81
The coolies with their insignia marked jackets	81	81
A Korean gentleman receives his guests	96	96
A market-produce laden ox	97	97
In the garden of the Summer Palace, Pekin	144	144
A gate in Pekin	145	145
A busy street in the Native City	160	160
The Great Wall of China	161	161
The streets of Chungking, an inland city of China	176	176
A junk entering the gorges of the upper Yangtse	177	177
The children, smiling, inquisitive but always present	192	192
A crowded waterway of inland China	193	193
Shops on one of the streets of the seventy-two guilds, Canton	208	208
Queens Road, Hongkong	209	209
In Canton, the strangest, most oriental city of the world	224	224
A criminal exhibited to the people	225	225
The women of China man many of the river boats	225	225
Market day in the Philippines	240	240
On the canal at Manila	241	241
The great ruins of Angkor Watt	256	256
A Buddist temple in Angkor Watt	257	257

	PAGE
A Siamese prince making an official call in Bangkok	272
A street in modern Bangkok	273
A commercial street in Singapore	288
Singapore, the crossroads of the East	289
A ceremonial procession in Soerakarta, Java	304
A street in Butzenzorg	305
The platform of the Shwe Dagon Pagoda, Rangoon	320
In an elephant stockade	321
Tower of Victory, Chitorgarh	352
The matchless Taj	353
Napalese of Darjeeling	368
Most holy Benares	369
A house boat on the Thelum Kashmir	384
The dream city of Udaipur	385
A Gopuram of Madura	400
The Subrahmanya shrine, Tangore	401
In the Nizam's capital, Hyderabad	416
A native barber	417
A fakir in his cart	417

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INTRODUCTION

THE ORIENTAL TOUR

The Seasons

WHATEVER else the traveler in the Orient may choose to be indifferent about, he cannot ignore the seasons. At least, if there be human salamanders who can wander anywhere at any season with always effervescent enthusiasm, I haven't happened to meet them. I have endured the malignancy of a number of hot seasons, and candidly I do not recommend the days "when doorknobs wilt." On the other hand, my affection for Japan and China suffers a certain cooling down in midwinter.

Seven or eight months of the year may be called comfortable for travel in the East, but they must be distributed suitably.

The spring and autumn months are ideal for Japan, Manchuria, Korea, and China. It is possible to plan a summer tour in Japan by avoiding the broiling plains and confining oneself to the mountains and certain of the seashore places. But China offers no such possibility. My own midwinter experience in these countries has been that the people seem half congealed and I am totally so. One stays in the cities. Unless the coming of spring is awaited, the glorious beauty of the countryside remains unsuspected.

Only in their short "cool" season may French Indo-China, Siam, Burma, and Southern India be seen with any degree of comfort. This cool season lasts from about the beginning of November until the middle of January. For Indo-China and

Siam, the advice to stay away during the other months should be taken as mandatory. The hot season means the prevalence of those fevers and epidemics which are more or less in abeyance in the winter. Foreigners do peep at Southern India and do land in Burma before and after the winter limits without such risk to health, but they find sizzling heat.

The Straits Settlements, Java, and Ceylon lie more directly under the equatorial sun and their climate is practically unchanged the year round. But the prevailing winds have some effect and make June, July, and August more oppressive. In Java and Ceylon one can always escape from the sultry coast to the cool hills.

The various islands of the Philippine group present an array of contraries. One spot will be hot when another is cool, one rainy when another is dry. This difference is brought by the winds. However, the interest of the casual traveler is confined to Manila and the island of Luzon. Luzon's climate is balmy from about the first of November until the first of April. At other times it receives few compliments.

North India has a sharply defined cool season. The wet monsoon may be counted upon to end its reign during the last week in October. Cool, dry days are then ushered in. Bombay and Calcutta, being on the coast, do not cool off so perceptibly but elsewhere one may expect cool, or cold, nights through November, December, January, and February with warm but not uncomfortable days. The nights at Darjeeling, through the Punjab, and in the Northwest Provinces are cold and the days can be cool. March days begin to hint at mounting temperatures but they belong to the comfortable season. The first two weeks in April are often lenient, but this is not to be taken as a promise.

From this summary it will be seen that the haughty autocracy of the seasons may be confronted and tamed by a judicious planning of the itinerary and schedule. The round the world traveler proceeding westward can plan to arrive in Yokohama the first of September—or earlier should he wish to go directly to the mountains—and will have the three autumn months for Japan and China, and the winter's four months for the tropical countries. Proceeding eastward he can plan to arrive in Bom-

bay about the first of November, and will then have the winter for the tropical countries and the following spring for China and Japan. These are examples of a full season of travel, but of course I do not know what length of visit you will plan nor what countries you will wish to include. However, for either a short or a long visit it is quite extraordinary how the countries arrange themselves in a sequence. For the leisurely traveler with a comprehensive itinerary or for the hurried traveler who must pick and choose with rigid discrimination, there need be little doubling back on the trail. But every traveler must consider the seasons.

The Appendix to this volume contains suggestions for estimating fairly accurately the time required for your itinerary; or, inversely, what countries you can visit in a given time.

It is possible to visit in a single traveling season all of the countries which receive a chapter in this volume. But, frankly, the seasons are too arbitrary to allow this ambitious program without a slighting of the supreme places in favor of those less worth while. Nor will human endurance and human powers of receptivity respond to such a cramming without dulling the keen edge of enthusiasm. Perhaps you will criticize the plan of a book which contains more hints than can be followed in a single tour. This is the answer—I have hoped to aid you in planning your itinerary and in selecting from the wealth which is offered. The debating of one's itinerary is next door to being as fascinating as its realization. And travelers do return to the Orient. Also, an appreciable number "hang up" at some comfortable retreat during the hot season to await a second cool season. Japan has its delightful mountain country and its seacoast resorts. Manchuria has a seaside resort near Dairen, with a luxurious hotel. In the Philippines there is the hill station at Baguio, with its salubrious climate, and the Government has been developing it as a solution for the summer problem of the Americans in the islands. Java has its sanatoriums in the hills, but the diversions through three months might begin to pall. Ceylon has Nuwara Eliya, high up amid magnificent hills. There is a comfortable hotel, a splendid golf course, riding, motoring, tramping, climbing, fishing—in fact about every outdoor amusement which might be asked. India has

Simla and Darjeeling and a half dozen other hill stations. But who in India would think of spending a summer at any of them when there is that incomparable paradise, the Vale of Kashmir?

Hospitality Ashore

A quarter of a century ago the "European fare" of many an hotel, which the East sadly mislabeled "foreign style," resembled the fo'c'sle rations of a whaler. The rooms often corresponded. Those Spartan days have completely receded into the historical past, and seem as remote as the tales of Marco Polo. Unless your wandering steps carry you to very unusual places indeed, I feel sure that you will call the hotels and their fare satisfactory. At certain places your praise may take a far more eulogistic turn. During the past decade many of the larger cities have built *de luxe* caravansaries offering all the material luxuries of Western invention, and the service has the gracious touch of traditional Oriental hospitality. One would expect Japan to have clean and comfortable hotels, and the Japanese influence has now extended to Korea and Manchuria. The hotels of Peking and the port cities of China, the hotels of Manila, Saigon, Singapore, Penang, Weltevreden, and Colombo, are institutions of hospitality. Burma remains rather primitive in its hotels. In India the great ports of Bombay and Calcutta fail rather disgracefully in adequate hotel accommodations, but the other cities and towns meet the demands of most travelers.

The first class railway carriages throughout the East are clean and comfortable. In fact railway travel, with a few exceptions, has reached a high standard of comfort and efficiency. Of course, there is some variation in the different countries.

In no way has the "unchanging East" changed more radically in recent years than in its shops. Formerly the traveler had to think of every last thing which he might possibly need and then stuff his luggage with the entire array before leaving home. He had to provide himself with extra shoe laces, ink, books, films, and soap—with everything. Nowadays there are Euro-

pean shops in the port cities stocked with all of these necessities. And if the old saying must be proved again, that the luxuries of yesterday are the necessities of to-day, it might be noted that if you insist upon carrying a phonograph you can obtain new jazz records in places as remote as Kashmir. Soda water fountains are not exactly ubiquitous, but in the zone of the Pacific they are appearing; and at Shanghai the sundaes and frosted chocolates are reported to be peerless. On the streets of Colombo boys thrust the *Saturday Evening Post* upon your attention.

The Magic of the Motor Car

Radical as some of the above mentioned developments may be in comparison to the conditions of yesterday, none of them may be credited with having materially altered the direct procedure of sightseeing. But when it comes to the magic of the motor car, it is hardly too much to say that this invention of the West has made every tourist into a potential explorer. Certainly the ordinary traveler has had opened to his survey broad areas and long treks which belonged to his predecessors only if they were willing to spend endless days in springless country carts, or in swaying elephant howdahs, or on horse or camel back. I myself have an obstinate streak which persists in remembering some of those old-time expeditions with a highly romantic regard; but at the same time I must confess that the magic of the motor carries a reality as wonderful as the fantastic Bagdad carpet of the Arabian story-tellers. Particularly is it true in the tropic isles—the Philippines, Java, Bali, Ceylon—that the traveler of to-day may know the infinite variety of their landscapes—their plains, their jungles, their spectacular mountains—with an intimacy completely denied to the traveler of yesterday.

The descriptive chapters of this book contain many motoring suggestions. I realize that the expense involved would be considerable if a traveler should accept all of them. But one makes choices in this field as in any other. One chief point of dismay is that motoring expenses come so abruptly and unevenly, and for any one who must regard economy these sudden raids seem

to fall outside the range of careful calculation. I have found that if one budgets certain major expenses in advance, they are psychologically and practically easier to dispose of when they suddenly arise. Why not budget a definite motoring fund and then draw against this sum rather than against the general total of your letter of credit? For a four or five months' tour in the Orient, an estimate of \$250 gold for one or two travelers ought to stand as an ample margin for the most desirable expeditions.

The Subject of Clothing

The pragmatic truth about what's worn in the East, in this day of grace, has to try to ride two horses. No longer does it mean that when you are east of Suez you will find fickle Dame Fashion yielding graciously to modes unchangingly established on the bedrock of comfort and practicality. While every one knows that sun helmets for both men and women are an absolute necessity under the tropic sun, a pith helmet worn with an afternoon frock at a garden party intrudes a devastatingly inartistic touch, an element which reduces to naught the congruity of an otherwise perfect costume. In consequence, a considerable part of the daily existence of the *mem-sahibs* in the tropical East seems to be involved with determining just what risks can be taken with the "eternal enemy," the sun.

However, I am afraid that the above observation has nothing of the practical about it. A simple and accurate rule about formal or semi-formal occasions is that—with due reference to the seasons—the Dame Fashion who rules in the East is none other than the arbiter who dictates in Europe, England, or America. Once upon a time travelers of both sexes expected to be leniently forgiven if their luggage did not provide a wardrobe to meet social emergencies. Such a circumstance is not considered mitigating to-day. Perhaps this comes as a dismaying revelation, but I feel rather sure that women travelers will be just as distraught in Shanghai, if they find that they are not gowned to suit the occasion, as they would be at Nice or Rome or Stockholm. There is a hint in this last sentence. The formal and semi-formal contents of the wardrobe trunk should be about the same as one would expect to take on a European

tour. I mean for the same presumable sort of traveling program. Leisurely travelers in the East expecting to spend considerable time in places where they will meet and be invited to the homes of resident foreigners will need an appropriate and diversified wardrobe. The hurried traveler will cut down proportionately. But always at least one formal evening gown should be included, and two or three dresses suitable for informal afternoon or dinner wear. On the steamers, sports costumes prevail for daytime wear. Dressing for the evening is about the same as on the Atlantic during the summer passages. The large hotels at Tokyo, Peking, Shanghai, Hong-kong, and Manila reveal an American influence in the dining-rooms, while in centers such as Singapore, Colombo, Calcutta, Bombay, there is a prevailing British influence. That is, the American women dress rather more elaborately than their British cousins, but the American men do not appear in dinner coats as frequently as do the British. Sports dress for daytime wear can be added unto or replaced along the route of travel, even by hurried travelers. Evening dresses ought to be brought from home.

In the daytime women in the tropics no longer wear drill suits but dress exactly as they would at home for hot weather. But remember the sun helmet. A warm wrap and sweaters, *taken everywhere*, and comfortable shoes, are natural suppositions.

For men the past decade has brought a simplification of wardrobe. It was once customary to wear morning coats and high hats when calls were made upon high officials; and at afternoon affairs one used to see men with both high hats and sun helmets with which they alternately crowned their heads depending upon shadow or sun. To-day a man is never likely to find occasion for formal afternoon dress unless he be invited to the once-a-year garden party given by the Mikado at Tokyo, or to some ultraformal official function in India. Also, the traveler will find that full evening dress is rarely seen nowadays except at dinners given by very high officials or on occasions such as the Viceroy's ball at Delhi. On the other hand, a dinner coat cannot be dispensed with.

In the winter season in Japan and China a man needs the

same suits and overcoat he would wear in frosty weather at home. For Northern India, in the winter season, one warm woolen suit should go into the traveling kit, and a warm overcoat. Personally, I always carry a suit of warm underwear wherever I go in case of some emergency, such as a sudden visit to the hills. For hot weather everywhere in the East, washable silk, linen, or cotton suits are worn. The native tailors turn these out quickly and at a low cost. If you are traveling eastward, that is, if you are approaching India by way of the Red Sea, you will need one or two tropical suits for the steamer.

A raincoat—for men and women—is useful in Japan and China, and possibly elsewhere. Personally, in the tropics, I prefer an umbrella. I find a raincoat suffocating.

Sports

Sports begin on the steamers. For the deck games a pair of crêpe-rubber soled shoes is the chief necessary equipment. Almost all of the trans-Pacific liners have deck swimming tanks, and so also have the world cruise steamers. Bathing suits can usually be purchased on board ship, but a costume brought from home will probably be better to your liking.

During the past few years, from Kobe to Kashmir, the foreign "exiles" in the East have been busy creating for themselves golf courses, and tennis courts also. Kashmir gets along without a newspaper in any language, but it has two admirable golf courses. Personally, I cannot quite see how a traveler on a three or four months' tour, or a passenger on a world cruise, will find enough available days or half-days to justify the bother of carrying a golf bag, but this depends on what one would sacrifice.

Horseback riding, even in India, has almost disappeared as an available sport or form of exercise for the traveler. Once upon a time at many places, even if one was a one-day visitor, horses could be secured readily for an early morning canter. One never hears of anything of that sort now. However, there are excursions here and there which can be made only on horseback. If you don't care to ride, you don't go. A man will

need no special clothing for such excursions, but a woman will find a riding habit a convenience.

In regard to big game shooting, this book is obviously not one to which a hunter would turn for advice and hints. Going out after a tiger in the jungle is not an adventure which one enters upon impulsively between tiffin and tea and after reading directions in a book.

Health

Two commands are everywhere applicable in the East:

Never drink water unless you are sure it has been boiled. (Bottled mineral waters, or bottled soda water, may be had everywhere. In China distilled water, called "silent" water, is to be had at most of the hotels.)

Never eat uncooked vegetables, including salads. This should be amended to include fruits which have a thin, soft skin which can become bruised and broken and infected. In China do not eat melons.

Before starting for the East it is a wise plan to have a general talk with your own physician, and to have him give you typhoid inoculation and vaccination. It is advisable to carry certificates, with the dates, to the effect that you have been inoculated and vaccinated. These are sometimes asked for at ports of landing.

Always beware the mosquito. Only one variety carries malaria, but it is hardly worth while to draw fine discriminations in your precautions. See that your bed net at night is without gaps or holes. A little citronella oil rubbed on your hands, ankles, face, and neck keeps the singing pests away for a considerable time. There is also a preparation called "sketofax," a cream in tubes, which gives relief from bites and acts as a preventive against attack. Quinine is the cure for a touch of malaria, but the amount to be taken should be prescribed by a physician.

In the tropics do not expose your head or the back of your neck to the sun—wear a sun helmet.

I always like to have a compact medicine kit in my handbag. These kits, which may be purchased complete, contain a few standard remedies such as quinine, aspirin, bicarbonate of soda,

etc., together with a clinical thermometer, adhesive tape, and bandages. A hot water bottle is a good inclusion. Some anti-septic solution for cuts or scratches should be carried.

Try to avoid becoming tired, hungry, and thirsty at one and the same time.

Credentials and Letters of Introduction

The dictionary defines credentials as letters of introduction. I think of credentials as documents of identity. To begin with, there is one's passport. And if one is a member of some learned society, or one's name is in *Who's Who*, or if one is vouched for by some organization, business firm, or bank, documents of proof may become a very valuable possession. Special favors and special privileges are an integral part of Eastern life. In applying for some special privilege, it is convenient to have an impressive proof of identity. Official letters of introduction to your country's legations and consulates are glittering examples of highly desirable papers.

Private letters of introduction to European or American residents can be as magical as the golden key in the fairy tale. But this fact is too obvious to require any elaboration.

Expenses

Proffered hints about traveling expenses in the Orient almost always err on the side of underestimation. Particularly if you have friends whose visit was a decade back must you consider that their experience was gained in a bygone age. Also, the most recent information is apt to be rosy-tinted *in toto* simply because some outlays are so amazingly low. By no means am I trying to convey the impression that the East is shockingly expensive. It is not. But I would not have you misled. The minimum cannot be cut as low as in Europe, where there is a far wider range of accommodations. In the East there is more or less one standard for all Westerners. A standard in Europe, equaling in comfort and luxury this "democratic" standard of the East, would be considerably more expensive.

The following estimates of expenses are taken from my own

experience. Of course, the faster one travels, the greater will be the aggregation of little expenses for each day, and the closer together will come the major expenses. But let us assume a visit occupying four or five months, one giving about a month each to Japan, China, and India. In Japan, China, the Philippines and Java, the average daily expense of the usual traveler ashore will be about \$15.00 gold. It may be a little higher in Japan and a little less in China. Of course, in China the rate of silver exchange makes a decided difference. India is the least expensive of the Oriental countries, and even including the cost of a traveling servant the daily average need not exceed \$12.00 gold.

On the Pacific waters, the steamer fares from San Francisco, Seattle, or Vancouver to Yokohama are \$300.00 gold; to Shanghai, \$346.00; to Manila and Hongkong, \$375.00. By the payment of \$75.00 gold the portion of the steamer ticket reading between Yokohama and Shanghai may be exchanged for a first class railway ticket which will carry the traveler overland by the following route: Tokyo—Kyoto—Kobe—Shimonoseki—Fusan (Korea) by ferry steamer—Seoul—Mukden (Manchuria)—Tientsin—Peking—Nanking—Shanghai.

The agreed upon standardization of passage rates which prevails on the Pacific is not copied by the lines to the westward of Hongkong, that is, for the boats plying through the waters of the China Sea and the Indian Ocean. There are many lines with varying rates. However, if you estimate the number of sea days which your planned-for itinerary will take—and this can be fairly accurately determined from the memorandum of tours in the Appendix—you can figure that the cost per day will approximate \$15.00 gold.

The sea and shore traveling expenses of a tour of the Orient, taking about six months, from New York *via* the Pacific and return *via* the Pacific—allowing three weeks for Japan, four weeks for Korea, Manchuria, and China, five days for the Philippines, a week in Java, a week in Burma, four weeks in India, and five days in Ceylon—first class on the steamers, railways, etc., should cost about \$3,000. The time and expense would be approximately the same if the tour were continued

around the world, but without including any days in Europe beyond those required for transit.

A three months' tour of the Pacific, visiting Japan, Korea, Manchuria, China, and the Philippines, from New York and return to New York, will take about \$1,900 for sea and shore expenses.

Any cuts of importance which might be hewed from these estimates would come on the sea. There are steamers on the Pacific which cut under the standard passage rates of the four lines whose tickets are interchangeable. These boats are comfortable, but are somewhat slower and do not offer the same luxuries as the magnificent liners whose rates I have quoted. The passage on these boats is about \$100 less between the American coast and China, or \$200 less for the round trip. In the waters between Hongkong and the Mediterranean, some of the lines have second class saloon accommodations, meaning a saving of about a third. Second class is often possible on the railways of the various Eastern countries, but it is difficult to make estimates for economy. In the way of general shore expenses—hotels, carriages, tips, guides, etc.—one Western visitor is held to about the same outlay as another. In this respect traveling in the Orient is quite different from travel in Europe or America. In the modern cosmopolitan hotels of the port cities there are expensive and less expensive rooms. But as soon as the port cities are left behind, there is rarely more than one European-style hotel at any place, and usually a flat price prevails for all single or all double rooms.

Paraphernalia

Light luggage means a light heart. It is hardly necessary to discourse on the advantages of luggage mobility. However, luggage does get looked after throughout the East with a minimum need for the traveler to worry. The hotel porters are marvels of efficiency, and I have never known one of them to be untrustworthy. Even should the number of your trunks and bags be indefensible, you can be assured of less worry than elsewhere in the world under the same burden. But a reason-

able luggage equipment is highly to be desired—reasonable in its selection and in its moderation.

We have spoken of clothes. There is very little else that it is absolutely essential to take. Almost anything can be purchased along the way. If you wear glasses, it is better to bring extra lenses and dark glass spectacles, as there are few optical shops equipped for scientific grinding. A medicine kit has been mentioned. It is often convenient to have a pair of pint vacuum bottles.

When you reach India you must carry your own bedding, but this is to be purchased on the spot.

It was formerly difficult to obtain fresh films in the East. You can now be sure of finding fresh stocks at Tokyo, Kobe, Peking, Shanghai, Hongkong, Manila, Batavia, Singapore, Calcutta, Bombay, and Colombo.

A steamer trunk, or a "wardrobe" steamer trunk, a large suitcase, a handbag, and possibly a rug roll, should carry what a man needs. Nowadays three-quarter size wardrobe trunks are allowed in the staterooms of most steamers, and women travelers will probably choose this larger capacity. They, too, will need a large suitcase and handbag, and probably a hatbox. A canvas laundry bag, with a lock, is a convenience not only for soiled linen but for shoes. Cloth bags, with draw strings—one for each shoe—will allow this double use of the laundry bag.

Concerning the Spelling of Eastern Words

Any book about the East with even a remote hope of being considered scholarly must adhere to some philologically approved system of spelling for proper and place names. But really the Roman alphabet is quite inadequate for the job of transliteration, even when it is abundantly tinkered up with dots and dashes and cedillas. If you should say "K'ung fu-tsze" to a Chinese—as best you may with your eye on the approved, sanctioned, and authoritative spelling—it is as doubtful that he will realize you are referring to the great sage as if you said "Confucius."

I am not decrying consistency, but consistency in a book such

as this would indeed be pedantic. What I have done is to take the spellings which are used in the railway time tables, published in our alphabet for the benefit of foreigners, the spellings used in the postoffice lists, the usage followed by the local English language newspapers, etc., etc. The Dutch in their possessions have their own system of spelling the native names of places. This system has been severely frowned upon by certain Geographical Societies. But if you wish to send a letter to some town in Java, or to telegraph for a reservation in an hotel, I assure you that the disapproved Dutch spelling is the better practice. The same thing is true in India, where the assaults of spelling reform have left some words unchanged but have managed to affect others. If you wish to buy a railway ticket to Cawnpore, don't send a note to the native station agent where you may be saying that you wish to travel to Konpur. Cawnpore still sticks as the official postoffice, railway, and telegraph spelling, although with glaring inconsistency Kashmir has come into everyday usage over the former Cashmere. Accordingly, I have not veered from the spellings popularly used in the countries themselves, no matter how inconsistent these may be from the standpoint of a scholarly standard.

Independent Travel, World Cruises, Conducted Parties

There are certain spirits for whom the set program of a world cruise would be anathema. There are others—and an innumerable host are they becoming—for whom the invitation of the world cruise reads as the only ideal solution of the problems of travel.

The world cruise has advantages—it is a definitely known expense; it presents an exact schedule and the assurance that no likely contingencies can prevent the passenger from returning home on a certain date; the minimum rate for the average tour of this sort is considerably less than would be the presumable expenditure of an independent traveler covering the same itinerary; more of the world can be seen in the same period than if thirteen or fourteen steamer connections have to be made; there are no worries about reservations or luggage; the program of sightseeing on shore is taken care of by con-

ductors, thus relieving inexperienced travelers or those wishing to enjoy a carefree vacation. Such a cruise also affords the often desired sociability, congeniality, protection, and chaperonage of a large party touring together.

Of the many world cruises now offered each year, you will notice—if you study with some care their prospectuses—differences in rates, the duration of the voyages, the season of the year, the number of shore days, the extent of shore excursions included without extra charge, and the limited number of passengers. One booklet may be more attractive than another in its preparation or in the photographs selected, but the print which tells exactly what the passage money includes is the vital information.

The seasons of the year when the various countries are visited is an extremely important feature. A cruise which arrives in India after the second or third week in March is very likely to encounter the beginning of the hot season. The heat then becomes more memorable than the magnificence. A tour combining the winter months for the tropics and the spring or autumn months for Japan and China becomes ideal. But the cruise which offers the greatest number of places visited is not necessarily the most desirable. Ample (or at least sufficient) time for the really great places is far better than a vast array of names. My own chief criticism of the usual cruise is that it cramps the time allowed for a visit to Peking to the point where the traveler has only the briefest glimpse at the Imperial City to reward him for four arduous days on the railway; also, the time allowed in India is too short. The Oriental shore days scheduled by the usual world cruise number from thirty-five to forty. This includes portions of days when they are important and leaves them out otherwise. Analysis of the average schedule shows that, if twelve or fourteen shore days could be added, Peking could be visited easily, and two or three extra days could be granted for Java—allowing time to visit Djokjakarta and the Borobedoer—and an extra week would be available for India.

The advantages of independent travel are no less manifest to those travelers who wish to follow their personal preferences, seeing just what they desire to see and avoiding countries and

scenes which do not interest them. This brings freedom from sightseeing in large groups, a flexible schedule, the adventure of making acquaintance here and there, on sea and shore, with people of many nationalities, rather than having one's circle confined to a single passenger list.

The truly independent traveler is one who trusts in his own ability to make arrangements and reservations as he goes along, and has the leisure and the desire to do so. Such a program has its high rewards, and its anxious moments. The special providence which looks after the reckless seems to have a kind regard for those souls who dare to do as they choose. Night may be approaching with no reserved accommodations, the next trek may loom up with every berth spoken for, but some "impossible" good luck saves the situation. I am not suggesting this extreme. But I do say that the experienced traveler will not find that the making of advance arrangements for passage and telegraphing for reservations present problems differing from those of a European trip.

For the aid of independent travelers who wish absolute assurance of accommodations and reservations, the large tourist agencies have established globe girdling services with offices at the great ports along the route of conventional travel. These agencies attend to complete arrangements for "independent inclusive tours." The traveler decides what places he wishes to visit, the approximate length of time he can give, the routes and classes of hotels he prefers, etc., etc. The tourist agency then submits an estimate and tour plan. The price quoted will include ocean, railway or other transportation, hotel accommodations, and reservation of sleeping car berths. If the traveler desires, he will be met at the piers or railway stations and conveyed to his hotel, he will have carriages or motor cars arranged for in advance for sightseeing drives, and he may have arrangements made for excursions, with guides provided. Of course, the more service items there are included the higher will be the submitted estimate. The traveler is given a complete itinerary, showing arrival and departure times, names of hotels, and a description of the sightseeing arrangements planned for.

The conducted tour is still another consideration. It has

been described as a compromise between the world cruise and independent travel. Tours, starting at a definite date, with a definite program, are announced, and as soon as the number to be taken is completed, the party is closed to further applicants. This number may range from six to twenty-four, but twelve is the average limit. Also, a special conducted tour will be arranged at any time for a party of four or more. One or more conductors accompany it and assume all the burden and responsibility of the details of luggage, transportation, hotel reservations, the hiring of carriages, motor cars, local guides, etc. These conductors are often not only experienced travelers and managers, but they have a scholarly knowledge of the history, art, and culture of the Oriental countries. The inclusive price paid by each member of a conducted tour depends, of course, upon the program and the standard of the sightseeing arrangements. Naturally a small party of four, six, or eight, sharing the expenses of a conductor, will have to pay more individually than will a party of twelve or sixteen. A study of the tours offered under the conducted party plan by the various tourist companies, dividing the cost of the different trips by the number of days covered, will show the gamut running from \$20 a day to \$30. A recent tour to the Far East, four months from San Francisco to San Francisco, and visiting Honolulu, Japan, Korea, Manchuria, North and South China, and the Philippines, cost \$23 a day. Or, to put it differently, this four months' trip to the Far East, in a conducted party of twelve, including first class railway fares and steamship accommodations, rickshas, motors, or carriages between stations and hotels and for sightseeing; hotel accommodations and meals, luggage transportation, and the services of the conductor, cost \$2,675. A recent world tour of the entire Orient, with an unusually comprehensive itinerary including Hawaii, Japan, Korea, North and South China, the Philippines, Indo-China, Malaya, Java, Siam, Burma, North and South India, and Ceylon, took eight months and cost \$28 a day.

CHAPTER 1

JAPAN, LAND OF THE RISING SUN

WITHIN the zone of the Pacific the seemingly innocent query, "Do you like the Japanese?" is never to be taken as ingenuous. One may like or dislike Chinese, Siamese, Filipinos, or Polynesians and not have one's predilections challenged, one way or the other, as anything more seriously delinquent than allowable personal opinion. But to acknowledge an admiration or liking for the Japanese people is racial apostasy.

I have no desire, in these pages, to plunge into this controversy. This book is not concerned with the economic, political, and racial problems with which the East bristles. Therefore, it might be both tactful and consistent that I ignore this subject along with others like it. But anti-Japanese sentiment is so obtrusively virulent that it is capable of infecting the traveler to the point where his normal eagerness to become acquainted with the country is withered in advance of any opportunity of fair judgment. Not infrequently keenness of interest so succumbs to this disparagement of everything Japanese that travelers pare down their itineraries to a glimpse of the hybrid port cities and depart with no suspicion of the beauty they have missed.

Beyond this warning it is hardly necessary to go. I am propagandizing to no point beyond the ardent wish that you hold intact your keenness of response and appreciation. Let me say, however, that I have a warm affection for the Japanese people and a devotion to their beautiful country. I believe that there is a Japan in which you will delight; I am sure that if you forsake New Japan for Old Japan, its simple folk will please you by their courtesy, hospitality, and kindness. Frankly, I have no love for the modern cities, and if our tastes agree, you will give them the veriest minimum of time. Wherever you may go, you will occasionally come upon boorish man-

ners, but rarely upon intentionally rude behavior. Certain customs may annoy, a certain few may be deemed unpleasant. But where is this not true? On one point you may be assured—you need not suspect profundity of oriental guile, deep insincerity, behind the prevailing amiable smiles and little acts of courtesy. When a country peasant, an inn servant, or a ricksha boy bows, scrapes, and beams, his good humor and polite deference are real. The slightest effort on a stranger's part to show that he is pleased or appreciative will reap a ten-fold return.

In her ambition to become a modern nation, maintain her independent sovereignty, and thus escape exploitation at the hands of the West, as has been the fate of certain of her Asiatic neighbors, Japan has had to replace much that was fine in her old civilization with much that is tawdry, or worse. In this stupendous attempt at transition from feudalism to modernism, Western ideas and methods have been adopted wholesale with little sorting out. The transition stage is by no means over and in certain particulars it is hardly less raw than it was a half century ago. Any discrimination has had to come through experimentation. On the material side, Japan quickly appreciated the fundamentals of efficiency and has displayed miraculous development. In the world of creative imagination, whose ends are not utilitarian, the transition period has been one too often evidencing disintegration. The artistic and esthetic taste of the people, almost unerring when operating within the ken of tradition and experience, has been floundering hopelessly in seeking to adapt Western traditions. The ugliness of the "foreign style" architecture of the hybrid modern cities is the more depressing when one realizes the complacency with which the atrocities are accepted.

If you confine your visit to the cities—some new, some revamped—there will be small reason to suspect that any part of old-time Japan survives in unspoiled beauty. Nevertheless the charm of much of the countryside has not been violated by the monotonous dullness of "modernism." There are many places of pilgrimage where beauty is paramount, where the treasures of the past are cherished, and where the ancient ideals, traditions, and customs survive.

Almost every book about Japan, in the past two decades, has concerned itself with political and economic aspects. These critical studies, some of them, are important and interesting. But as an exclusive menu of reading for the traveler they offer a poorly balanced diet, lacking nourishment for sympathetic appreciation of the virtues which do exist. Twenty-five years ago, in the almost forgotten days of the Arcadian era of mutual admiration between Japan and the West, the visitor carried not only his Murray's *Handbook*, but also was virtually certain to have Lafcadio Hearn's *Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan*, Nitobe's *Bushido*, Mitford's *Tales of Old Japan*, and Chamberlain's *Things Japanese*. These travelers of two or three decades ago expected to find the Japan of which they had been reading—and they did. This same Japan exists to-day, but it is not to be found in the port cities.

Ethical Contradictions

Nitobe's *Bushido* is a volume which can be read through in a couple of hours. It tells of the rules and ideals which dictated conduct under the social scheme of the feudal days, and its facts give you a key of understanding to both the successes and the failures of modern Japan. The mystery vanishes as to why it is that one can speak of the simple honesty of the people and in the same breath complain of petty commercial impositions. The secret is that in feudal days shopkeepers occupied the lowest rung of the social ladder. They were virtually outcasts and were not required, nor expected, to hitch their ideals to the code of honorable conduct, or *bushido*, which bound the other classes. In the reorganization of the social scheme which followed the determination that national salvation lay in commercial development, the only class with experience in trading was this previously contemned group. The sons of the other classes have been slow to enter upon what had been a degraded occupation. Thus you may begin to understand some of the reasons back of the topsy-turvydom of ethical standards.

Unlike the traveler's plight in any other country of Asia, one may go anywhere in Japan, even to the most out-of-the-way corners, without bothering about special equipment and without

having to make elaborate arrangements. Along the beaten paths there are everywhere European hotels. But if one is lured to stray from conventional places, there are waiting the clean and hospitable native inns. Bedrolls, tea baskets, all the traveling paraphernalia obligatory in India and necessary in China as soon as one forsakes the tourist spots—none of this cumbrousness is called for in Japan. Furthermore, there is no religious nor caste nor anti-foreign prejudice in the countryside.

The Native Inns

It must not be supposed, however, that the native *modus vivendi* is similar to anything which you have hitherto known, East or West. To attempt comparisons in the hope of being explanatory would be futile. The only thing to do is to describe an inn as it is. But perhaps nothing is more strange than the fact that a foreigner—that is, a foreigner who is gayly willing to venture new experiences—can so readily adapt himself to a régime of exotic contradictions, and find himself comfortable, and, what's more, charmed.

Let us suppose that you have arrived at an inn door. Here you must leave your shoes. There is no lobby, no office, to enter, but if you will clap your hands the mistress and an attendant bevy of maids will come tripping from mysterious depths. They will kneel down and touch their foreheads to the polished floor in hospitable welcome. Then a maid will be assigned to lead you to an apartment—and as an honorable foreigner you will undoubtedly be given a room of distinction overlooking the garden. This maid will be greatly amused by every detail connected with the situation and her merriment will not be free from abundant giggling. But it will suggest neither rudeness nor ill manners, as she is eminently desirous to please. She will now run away to fetch a pot of tea and a brazier of live coals from which to light your cigarettes, and in most inns there will also be furnished a freshly laundered cotton kimono. You are supposed to take off your street clothes, for the sake of comfort, and to wear this garment in your room, to the bath, and as a sleeping robe. As for the furnishings of the room,

there will be the *kakemono* corner in which will hang a scroll painting, and there may be a vase of flowers. There will be a miniature chest of drawers, hardly larger than would go into a child's playhouse, and a few elbow cushions on the floor. The floor, laid with thick, soft matting, serves as chairs and bedstead. If you wish to write, a low table will be brought. The walls between the rooms are of paper. Sliding panels conceal closets where the mattresses and quilts are stored in the daytime. One mattress is hardly soft enough for a foreigner's bones, but by adding several extra layers, sleep is to be woodeed with success. The lower sheet is a sort of slip cover for the mattress and the upper one is sewn over the quilt. The conventional pillow is a block of wood, but you will be forgiven, as a foreigner, if you take one of the elbow cushions.

There is no public dining-room. When hunger assails, a guest claps his hands and the maids bring as many miniature tables as there are diners. There are only two precautions to remember, to avoid drinking unboiled water (bottled soda water is always obtainable) and to shun uncooked vegetables and salads. Whether or not you will find yourself allied with the cohort of foreigners who describe the native dishes as "tasteless," I venture no prediction. There is another camp which declares enthusiastically for "Japanese food," and I acknowledge membership with these.

The Japanese Menu

Always there must be an odd number of dishes on your table to avoid bad luck. The first course will probably be two kinds of soup, in lacquer bowls, one of vegetable origin and the other a fish or meat broth. You sip your soup from the bowl; if the flavor pleases, it is polite to express this fact by smacking the lips and drawing in the fluid between the teeth with gusto. To complete the odd number of dishes for this first course there will probably be two fish dishes and a small plate of pickles. The species of fish may be absolute strangers to your previous knowledge; but I think you will accept all new acquaintances, unless it be those strips of raw fish that sometimes appear on glass skewers. A taste for this delicacy is

indeed "acquired." Broiled fish (*sakana no shio-yaki*) can be a savory triumph, but if your visit is in the season when grilled eels are on the menu, then you have a platter for an epicure. In the courses which follow there will be an omelette (*tamagoyaki*) quite like the Chinese egg dishes. The *pièce de résistance*, if the meal be elaborate, is likely to be chicken, although in this present day it may be beef. Whether it be chicken or beef, it is cut into bits and cooked in an iron dish over a charcoal brazier, along with a variety of vegetables, with sugar and soy sauce added. The success is unsurpassed. It is a delinquency that I have not mentioned the rice box. To this staple must always be added the honorific. You say "*O-gohan*," not "*gohan*." This means Honorable Rice, and you are supposed to finish the meal by disposing of three cupfuls. The Japanese do. Chopsticks, of course, are the instruments furnished. Coffee is unknown, so it is an excellent plan to carry with you a tin of the instantaneous variety.

On tramping trips in the remoter districts I have thrived under this regimen for weeks at a time. Thus, with due modesty, my enthusiasm bespeaks something more than a neophyte's zeal. But do not think I am urging you impulsively to plunge into unmitigated experience in native hospitality, nor that I am depreciating the conveniences of the European hotels. What I do urge is that you fail not to spend at least one night under the roof of a native inn, even if you go to none of the out-of-the-way places where there is no choice. In the pages which follow I shall name some of the most famous and charming inns. Some have notably beautiful gardens and exquisite apartments, the decorations, wood carving, kakemonos, etc., being by famous artists.

Should you be invited to a visit in a Japanese home, such an experience would be even more interesting than the inns. But whether in a home or at an inn, you will learn more in twenty-four hours about domestic customs and ways than by reading volumes on the experiences of other people. You will become familiar not only with the peculiarities but with the artistic simplicity of the architectural plan. You will learn how charming it can be (in the summertime at least) to have the walls of one's dwelling transitory affairs.

Bathing in this land is more than a habit. It is a cult. Many of the mountain villages are abundantly served by natural hot water springs, and the baths at the inns are tanks into which the parboiling water pours from bamboo pipes in constant flow. Elsewhere the tubs are of the size and shape of a barrel, standing over their stove. These are not so alluring. I doubt whether nowadays a stranger comes to this land so unwarmed of the Garden of Eden naïveté of its inhabitants as not to have heard that nudity and immodesty are words having no associated meaning. Nudity is disregarded. Seclusion from a procession of maids bringing in soap or towels or coming graciously to offer to scrub one's back, is only to be gained if insisted upon firmly.

The Temples

I am assuming that your visit will not be exclusively devoted to conventional sightseeing. Naturally, the art and magnificence of the temples and palaces and museums will have to occupy an abundant space in these pages. But let us be candid on the subject of temples—although perhaps I am only being didactic. It has seemed to me that most travelers fall into intemperate extremes. Either they indiscriminately attempt a Gargantuan meal of temples and eventually suffer a fearful indigestion, or—after perhaps seeing one or two commonplace examples at the port of landing—are content with a blanket rejection of the feast, not caring to risk frequent boredom for the sake of finding an occasional masterpiece. What I shall attempt is to stand as a buffer between you and the places of no importance, and to point a finger to those which are supreme.

What is a temple like? I have never read a graphic description, one which vividly conveys the picture to any one who has never stepped within a temple compound, or else I should immediately purloin the paragraphs. Nor have I ever seen a photograph that was not essentially lack-luster in any hint of the gorgeous magnificence of the great places. The predominating colors—the rich browns, the deep reds, the gray-greens, the flat blues, and the gold lacquer—are the very shades which become most murkily lifeless when absorbed by a camera lens and printed in black and white.

A temple, technically speaking, may be a single shrine, or it may be a group of buildings contained within a series of walled squares with the main shrine in the innermost square.

A Shinto temple, as distinguished from a Buddhist, may always be identified by its *torii*, a gate of simple but singularly striking design, at the outermost entrance. The *torii* has been reproduced innumerable times in Japanese art—the two upright posts and the two cross-bars at the top. A typically “pure” Shinto temple has walls of unpainted wood and roofs of thatch made from bark. But there are few Shinto temples entirely uncontaminated by Buddhist influences, and many of the Shinto shrines of to-day were once Buddhist. The main shrine contains certain emblems of the Sun-goddess, such as a sword, a mirror, a drum. The important places have a library, a treasure house, a pavilion for the sacred dances, a stable for the sacred horse, an oratory, a temple office, an assembly hall, and secondary shrines.

The elaborate magnificence of graceful pagodas, and of ornate drum towers, massive gates, and the richness of color and carving in the shrines are theoretically only to be associated with a Buddhist temple. There is often a “Founder’s Hall” in a Buddhist temple group fully as imposing as the main building; and the priests’ apartments and the reception rooms possess wall paintings and screens by the most famous masters.

After the restoration of the Mikado, when the power of the usurping Shoguns was broken in 1868, Shintoism was declared the state religion and since then the Buddhist temples have suffered sorely for lack of funds. The Government has listed the Shinto shrines so that we know they number some fifteen thousand. How many Buddhist temples there may be, I do not know; but they are everywhere.

One’s first impression of a great Buddhist temple group centers upon the massive roofs. The temples at Nara, some of which date from the seventh century, show a normal harmony of balance between the size of the supporting columns and the weight, or massiveness, of the roofs. In the great Kyoto period, which came some centuries later, the roofs began to be overmassive; and the still later ornate development at Nikko reveals ponderous affairs out of all proportion to the support-

ing columns. But I confess that my own eye has become so accustomed to this top-heaviness that it even finds itself pleased by the effect. Vice seen too often, as may be remembered, is "first endured, then pitied, then embraced."

Within the doors of a temple, such as the Chion-in at Kyoto, there is a profound effect of solemnity and sanctity. In a remarkable way this effect is achieved by a directly opposite architectural scheme of suggestion to the eye from that of conventionally designed Romanesque, Gothic, or Renaissance Christian churches. (The Byzantine and Russian churches are, to me, Oriental in their architectural inspiration and depend upon somewhat the same appeal to the eye as do the Japanese temples.) There are no soaring columns supporting arches. In fact, every corner is squared, and as the entrance is on the long side, the first effect is breadth, not depth. The floor, covered by gold colored, soft mats—upon which the worshipers kneel or prostrate themselves—is empty of benches, chapels, aisles, pulpits. In a Christian church which follows the shape of the cross, the straight lines of the aisles, the line of the vaulted roof, the succession of windows, everything induces the eye to travel *toward* the altar. In the Japanese temple the "well-managed bare spaces" present the altar forthwith in all its lavish richness. The coming and going of the people, their kneeling on the floor in meditation or advancing to the altar to pray before a sacred image, suggests the popular "usage" of an Italian or Spanish church. When the masses are said the altar becomes a dramatic stage. In the course of centuries the once simple ceremonies have developed incredible sumptuousness.

While the Government sharply differentiates between Shintoism and Buddhism—preferring to call Shintoism a "cult," rather than a religion—the devotion of the people recognizes a vast interfusion. In its essence Shintoism combines nature worship and ancestor worship, but it is at once so primitively simple and so mystically obscure that it defies definitive explanation. The interest of the State in making Shintoism mandatory is obviously because it prescribes loyalty to the Mikado, who is a direct descendant of the heavenly born Sun-goddess.

Buddhism came to Japan in the sixth century and soon estab-

lished itself in the hearts of the people. Its doctrines have become so infinitely elaborated at the imaginations of a philosophizing priesthood that the people have small idea that Gautama himself disclaimed divinity and only sought to point out "the way." The ceremony of worship has evolved into gorgeous ritualistic pageantry, and the temples are the repositories of incredible art treasures which have been donated through the centuries.

Guides

The question of when one really needs a guide and when a guide is unnecessary cannot be answered in a general way. I think it will be more to the point if I arbitrarily say, as we go along, the exact times when a guide can contribute positive help. One's own initiative can take one a long way, without much chance of disaster; but if the beaten path is actually departed from, the triumph of getting through without aid is hardly worth the price of having to forgo answers to all of the questions one would like to ask. The most fortunate of possibilities is to have a Japanese acquaintance volunteer to accompany you upon some out-of-the-way journey into the countryside; and this is not unlikely, if you come with letters of introduction. The Japanese are passionately devoted to the scenes of their own land and require but little urging in the presence of an invitation. Another possibility is to engage a University student, anxious to improve his English, as a companion for a cross-country wandering. Such an arrangement may often be made through the Japan Tourist Bureau. Professional guides are always available through the hotels.

The Foundation Stones of an Itinerary

We might begin with the cities. Not because they are important, but because they are so unimportant. Always excepting Kyoto, of course. Literally, there is nothing of interest or fascination in the other cities that will not be found in fuller and more resplendent development in this ancient and glorious capital; that is, unless the traveler wishes to observe modern industry and commerce. This phase of the Japanese story may be studied at Kobe, or Osaka, or Nagoya. And, rest

assured, there is little else at these cities to distract from the commercial picture. My own desire is to avoid Kobe and Osaka, and I would include Nagoya in this same category if it were not for its Castle. Nagasaki is to-day a well-nigh deserted port, virtually visited only by the Japanese steamers on the Kobe-Shanghai run. If Nagasaki does not become automatically included in your steamer schedule, this omission need be only a matter of negative regret. The twin ports of Moji and Shimonoseki are utterly dull and commonplace. Naturally every traveler wishes a glimpse at Tokyo, but this glimpse may be brief without having to be labeled superficial.

It shows imaginative discretion to decide upon the exact number of hours which will be spent in any city—always excepting Kyoto—but when it comes to the countryside the exactions of a definite schedule become an abomination.

There may be lurking exaggeration to say that the Japanese are the most ardent lovers of nature in the world, but it cannot be an exaggeration to declare that they are the world's most devoted admirers of "famous views." The idea of cataloguing their views, and of giving them grades and rank, was imported from China misty centuries ago; but the Japanese have developed the idea out of all proportion to the original. Their attitude toward a "view" is a strange compound of set ideas and mystic, spontaneous devotion. A village or a pond is likely to have its "eight views." (That the number *must* be eight was taken from the Chinese.) The districts and the provinces have their eight views. The famous Eight Views of Lake Biwa have afforded inspiration to bards and artists in uncounted and uncountable numbers. But none of this official listing need concern the traveler's practical attention until the apex of the pyramid is reached. In final aristocracy, three views (not eight in this final instance) are named as the most famous of the entire country. These three are: the view of the sea at Matsushima with its fantastic, pineclad islands; the bay at Ama-no-hashidate, which is bridged by a long, narrow causeway, a phenomenon of nature; and the view from the sacred island of Miyajima looking out upon the great red *torii* which stands in the waters of the Inland Sea. Many foreigners see

Miyajima, few go to Matsushima, and still fewer to Ama-no-hashidate. None of these places is perhaps as incomparable as has been declared by the native jury of awards, but all three places lie in exceptionally charming districts.

These supreme places I am now mentioning hastily; we shall talk about them later at greater leisure. But in a paragraph or so of introduction I can contrast their characteristics with perhaps more vividness.

Whether your visit be long or short, and particularly so if it must be short, it cannot be a mistake to determine upon a program which will consider the Nikko district and the Kyoto district as its chief foundation stones.

Nikko lies in the heart of a charming mountain country, and the park which sequesters the Nikko temples, with its soaring pines, has that majestic nobility which makes even the fullest description seem meager. Within the Nikko district lie Lake Chuzenji and Lake Yumoto; and, if you have a zest for tramping and a readiness to spend a night or so in the wayside inns, there is a fifty mile trail from Lake Yumoto to picturesque Ikao, over the Konsei Pass and through valleys famous for their wildflowers. And from Ikao there is an excursion, a day going and a day returning, still farther into the heart of the mountains to little visited Kusatsu, a fearsome place where nature, in a mood of freakish *diablerie*, has duplicated the scenes of Gehenna with all needful setting of brimstone, sulphur, and boiling springs.

What is it you wish of a city? Palaces, museums, temples, and supremely beautiful ancient gardens? These are at Kyoto. The native theater, *geisha* dances, restaurants, curio shops? These are at Kyoto. And Kyoto is a comfortable base from which one may journey forth on excursions short or long, to Lake Biwa, to the quaint picture town of Nara, to Ama-no-hashidate of the famous view, to the sacred mountain of Koya-san with its great and wealthy monasteries.

I have already mentioned Matsushima and Miyajima. Matsushima is reached by a night's train journey from Tokyo. The sacred island of Miyajima lies in the Inland Sea, through which you will surely cruise—and I hope you will take one of the local coasting steamers rather than a non-stopping mail

boat. Within the Inland Sea, on the island of Kyushu, is that strangest of all sea bathing places, Beppu. The earth's crust is here so thin that the sands of the shore steam from its heat and "bathers" come from all Japan to bury themselves in its embrace, or to endure the ordeal of the great boiling springs of the hinterland. The bathing costume, as you may suspect—or, if you do not suspect, you may be warned—is nature unadorned.

An ancient and famous highway, the Tokaido, connects Tokyo and Kyoto. In the days of feudalism it was an ever-crowded thoroughfare and in its diverse throng were numbered the bands of white-robed pilgrims who had vowed to pray before the great bronze Daibutsu at Kamakura, to gaze upon the sacred peak of Fuji-yama, and to visit the shrines of Kuno-zan. Some two centuries ago one of the Dutch tribute bearers, traveling from the trading post of the Hollanders at Nagasaki to the Shogun's Court at Yedo, declared, "these be sights and places preeminent to stir one's wonder."

To-day a railway has usurped both the route and the name of the Tokaido. Instead of twelve days of steady marching separating the Eastern and the Western Capitals, the time is but twelve hours. Kamakura has become a half day's excursion from Tokyo—an hour and a half by train, to be exact. And as for the Fuji country, it is a matter of only some three hours to take the train from Tokyo to Kozu and step into a motor car and be deposited at the doors of the foreign hotel at Miyano-shita, high in the heart of the hills. To gaze upon the great statue of the gentle Buddha at Kamakura and to gaze upon peerless Fuji-yama are two "pilgrimages" which inevitably enter into every visitor's plans. But holy Mount Kuno-zan, on the shores of Surugu Bay, is singularly unknown to the tourist world. Perhaps if Kuno-zan were not so obscure to fame something of its unique charm would depart. But through half a century inquisitiveness has not invaded its seclusion. It is not remote, but of the details I shall talk later. This I might say, that should you climb the thousand steps cut in the stone of the hillside, you will discover a surpassing view in reward, and shrines among the most sumptuous in the land.

This array of names has possibly been confusing. But if we had a map spread before us, a brief examination of its face would explain how simple it is to plan an itinerary based upon these places which, in the words of the Hollander, are "pre-eminent to stir one's wonder." The distances are so comparatively short that even a brief visit will become comprehensive if no time is squandered upon the commonplace or the mediocre.

There is another angle of charming adventure which I have thus far scarce hinted. It is the adventure of wandering forth into the simple countryside with little or no program based upon outstanding points of destination. There are scores of such wanderings open to that wayfarer whose fascination it is to pack a few necessities in a rucksack and to strike out on an unknown trail, prepared to accept aught that may happen in the way of experience. One must have a veritable fondness for this sort of modest adventuring and a temperament which finds amusement in naïve predicaments and pleasure in making the acquaintance of the simple folk of the wayside and the village inns. If one does have these qualities, then there are uncounted alluring possibilities. There are so many that it is by no means difficult to preempt a trail of one's own original choice, which in all likelihood no other foreigner has ever "explored." But even if there remain some doubt that one be the only *seijo-jin* who has ever sought entertainment in the villages along the way, it is nevertheless beyond denial that one's advent is a highly important local affair. I remember one such remote village, a place which, once upon a time, had known some importance and prosperity and whose inheritance from this departed time was an inn of considerable, but now decayed, splendor. It was servantless except for its ancient host and his small granddaughter, a mere child. At first he was loath to receive us, doubting that the hospitality which he could offer was worthy of honorable foreign guests. Some ebullition of imagination prompted us to suggest that he tell the villagers that they must convene and take ballot as to the prettiest maid in their midst and that she should then be appointed to serve the foreigners who had descended upon them. To our amazement this suggestion was accepted. Their choice must have been

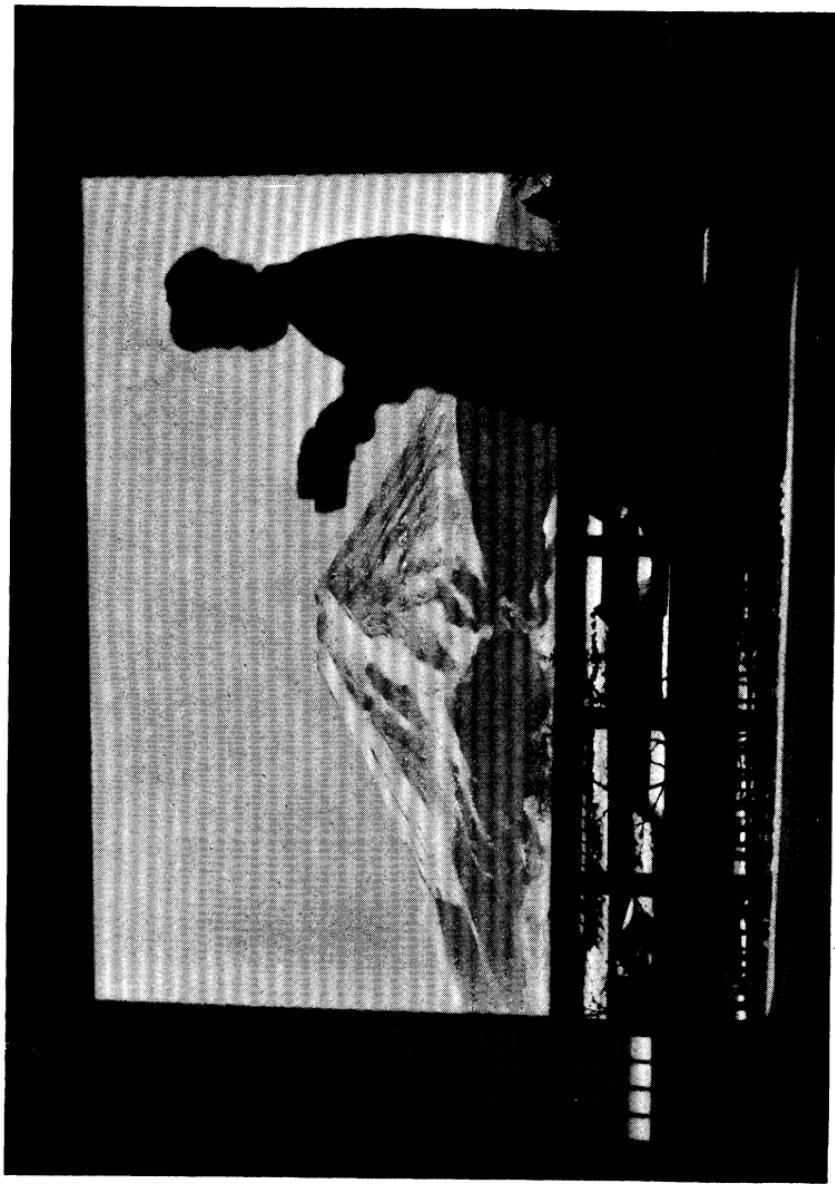
eminently based upon fairness and truth, for the maid who timidly appeared bearing our tables of viands was indeed bewitchingly pretty.

As I have said, these "remote" districts can never be very remote or difficult of access in this miniature country. In China the word remote does mean distant, and is not to be taken in any Pickwickian sense. I have also tried to hint that these districts are legion. Once upon a time when the ricksha runners were happy to receive two or three *yen* a day, and the tariff at the native inns was about the same, it was quite the custom to start off on ricksha tours through the countryside, for a few days or even weeks. For one reason and another, this custom has well-nigh yielded up the ghost. Present-day visitors seem less impulsively inclined toward Arcadian adventuring and more easily deterred by thought of possible discomforts. But perhaps the doubling and redoubling of prices has really administered the *coup de grace*. The daily expense account would now total at least thirty *yen*, or fifteen dollars gold, for a guide, two rickshas, and the inn reckoning. It might be more in some localities. It is much less if the rickshas be omitted in favor of tramping; and if one is venturesome enough to trust to a phrase-book and to proceed without a professional guide, the bill of expense is decidedly reduced. I have found that a rucksack carries everything I need. Into this I can stuff an extra linen suit, changes of underclothing, extra woolen stockings, a toilet kit, medicine case, aluminum cup and spoon, kodak, map, phrase-book, and one or two books for rainy days. An oiled-paper umbrella can be bought along the way if the rain comes down. In my pocket I have a letter, written in Japanese, which unmasks my age, nativity, and all those particulars which must be copied into the inn registers for the benefit of the police.

Here, in prosaic listing, are a few of these areas where the trumper is king: except in midsummer, when one must seek the mountains, there is the shore country of Surugu Bay or Owari Bay; the country of the north coast along the Japan Sea, particularly between Niigata and Akita, where the good folk have scarce heard of foreigners; the shore and the mountain hinterland between Mito and Matsushima on the northeast coast. In



A Shinto Shrine in Tokio, a Type of Temple Found in Every Japanese Town



Fuji-San from a Teahouse Window

the summer there are the mountain trails of the Nikko range, the Fuji district, and the spectacular Nakescendo Road which follows the Valley of the Kiso River from Agematsu to Lake Suwa. In midwinter there is the semi-tropical island of Kyushu.

Whether your approach to Japan will be from the Pacific or from the China side, I have no means of divining. Thus, as these pages must make some arbitrary start, let us suppose that your port of landing is Yokohama.

Yokohama

For a moment or two you must be indulgent if I remember first the Yokohama which was, and not the Yokohama which lies in ruins and ashes. I shall always remember its streets as I saw them on that magic day of first impressions, years ago. On that first day ashore my eyes were touched with an ointment of sorcery which garmented in radiance everything that I beheld. Perhaps you recall what Hearn wrote about his own day of landing at Yokohama, ". . . even could I revive all the lost sensations of those first experiences, I doubt if I could express and fix them in words. The first charm of Japan is intangible and volatile as a perfume."

It may seem traitorous to that memory, to admit that imagination had beguiled me into an ecstatic mood which saw in those hybrid streets a sumptuous picture which well-nigh vanished under familiarity. I simply overlooked what was commonplace, saw what was gay and picturesque and exotic.

I cherish that picture, even when I go on to say that in reality Yokohama was the Eurasian child of the East and the West. It had something of the cleverness of both its parents, but a rather specious cleverness. Its traditions were rootless ones which it had created for itself after its own birth. Its history began when this stretch of shore was assigned as a treaty port to the intruding Westerners in the year 1859. Land concession had been demanded on the Tokyo side of the bay, and there was much dissatisfaction with Yokohama as a site. Nobody, Japanese or foreigner, then suspected that the deeper waters of Yokohama's harbor, in comparison with the shallow depths

of the shelving shore across the bight, would give it the uncontested superiority which followed the advent of deep-draught steamers. Later, when Japan reasserted her sovereignty and foreigners ceased to hold extraterritorial personal rights, the permanent leases still held, and Yokohama remained essentially a foreign settlement.

On that tragic day of disaster, September 1, 1923, Yokohama was a place of busy commerce, of comfortable hotels, and of streets of seductive shops for the tourist. There was indeed a glittering, exotic smile to the scene. On the Bluff stood the foreign villas, wooden buildings in the jig-saw style of architecture of the 80's and 90's. There was no such settlement of luxurious and expensive homes as you may see at Shanghai.

Not until you look with your own eyes can you believe such inchoate wreckage possible nor realize the incredible completeness of the destruction. The salvage work which has proceeded amid this jungle of débris makes more manifest, rather than lessens, the tragic picture. Upon any one who knew the old Yokohama there falls on his return a spell to revisit every corner which he once knew, but for any one not urged by such memories an hour or so amid those heart-breaking ruins is all that will be wished.

The landing formalities are quite simple—a cursory customs examination which will probably be content with a glance at the bunch of keys in your hand; a staring at your passport; and a few questions about where you were born and why. You should answer these questions by smiling amiably and saying "yes." Then you are free to go your way. Of course, you will not stay in Yokohama, although it is not impossible to do so. A porter from the Tokyo Imperial Hotel will be at the pier, and you may trust your luggage to his care. A wireless message to the hotel dispatched from the steamer two or three hours in advance of landing will bring a motor car. However, there are frequent electric trains. If you are sure of landing fairly early in the morning, a day can be forthwith saved by engaging a motor car to drive you first to Kamakura, to see the Great Diabutsu, and then to Tokyo.

Tokyo

There are travelers whose memory of their journeyings is concerned exclusively with hotels and the menus of restaurants. And now I boldly predict that at Tokyo you will be as one of these, and will remember vividly Tokyo's hotel long after the memory of the city's shrines, or parks, or streets has begun to fade. If your present answer is that you will not be journeying half around the world for the sake of being impressed by the luxury or novelty of an hotel, then I rest my case until the eventual hour of your capitulation and abashed amazement. I am not about to reveal its secrets, for only a post-futuristic poem would do so.

As a matter of historic detail, its walls and foundations defied alike the fury of the earthquake and the flames which followed. Perhaps modern engineering had something to do with this; but perhaps, also, there existed a magic potency in the curves and angles of its marvelous design which furnished some occult defense. The enormous cost of this extraordinary building came largely from the coffers of the Imperial Household; and it may be suspected, with cause, that the motive of this assistance was to assure to the capital of the Empire a place where distinguished foreigners and guests of the State might be entertained and which all foreigners would remember. To forget would be impossible, but perhaps I should now try to remember something else about this city.

The slightest acquaintance with Tokyo begins to reveal its ruthless vastness. Most of the houses are but two stories in height, and almost four millions of people occupy them. The overwhelming monotony of these stretches of streets has served always to stifle any desire on my part to linger amid such endlessness any longer than to accomplish whatever definite purpose may have brought me to the capital. The traveler who is interested in political or state affairs, in studying the collections at the Imperial Art Museum, or in some like specific detail, must accept Tokyo and make the best of it. For the ordinary traveler a single day will reveal both the monotony and the few places of interest.

In the feudal days, when the usurping Shoguns ruled Japan

and the Mikados lived in deep retirement in the Kyoto palaces, Tokyo—which had not before known great importance—became the *de facto* capital of the country. This was in the year 1603. It was then known as Yedo.

Between the demands of modernism and the devastations of frequent fires and occasional quakes of severity, very little of Old Yedo has survived. There is, of course, the Emperor's palace and its park in the very heart of the city. Neither the palace nor its grounds may be entered. There are also a few magnificent estates around whose non-committal presence have grown up densely populated districts. Neither is there any "open sesame" to these, to see their rarely beautiful groves and gardens, except through invitation.

What you cannot see is exactly what would be most interesting to see. I am going to offer you the arbitrary opinion that if you engage a motor car and drive to Shiba Park, where stand the mausoleums of the Shoguns, and then to the Graves of the Forty-seven Ronins in the morning, and to Ueno Park in the afternoon, you will have seen the best of everything which can be seen. Perhaps I should include a visit to the Miiji Shrine, built in memory of the late Emperor, as much for the sake of the drive there, through the northern quarters of the city, as for the destination.

The exception to such a single day's program might come if you should be at the capital during the celebration of some special fête or festival. Few of these compare with the pageantry of the festivals at Nikko, or Kyoto, or Nara, although in early April the cherry blossoms at Ueno are indeed beautiful and the festival is a gay spectacle. Nevertheless I should rather be at Kyoto then. However, there is one strange festival which is to be witnessed only at Tokyo. It has an ancient origin, but it has not always been celebrated at the same temple and to-day its location is so likely to be changed that I suggest you inquire exactly as to the place. Its dates do not change, however; they fall on April 9 and September 17.

The mystery which surrounds fire walking has never been adequately explained. In fact the hazarded practical explanations require more faith than to declare that fire walking is pure magic and have done with it. With variations this rite

is to be seen throughout the East and the South Seas. The usual incantation is to exorcise the god of fire by invoking the aid of the god of water. Elsewhere these rites usually occur at remote or inaccessible places, but in Japan the celebration is held at the capital itself; and if you should be there on one of its semi-annual dates you will find yourself welcomed as an observer. The priests lay a charcoal bed about two feet deep, six feet broad, and eighteen feet long. Upon the charcoal is heaped kindling wood. This kindling is lighted about a half hour before sunset and is soon in violent flames. The incantations then begin. Immediately at sunset there is a last appeal to the god of water, after which the priests, in bare feet, slowly march over the white hot coals. Six yards of slow steps!

A guide is by no means essential but the cicerones, which the hotel will produce upon request, are such kindly, self-effacing ancients, that at least you need not fear a tiresome chattering, and they do help in the matter of speed. Toward one end of the city lies Ueno Park and in the opposite direction lies Shiba. The Shiba temples are most worth while and are best seen in the morning light. I suppose that Shiba is not always deserted of visitors but I have never been there when I did not have the groves and temples to myself. Without this enhancement of solitude to mantle the decaying magnificence with an atmosphere of mystery and solemnity, I imagine that I should more acutely have thought of their neglect. Here are to be found the mausoleums of seven of the fifteen Shoguns who usurped the political powers of the Mikados for two and a half centuries. Six are buried at Ueno; two at Nikko. But the magnificence of the Nikko shrines is incomparable and the glory of their mountain setting so beyond rivalry, that if you are to see these temples in Tokyo at all you should see them before Nikko has blinded your eyes.

The mausoleum of the Second Shogun, Hidetada, offers by far the finest group. Even at Nikko there is nothing more sumptuously rich than the golden glory of the lacquer of its Octagonal Hall. The tombs of the Sixth, Twelfth, and Fourteenth Shoguns stand within one enclosure, and when you have seen this group, together with the Octagonal Hall, you will have seen Shiba's greatest splendors.

The Graves of the Forty-seven Ronins lie a mile beyond Shiba. Should a stranger happen upon this spot knowing nothing of the story, even then I cannot but believe that he would feel intuitively that here is a place hallowed by illustrious association. And if he should pause to observe the pious devotion of the pilgrims who throng the hill, I am sure he would be profoundly moved. But for any visitor who knows the story of the Forty-seven . . . I cannot imagine any such who would not buy bundles of incense sticks and, joining the pilgrims, drop the fragrant sandal wood upon the glowing coals of the *hibachis* before the graves.

A Ronin was a man of gentle blood, entitled to bear arms, but who for some reason—through his own fault or otherwise—had become separated from his feudal lord and consequently wandered about the land, living by his wits or his sword, and sometimes in a manner to bring his knight errantry into disrepute. Thus a Ronin was not *per se* a hero, although frequently a romantic figure.

The earliest translation of the story of the Forty-seven Ronins was printed by A. B. Mitford in his *Tales of Old Japan*, published nearly sixty years ago. Mitford was one of the secretaries of the first British mission, or legation, to Japan. He thus had residence in Yedo when it was still possible to speak in the present tense of the Tycoon, of the *daimyos*, and of the two-sworded *samurai*. The story is actual history. Its incidents occurred at the beginning of the eighteenth century. It is the favorite story of the people and is acted in all the theaters. At the Tokyo Imperial Theater, which met destruction, it was given with elaborate scenery. It is also performed most impressively at Kyoto, and so frequently that you will stand a fair chance of finding it upon the boards at any time. The tale has been many times translated, and at greater length than Mitford's brief twenty-four pages of text, but never, I think, better told.

From the Tombs of the Ronins to Ueno Park it is a drive of almost the width of the city. On the way the road encircles the moated wall of the palace grounds, but with only inconclusive glimpses through the gates. With this slight acquaintance you must be content. In this central area of the city, to the north of

Hibiya Park, are the buildings of the Government departments and the Diet. These are all of Western style in architecture, and their only interest to the eye is their importance. Unquestionably the Japanese would like to create an imposing modern capital, but native traditions and Western utility are apparently beyond happy combination. So far there is no instance of impressive success in choosing from what the West has to offer. Plans were under discussion for remodeling the heart of the city, and for cutting wider and more imposing streets, at the very time of the earthquake. It might seem that that disaster would have advanced the possibility of carrying through such a program. On the contrary, the financial losses were so staggering that compromises have been necessary in the approval of plans, more so than if the rebuilding could have proceeded piecemeal.

In the springtime when the cherry blossoms hang above Ueno in misty clouds, the place is so beautiful that it seems ungracious to mention those other seasons when Ueno is only a park. True it is that some of the features of the landscape are exotic to our eyes—the stone lanterns, the pagodas, the great bronze bells, and the temples. These are inheritances from the past. In more recent years the park has become a place for equestrian statues, zoological cages, and exhibition buildings. Tokyo came into possession of this breathing space through a freakish twist of history. Long ago the soothsayers pronounced this area most unlucky ground. In consequence, the acres were deserted and given over to evil spirits and disreputable ghosts. However, when the Shoguns established Yedo as their capital they decided that if a magnificent temple might be built at Ueno, such pious counteracting influence would perhaps serve to oust the demons. They carried out this plan, and one of the greatest temples of the land came into being. Its good influence was immediately apparent. The devils were ousted, but not destroyed. Some place in devildom they sat down and bided their time for two centuries, waiting for their revenge. It came on the day when the Shogunate perished before the onslaught of the Mikado's troops, and the great temple was left unguarded by its priests. There was heard a great beating of wings as the devils flew in, and soon afterwards the building burst

furiously into flames and burned to the ground. The demons were unable to hold this advantage, however. By pious steps they were again driven out of Ueno. In fact the acres have now become definitely lucky rather than unlucky. During the earthquake the park sheltered tens of thousands of all classes of refugees, and for many months following thousands of homeless continued to live there in hut colonies.

In a remote and neglected corner of the park are the memorial shrines of those Shoguns who were not buried at Nikko or Shiba. These buildings have suffered from vandalism, fires, and decay. After having seen the Shiba mausoleums, there is small reason for remembering these neglected shrines.

The importance of Ueno, for those who are more than casually interested in the art of Japan, is that in the heart of its groves stands the art museum which houses the gifts the Imperial Family has presented to the nation, together with the donations which have come from other sources during recent years. The small, but much more entralling, Okura private collection perished in the earthquake.

From the rising ground of the park there is a view to the south over the roof tops toward what was once Asakusa Park. Asakusa was the pleasure ground of the proletariat, a place of cheap theaters, penny side-shows. Also it was a place whose great "popular" temples were always crowded. Only in the East could there be an Asakusa.

This curious quarter has been destroyed, built again, destroyed, and rebuilt an incredible number of times. A great fire in the seventeenth century carried away all of the temples and buildings; and the earthquake of 1855 with its fire brought almost as terrible a holocaust as that of 1923. Now again there is rebuilding, and eventually the newness will mellow into a suitable and proper dinginess, and again the people will throng to its gates bent upon pious prayers and Coney Island merry-making.

About a mile toward the north from Asakusa, there was once upon a time, and not so long ago, an open country of fields. In this then remote area was built Tokyo's far famed *Yoshiwara*. To-day it is surrounded by suburbs. The *Yoshiwara* is the segregated, licensed, and officially recognized quarter

which represents the Japanese attempt at a solution of one of the world's most vexing problems. Until a few years ago its streets offered a strange and gorgeous spectacle, unique to the world. The streets were broad and regular and the buildings, for lack of any apt descriptive word, were to be called palaces. The ground floors resembled the show windows of great department stores, but instead of glass there were grilles of gilded iron bars. Behind these grilles sat the inmates in lavish costumes. Back of them were golden screens, and everywhere were masses of flowers. No item of luxury or splendor was too costly for the decoration of these palaces. This glitter, in its exquisite detail, was planned to entice. It functioned amid an atmosphere of outward sobriety and decorum. In 1911 a fire broke out in one of the houses and in a few hours the entire quarter lay in ashes. There was some dispute then about the rebuilding and more particularly were objections voiced against the human bazar display. But the buildings went up again, at the cost of many millions of *yen*. A few years later there came a sudden decree from the municipality that the spectacle of the gilded cages must cease. The annual festival was also abolished, an elaborate parade in which the "Queen of the Yoshiwara," elected by the votes of the inmates, was carried through the streets seated on a golden throne. Forthwith all extravagance of outward display ceased at the Nightless City. But apparently the immense profits reaped by the quarter continued, as seems demonstrated by the fact that when these palaces were again laid in ashes in 1923, funds were immediately forthcoming for their rebuilding, and a new edition of buildings stood completed almost as quickly as if the *genii* of the lamp had been called upon, and almost before another stick or stone in the city was moved.

There is one highly necessary thing to do at Tokyo, and that is to call at your Embassy to request the special permits, which may be obtained only through the Embassy's courtesy, to enter the Castle grounds at Nagoya and to visit the Imperial Palaces at Kyoto. This request may be made from Kyoto, by post, and the permits will be forwarded, but there is necessarily a delay of several days.

Kamakura

Kamakura was once a great city, the seat of government of the Eastern Provinces. But it was at length conquered and sacked by the enemies its pride and ambition had created. From having been a wealthy capital, it sunk into a fishing village. A measure of prosperity came again when the foreigners of Yokohama discovered its bathing beach, and a foreign hotel was built on the shore. The Japanese also found that this picturesque village was a delightful resort for vacation days. Then came the great earthquake, and its destructive tidal wave stopped only when it had reached the base of the great Daibutsu. To-day there is little reason for journeying to Kamakura except to see the statue of the gentle Buddha. But that is reason enough.

As the train journey takes but an hour and a half from Tokyo, and a motor car not much longer, the visit may be made in a half day.

A quarter of a century ago the little garden in which the great statue stands was a quiet, peaceful spot, cared for by the loving labor of an old priest who lived in a hut nearby. I suppose that when that gentle priest passed away there was no one to take his place. At least between the time when I last saw him, smilingly at work, and my next visit some years later, the garden which he loved had been trampled into dust and its square of land had become a place for refreshment booths and wooden benches, under red flannel awnings, where sight-seers were resting and ordering pots of tea or bottles of luke-warm *ramune*. But even such sacrilege is powerless to destroy the aura of serenity and sublimity which envelops that incomparable figure.

The date of the casting of the great statue is inscribed in the annals of Kamakura as the year 1252. The name of the artist is not recorded. The spiritual calm portrayed in the face is the living message of the gentle Buddha, the message born of infinite understanding.

“And whoso will, from Pride released,
Contemning neither creed nor priest,

May feel the soul of all the East
About him at Kamakura."

When one is in the presence of the Daibutsu there is no thought of exact measurements. But it is amazing to consider the proportions as one may read them in type. The seated figure is forty-nine feet and seven inches in height; the eyes are each three feet and eleven inches in breadth; the width of the head is seventeen feet and nine inches; and there are eight hundred and thirty curls of nine inches each in height.

Nikko

Not a moment of the four hour train ride from Tokyo to Nikko but may find some recourse from boredom. Even should the passing panorama begin to take on a sameness, there is the absorbing alternative of observing the idiosyncrasies of one's fellow passengers. And you will have time to notice that the train meets its schedule to the fraction of a second. Apparently there is some cosmic connection between the revolutions of its wheels and the ticking of the chronometer of the universe. Next you may ponder speculatively concerning the impeccable train attendants, whether they can really be earthly mortals. They smile so radiantly in profound gratitude—for being allowed to inspect your ticket!

When you pause at stations you will hear the call of "Bento! Bento! BENTO!" If you lean out of the window and drop forty *sen* into the hand of the crier, he will present you with a *bento* box. For ten *sen* more there is added a pot of tea. These *bento* boxes are a delectable institution, and are always immaculate and fresh. They are of thin wood and come in two parts. One contains hot rice, the other displays an assortment of cold vegetables, meats, broiled fish, and probably a cutting of omelette. Perhaps you will find lotus roots, bamboo sprouts, and pickled seaweed. The teapot will have a cup attached. No two stations offer the same design in these cheap earthenware affairs, and it has become a collecting fad among native travelers to save these pots and cups. They are *objets d'art* in everything except cost. Those that are not thus saved

are swept out of the car by the train boy, along with the empty *bento* boxes.

The pilgrims to Nikko come from every shelf of society. There are the credulous peasants from remote hamlets, and there are sophisticated folk from the towns. For these latter exist superior inns. Japanese friends have told me that one cannot sip the full flavor of Nikko unless one is established at a native hospice. But I somehow doubt that the usual traveler could spare the facilities of the foreign hotels here at Nikko.

Nikko's altitude of two thousand feet tempers the summer's heat. No season is really out of season. But the two festival dates, that of the spring falling on the first two days of June and that of early autumn on the seventeenth of September, see Nikko at especially charming periods. The great procession in June celebrates the birthday of Ieyasu, the first Shogun. It is a gorgeous pageant, with all the trappings of magnificent robes, banners, golden palanquins, of the temple treasure houses on display. The September celebration is much the same in so far as the procession is concerned, but it has not so many special ceremonies.

Some first foreigner there must have been to walk along the paths beneath the lofty cryptomerias and to climb the stone steps to the Nikko temples. With no guide-book tucked under his arm and completely unaware of what lay ahead, he strode forward, a Roland coming not upon a dark tower but upon a gateway of a magnificence whose like is neither in the East nor in the West.

There are critics who label Nikko as too ornate, and as of too freshly minted fulgence. I suppose they would prefer a Nikko fallen into ruin and decay. When at Nikko, why not rejoice that Nikko's dauntless gorgeousness, its opulent color and its florid decoration have not been devastated by time?

The rubric to begin and end any chapter of advice about Nikko should be that the shrines must be visited more than once. Their golden glory is so radiant that the first visit is one of naïve wonderment. The thrill of a second or any succeeding visit may be more sober, but it will be none the less intense.

The path to the temples begins at the Red Bridge which is sacredly reserved for the Emperor or his messengers. This bridge is so famous, and has gathered about itself so many tales, that a chapter might be given to it alone. Such a chapter would explain that the original spanning of this stream was consummated, for the benefit of the saint Shodo Shonin, by two dragons who arched their backs from bank to bank and allowed a path of green sward to grow between them.

The stone steps leading up from the Daiya-gawa soon reach a plateau. You will then see a cluster of temple roofs half hidden by the trees of their gardens. But have no curiosity about them. At least not now. These are not the mausoleums of Ieyasu and Iemitsu. Follow the avenue until you come to the great stone *torii* and the many storied pagoda, and then you will see immediately before you the Gateway of the Two Kings. Beyond this gate lies the utmost in splendor which the lavish wealth and the illimitable ambition of the heirs of Ieyasu, the first Shogun, could command to honor his illustrious memory.

Ieyasu himself commanded his son, Hidetada, to choose a worthy spot and there to erect a shrine in his honor. In the meantime his coffin rested at Kuno-zan. Nikko was finally selected. The ceremony of dedication and the services of interment, when the mortuary shrine was partially completed, were celebrated by a spectacle so magnificent and extravagant that even this land of pageantry had never before known anything so gorgeous, nor has repetition ever been dared. Iemitsu, Hidetada's son, and the third Shogun, gave much attention to supervising the completion. For twelve years, or perhaps longer, the labor of 15,000 workers was daily demanded. The millions of *yen* expended were commandeered from the nobles of the land. But there was a double reason for these "taxes." The belligerent *daimyos* when impoverished were far less to be feared. Iemitsu was slain by an assassin, in 1651, while he was visiting Nikko to pay honor to the tomb of his grandfather. He also was granted the honor of burial here. The tombs of the other Shoguns are at Tokyo.

From the Gateway of the Two Kings to the innermost shrine of the last court, the path of progress is one of increasing

opulence in decoration. In the first courtyard, or terrace, stand the treasure house, the library, and the stable of the sacred horse. In this court also is an ancient and surpassingly beautiful granite well where the pilgrims pay a *sen* for a cup of holy water. The sacred stable was allowed to fall into disrepair, but at length funds were secured for its restoration. It now stands forth again as resplendent as of old. It is here that you may see the famous carving of the three monkeys, who see no evil, hear no evil, and speak no evil. Should the doors of the treasure house and the library be locked, as they probably will be, it is not worth while to have the keys brought from the Abbot's Residence. Certainly not on the day of your first visit. Another flight of stone steps leads to a court of increasing wonder. It is here that you come upon the greatly renowned drum and bell towers. The next gate, Yomei-mon, is perhaps ornate to the point of decadence but it is extraordinarily imposing. The last gate, Kara-mon, is less exuberant but impressively rich, and gives access to the most sacred enclosure.

By presenting a gift of ten *yen*, which goes to the upkeep of the temples, you may see the treasures of the inner chapels of this holy of holies. The priests regard the ceremony of showing these treasures as a sacred task, and they perform a solemn service before opening and entering the doors. In this service the visitor takes his part and is invested in a ceremonial robe. I can imagine nothing more ghastly than to be with some one who would consider this service as a mumbo-jumbo amusement feature.

From the side wall of the third terrace a gateway opens upon the long flight of stone steps which ascend to the summit of the hill where in lonely grandeur stands the tomb itself, a bronze sarcophagus. This gateway is strangely inconspicuous, especially so if its modesty be compared to the commanding assertion of the ornate and massive gateways on the line of progress to the innermost shrine. In fact it is not unlikely you would fail to notice it if unwarned. But you should also be warned that any expressed artistic conviction that this gate is inconspicuous or inadequate is *lèse-majesté*. The sublimation of the entire architectural and decorative plan at Nikko was

to endow the shrines with resplendence and the tomb with majestic dignity. It may thus be supposed that, while ornate decoration would have been avoided in this gateway, every effort would have been made to grant it impressive dignity. The assumption is correct. The famous artist, Hidari Jingoro—the left-handed master who had begun life as a carpenter—was given the task of contributing the central carving of the gateway. The selection of Hidari was as inevitably assured as if every other artist had withdrawn from rivalry. He stood supreme. In his lifetime he enjoyed immeasurable repute, and after three centuries his name remains a household word throughout the length and breadth of Nippon. (You have seen other examples of this carving since entering the first terrace, among these being the two elephants on the gable of the treasure house and probably the three monkeys above the door of the stable of the sacred horse.) Thus to Hidari was assigned the execution of the masterpiece which would assure distinction to this gateway. His contribution was the carving known as "The Sleeping Cat." Your glance upward will have to be something more than casual to locate it. Murray, with tactful conservatism, says that to foreign visitors "The Sleeping Cat is inadequate and disappointing." Others have queried whether or no Hidari had his tongue in his cheek, whether he was the Goya of the Shogun's Court, so to speak. But let us dismiss these opinions by foreigners. No Japanese cherishes any such doubt. The native imagination is apparently able, with no effort, to magnify the insignificant size of this carving into an august creation, worthy both of its fame and its setting. The people's intense admiration for the genius of the artist is increased, not diminished, through the beholding of this example of his work. If you could persuade one of the observers at your elbow into a frankness which would eschew all polite deferences, he would undoubtedly tell you that the blindness is in your own eyes,

Clement, in his *Modern Japan*, says, ". . . As in the case of painting, the method used by the carver must be direct and masterly to satisfy Japanese taste. Only clean, strong strokes will pass muster. There must be no niggling nor retouching. Visitors to the shrines at Nikko will be impressed by this

quality in the remarkable works to be found there by the famous seventeenth century sculptor Hidari Jingoro."

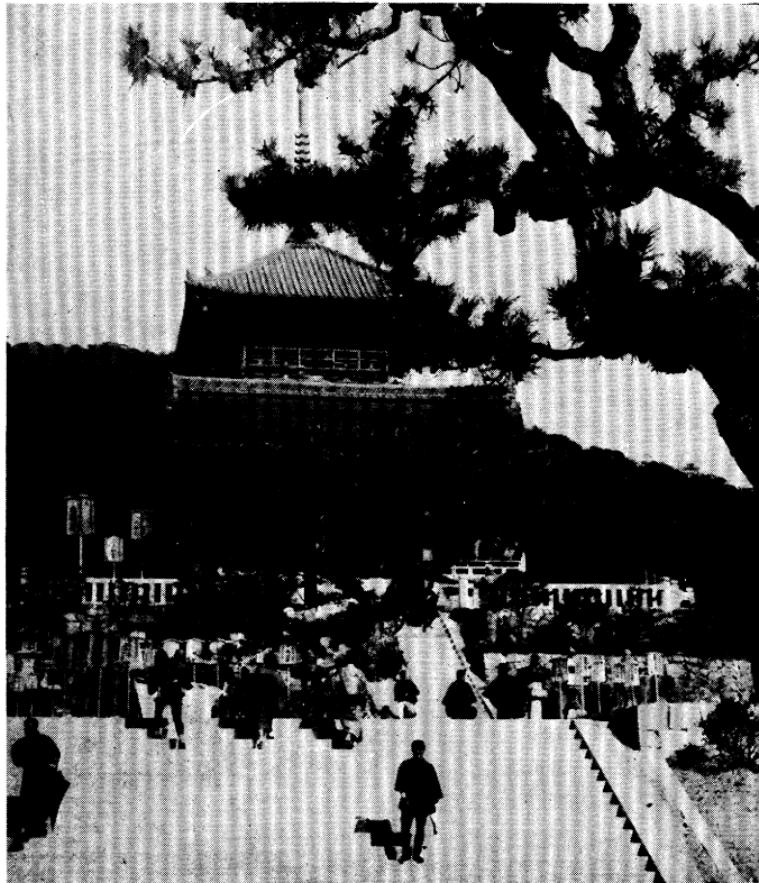
The pilgrims climb the two hundred steps to the bronze sepulcher in hushed silence. On my first visit, when I found myself on that long staircase of square cut, lichen covered stones and balustrade, darkly shaded by soaring evergreens, I was extraordinarily impressed by the transcending solemnity. I have never again felt the same mood of complete surrender to the scene. But the beauty of the artistry and craftsmanship of the bronze sarcophagus, and of the auxiliary pieces, is not to be denied. The work is unmistakably Japanese, but it has that same creative vigor and instinctive sense of medium found in the Chinese pieces of the greater periods.

The shrines of the mausoleum of Iemitsu have not the same historical interest or importance, nor do they attain the same magnificence. Nevertheless, when one reaches the temple of the innermost shrine—not to be entered—the decoration and design of the exterior of this golden building makes one think of a jeweler's casket and is breath-taking in its magically wrought beauty.

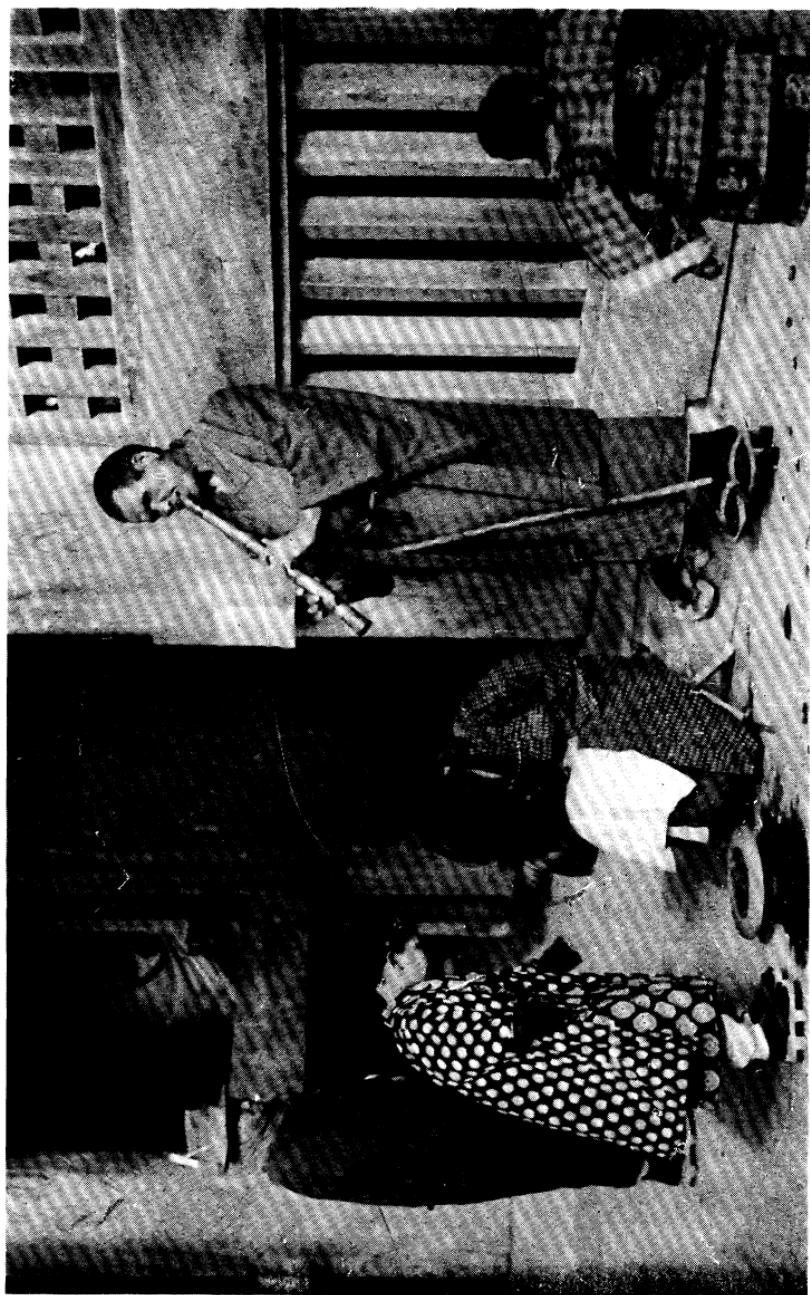
Whether these shrines, with their brilliant colors and elaborate decorations, might seem suddenly garish if they were removed from their setting amid the shadows of the mighty cryptomerias, I neither know nor care. These glorious hills of Nikko were chosen as their seat, a choice divinely guided, so the people believe, and they belong indissolubly to Nikko's "double glory—a glory of nature and a glory of art."

If you must have a mountain country of sullen grandeur, of illimitable masses, of eternal snows, and of merciless hardships, then go to Tibet. Fiery Asama-yama of intractable hostility, it is true, is among the Nikko peaks; but, as is known by the charcoal-burners, to whom foxes and ghosts come and talk on lonesome nights, Asama-yama was created by the gods as a contrast and a warning so that men might be the more thankful for the idyllic charm of the other hills.

Perhaps I have extended my conception of what may be called the Nikko mountainside until it includes areas which the local folk would protest as being far removed from the mantle



An Autumn Festival in a Japanese Temple



A Flute-playing Mendicant at the Entrance of a Japanese Shrine

of the Nikko name. But it is at least more convenient to group the following places together for consideration.

Immediately around the village of Nikko (or to be more exact, the village of Hachi-ishi, as Nikko is the name of the district) there are innumerable walks offering opportunities for anything from a polite stroll to an all day scramble. But whatever else is done, everybody goes to Lake Chuzenji. Orthodoxy commands that you must look upon the beauties of its waters. As a matter of fact, it is a pleasant lake. Formerly the trip was by ricksha all of the way; then came an electric tram line to the foot of the mountain up which wind the last four miles of the trail; nowadays there is a motor road to this same point. Up those four miles you must either tramp, or be pushed and pulled in a ricksha. In the springtime there is the witchery of the color of the azaleas and the wisteria; in the autumn the forest is aflame with the reds and gold of the turning leaves.

Just before you reach the shores of the lake you will hear at the side of the path the tumbling waters of the cascade known as Kegon-no-taki. If you follow the sound you will come abruptly upon the railed precipice of the mist-laden narrow gorge into whose depths the waterfall plunges. Upon the native mind, or emotions, this scene exerts a power of suggestion to be called occult. You may see youths and maids gazing in utter fascination. This mood of romantic melancholy so frequently converts itself into an impulse to suicide that the police have now forbidden approach to the brink of the falls. Suicide in Japan has never been considered an act to be condemned unqualifiedly—even when the reason might appear to be trivial. In the old days *hara kiri* frequently was commanded by the code of honor. And to-day popular opinion gives high approval to certain suicides, particularly those of protest. Sudden recourse to suicide is augmented through no inhibitions having been built up in the mind that any disgrace attaches to one's memory.

One is told that to know the full beauty of Chuzenji one must be there when the skies show not a single patch of cloud. The exaggeration of this saying may carry the subtle hint that there never is such a day. At least I have never seen one. The trouble is to find even a day without rain, as it may be

raining at Chuzenji and be clear at Nikko. (It is worth telephoning from Nikko to ask.) Otherwise Chuzenji has those general virtues which are the property of mountain lakes, and it has the special and noteworthy qualification that it is almost free from mosquitoes. When Tokyo is broiling under the sun of July and August, Chuzenji becomes the summer capital of the diplomatic world.

If it were not that it rains even more frequently at Lake Yumoto, which is seven miles farther along and still higher in the clouds, its charms might easily be called more seductive. It is a strenuous but not infrequent program for visitors to journey to these two lakes from Nikko and to return on the same day. But why not spend the night at Yumoto?

From here starts the trail which leads over the Konsei Pass to Ikao. The number of possible walking trips in Japan is as the number of the stars. But this particular trail comes near to heading the list in the sum of its perfections. The distance is about fifty miles, so that one must plan for two or three days on the road. It is not barred to those who do not wish to tramp its miles, as a horse may be taken over the pass and a ricksha be engaged for the remainder of the distance. There are also local *bashas* beyond Okkai. A full-fledged member of the guide guild is hardly needed as an English speaking coolie may be had to lead the way. The trail follows through wonderful forests and enchanted valleys, famed for their wildflowers. And Ikao itself is one of the most lovely of Japan's picture villages. Its semiforeign hotel instead of being half-bad in two languages is really a delightful compromise. I should add that you may make its approach by rail from Nikko or Tokyo.

Before you consider leaving Ikao, you should think about Kusatsu. No one else can, as the Indian Babus say, "make a judgment" for you. Kusatsu is remote from the railway and lies in the heart of a forbidding solitude. It is a long day's journey from Ikao and an equally long day returning. This distance may be covered on horseback, in a ricksha, or in one of the country omnibuses called *bashas*.

Fires burn just below the crust at Kusatsu, and innumerable boiling springs burst forth, with an acrid odor truly diabolical, the steam from these vapors paints the jagged volcanic rock

with incrustations of brilliant colors. These waters are charged with a corrosive acid which can sear the flesh upon exposure, and it is believed that they must possess proportionately great medicinal powers. Kusatsu has been correspondingly made into a place of torment so harrowing that the *diablerie* of the picture is quite beyond words. Quite probably a majority of the prospective patients forthwith flee when they behold what awaits them. Those who do stay place themselves under the iron discipline of a bathmaster, a demon of absolute powers. When he sounds a blast from his trumpet, it means that his victims, like a cohort of the damned, must emerge from their various hiding places and drag their unwilling feet to the cauldrons. For a time they chant a weird dirge and beat the waters with paddles in the idea that this airification will lower the temperature. Then comes the second dreaded blast and they must submerge. Three interminable minutes! The third trumpet sounds their release, and they come forth like flying fish from the tips of a wave.

Behold the advertisement: "Hot steam baths! uncommon to the World! Cures rhumatiz, stummach-ake and various other all diseases by Cold caught."

Perhaps I would be convicted of omission if I should not mention Karuizawa, a resort of these hills which has become famous through being the "summer capital" of the Protestant missionaries of Japan, just as Chuzenji is the summer capital of the diplomats. But the diplomats were by far the better choosers. Karuizawa has both an inordinate number of rainy days and an inordinate number of unregenerate mosquitoes. Nor has it the beauties of the Ikao landscape. The one reason why you might choose to go to Karuizawa is to make the ascent of angry Asama-yama. Its eight thousand feet are not, as a matter of truth, very difficult to climb as far as steepness is concerned. Ashes, however, cover the trail ankle deep and before you have finished the constant wading you will sigh for crags and precipices. Fogs frequently come down and there is then nothing to be seen to reward one's monotonous exertion. The ascent is at all times to be labeled distinctly dangerous, as the frequent bursts of anger of churlish Asama-yama send out poisonous vapors and sometimes stones and ashes. Ap-

parently visitors are never welcome. The malevolent outbursts of temper notoriously take place whenever there is a larger party than usual of pilgrims.

Matsushima and North Japan

It is a train ride of nine hours from Tokyo to Matsushima, or of about seven hours from Nikko.

The Japanese make pilgrimage to Matsushima throughout the year and are pleased to declare that that magic coast is never more beautiful than when mantled by the winter's snow. But I ask you only to believe that in the summer the days can be of pure enchantment. On a day of such perfection the pineclad islands seem to float on the mirroring sea, and to cruise amid these waters then is to sail into a scene of unearthly beauty. When fogs descend and the rain comes, and the wind is bitter, I should imagine the mystic fascination would tend to be evanescent.

There is now a comfortable foreign hotel at Matsushima, and thus it is no longer necessary to depend upon one of the native inns at Shiogama, nor to bring an interpreter. The old time program of everything native, even to the sailing craft, did lend an atmosphere of pioneering glamor to the adventure. But there is much to be said in praise of a chug-chugging motor boat. If this seems sadly unpoetical, at least give thought to those days when the sails hang lifeless.

Two days of sailing amid the islands are decidedly better than one. A sail boat on the first day will take you to Shiogama and return. On the second day the hotel motor boat offers the more romantic opportunity. Its speed makes it possible to journey to the sacred island of Kinkwa-san and to return between daylight and dark. There is an early morning steamer from Shiogama to the island, or rather to a nearby port on the mainland from where one must engage a ferry. But a return cannot be made that night. The hospitality of the temple guest rooms is extended to wayfarers, or perhaps one should say seafarers. I have no personal experience of a night there, but the repute of the proffered hospitality is not particularly encouraging.

Some hundreds of islands lie between Matsushima and Kinkwa-san. Many of these are merely fantastic rocks jutting out of the sea, uninhabited of course. To each has been granted a poetic name. This coast has been deemed sacred from the dawn of time, and during the slow centuries pious builders have had time to adorn all of the islands of any size with temples, pagodas, stone lanterns, miniature bridges, and all the other furnishings of the native garden. If I employed all too frequently the word "magnificent" at Nikko, the temptation here is to wear threadbare the word "quaint." There are some islets which have been landscaped—an atrocious verb but I know no other—with particular devotion and success; and of these Uma-hashi and Oshima are perhaps the most famous. Sacred Kinkwa-san has more elbow-room; in fact it is almost a continent by comparison—with grazing meadows for its sacred deer herd. Its highest pinnacle of rock rises to a height of fifteen hundred feet, or thereabouts. In the olden days when Kinkwa-san's sanctity was suitably venerated, foot of woman was not allowed upon its soil. Nor yet was any feminine eye allowed even to turn its gaze in the island's direction. Since these bans were lifted, many misfortunes have come, including fires which have destroyed the ancient Buddhist shrines. The present Shinto shrines are new and unimportant.

The evening express train from Matsushima will deposit you at seven o'clock in the morning at the Tokyo station platform, and you will rub your eyes and wonder whether you have been living through a dream.

The Fuji-Yama Country

Frankly, I am as pagan as the peasants who live under the shadow of peerless Fuji. Fuji, to us, is not a mountain but a goddess.

The goddess has strange, feminine moods. Sometimes she reveals her radiance in its fullness. Sometimes she allows herself to be mistaken for nothing more than an ordinary peak. If I could tell you exactly how, when, and from what spot you might make certain of beholding her in a moment of

supreme beauty, then indeed would I be a matchless mentor. Alas! I know of no such certainties.

The vast mountainside encircling the plain of Fuji's base is a parkland of fascinating trails, wandering through a country of unusual variety of scene. Before the earthquake there were foreign hotels at Miyanoshita, Lake Hakone, and Lake Shoji, and there were countless native inns. In the few moments of the great terror devastation came to many of these villages and hamlets; even the roads were so twisted and broken that it was believed it would be years before even a beginning at rebuilding would be attempted. For a year indeed there was no effort, and few travelers saw anything more of Fuji than glimpses from the train windows of the Tokaido Railway. But courage began to recover and energy to revive. The Fuji-ya hotel at Miyanoshita, famous for half a century as a rendezvous for travelers and foreign residents, was rebuilt, and the hair-raising motor road to its doors was repaired.

Unfortunately for the hurried traveler, Miyanoshita lies in a valley with no view of Fuji. The shores of Lake Hakone offer a much more picturesque location for a hotel, with the views of Fuji reflected in its waters, but the drier air and accessibility of Miyanoshita allow it to be a four-season resort, and the tourist must make the best of the situation. A view of the peak may be had by a twenty minutes' climb, but you should really devote a day to the excursion to Lake Hakone and its surrounding hills. One of the trails to Hakone leads past Ojigoku, or Big Hell, a desolate, sulphurous spot, where the earth steams menacingly, and thence to a peak which hangs over the lake and reveals Fuji soaring high above the final intervening ridge of hills. The summit of this final ridge offers an unobstructed view of the plain at Fuji's base and of the lava slopes and snow fringed cone. The trail, from the point where you are standing, drops down into the valley, and you see it climbing again up the opposite slope to Otometoge, or Maiden's Pass, which is indeed a superlative vantage spot. The plain is exposed in relief. You look down upon the roofs of Gotemba and Subashiri, starting points for the ascent of the sacred mountain.

To tramp to Otometoge and return again to Miyanoshita

between daylight and dark would mean a far more strenuous day than I have any intention of suggesting as feasible. The simplest way to plan a program is to ask the hotel manager to explain the large map of the district which hangs on his office wall. You may then determine an excursion which will coincide with the exact amount of energy to be expended. Of course there are motor cars, horses, and sedan chairs by way of transportation aid, but their availability can best be explained by the manager.

As for climbing Fuji's sacred peak, I have no knowledge which is not second hand. Twice I have acquiesced, at the best of friends determined upon the scramble, to a sunrise start up the long trail of ashes, and twice have I been spared from having to keep my promise through the dispensation of sudden and terrific storms. Perhaps the Goddess Fuji knew that in my heart I wished to remember her as a vision and not as an exertion. It is never possible—even in the "official" climbing season, from the first of July until the tenth of September—to declare with assurance that on such-and-such a day one will make the ascent.

The best, or at least the most popular, trails lead from Gotemba and Subashiri. These towns are easily reached from Miyanoshita by motor car, or from Tokyo by rail. The night is spent at one of the native inns so as to start before daybreak. Two days should be given to the climb. There are pilgrim huts at the crater. To try to make the ascent and descent in a single day is to invite a severe case of exhaustion. But instead of detailing any further advice in these pages, let me say that the Japanese Tourist Bureau has published a folder entitled *Mt. Fuji*. This guide explains everything there is to explain about the best season for the ascent, the different trails, together with helpful hints about guides, special equipment, and expenses.

The above-mentioned folder—to be had free at any hotel in Japan—also contains elaborate hints for consummating the tour of the Fuji lakes. This trip used to be called the "around the base of Fuji tramp." Nowadays walking has apparently passed into the limbo of antiquated and forgotten things. Once upon a time a traveler swung his rucksack over his shoulder and

started forth from Gotemba (or Miyanoshita) and took two or three days for the tramp to Lake Shoji, spending the nights at native inns. When he came to one of the intervening lakes he either hired a small boat (with rowers) at a modest charge, or skirted the shore. Nowadays all is different. Between Gotemba and Lake Shoji an elaborate system of transportation has been evolved, and the trip is accomplished in a short day. Transportation includes motor cars, motor boats, and *bashas* (country horse buses). The tourist hardly has to undergo the strain and exertion of a single step. I might here insert the prediction that if you choose to wait for a few years there undoubtedly will be a funicular railway to the crater rim of Fuji itself.

When you reach Lake Shoji there is a comfortable, but unostentatious, hotel. It is perched on the rocky hillside, and possesses a perfect view of Fuji's cone reflected in the lake. Shoji is a delectable spot at which to linger for a day—or longer.

When the time comes to depart, there are a half-dozen exits back to the world from which you started. You can, indeed, retrace your steps, or, if you are in a hurry, there is the twenty mile trail to Kofu, where the train may be taken to Tokyo. In the bracing air this score of miles is a joyous tramp; but it should be added that horseback as far as Ubaguchi and then a motor car is the more usual program. But the really superlative adventure, upon leaving Shoji, is to cross the Amanzaka Pass and follow the eighteen mile trail to Kajikazawa, a village on the Fujikawa River.

Now the Fujikawa is one of the most beautiful mountain streams of the wide world. Perhaps the witchery of swift flowing rivers does not ensnare you as it does me. None the less I am certain that you cannot deny this particular river's fascination. For centuries sturdy boatmen, in staunchly built barges, have been shooting its long series of rapids. To the Japanese, the spectacular and picturesque scenes and the thrill of the descent are so famous that it has always remained a mystery to me how the Fujikawa could have remained for so long almost unknown to foreigners. It has now been discovered. And motor boats—freakish craft which skim the

surface of the water in response to high powered engines and airplane propellers—have appeared in rivalry to the old-time barges.

Even these speeding beetles have to take four and a half hours for the voyage to Minobu and return; an hour and a half descending and three hours ascending. The barges take three hours downstream, and as they must be laboriously dragged back again they take no passengers for the return.

As it takes about seven hours to reach Kajika-zawa from Shoji, you will understand that without an early morning start there is not much of the day left when you will have reached the river. However, there is an acceptable inn at which to pass the night.

You may choose the novelty and thrill of the motor boat experience, but the barges still remain the more romantic adventure. It used to be that one could engage a private boat, with its four boatmen, to make the trip all of the way to the mouth of the river where it empties into Surugu Bay—a voyage of some seven hours—for the sum of six *yen*. To-day it takes much persuasion and bargaining to induce a crew to proceed farther than Minobu. Beyond that city the river is now almost deserted. A railway spur from the Tokaido Main Line has been completed which parallels the river that far northwards, and it has almost completely absorbed the cargo and passenger traffic.

If you make the round trip on the river from Kajika-zawa, the simplest route back to Tokyo is to take the horse tram or motor bus from Kajika-zawa to Kofu, and the train from there. But if you are content with the downstream venture only, you can proceed from Minobu to Tokyo by train, making connections with the Tokaido Railway at the village of Fuji.

Kofu has been called "a pleasant, provincial town," and that is an exact description. It has next to nothing to intrigue a visitor, but it does have a delightful inn. If you must spend a night at Kofu, this is no cause for dismay. The name of this inn is the Bosen-ka. Its charming garden is quite famous, and so also is its kitchen. Should you have come to the conclusion that culinary art is helpless when confronted by Nippon's scrawny pullets, then you must taste chicken à la

Bosen-ka. And your introduction to grilled eels should here be established. After such feasting must come sleep. If you repeat "*masu-masu futon*" to the maid, she will heap up "more and more mattresses" to soften the hardness of the floor.

In mentioning Minobu I have failed to say that it is one of Japan's most renowned seats of Buddhism. Its great fame and importance became established from its possession of the crystal casket which holds the remains of Saint Nichiren, the founder of the Nichiren sect. Destructive fires have several times ravaged this temple group, but the wide provinces of all Japan has each time responded with rich gifts and funds for the rebuilding. At each rebuilding the "blaze of gilt and color" has achieved a still more gorgeous and ornate splendor. When you behold the great Soshi-do Hall, you may possibly declare that it is time to cry quits in this direction. Do not be so amazed by the general effect that you will forget to search out the paintings by Kano Motonobu in the great Guest Hall, named the Daikyaku-den. The annual festival of Minobu falls on the 12 and 13 of October.

Give, if you can, five or six days to this "around the base of Fuji" tour; that is, from Gotemba (or Miyanoshita) to Shoji, from Shoji to Kajika-zawa, and then the rapids trip on the Fujikawa. By hurrying the circuit is possible in three days. If you are in Tokyo and wish only to shoot the rapids of the Fujikawa, this is a matter of a rather strenuous day and a half. Take the afternoon train from Tokyo to Kofu. Then you can spend the night at the Bosen-ka inn and take the motor bus or horse tram to Kajika-zawa early in the morning: or else you can proceed to Kajika-zawa that same day and accept the native inn there. With a full day ahead, there is the choice of making the round trip on the river and returning to Tokyo by way of Kofu, or of taking the downstream trip only and returning from Minobu.

Between Tokyo and Kyoto

We of the West think of time and space, in so far as they are concerned with everyday life, as absolute. But the Eastern mind, and particularly the Japanese mind, uses relativity as its

tape-measure. If you are walking in the country and ask a peasant how far it is to the next village, his reply will depend upon this consideration, or that. But there is only a remote chance that it will concern itself with the actual mileage. Should you be looking tired or impatient, he will tell you that it is a short distance, hoping to revive your depressed spirits. This desire to please by dispensing supposedly welcome information, even if in no degree accurate, is established etiquette. On a muddy day you may be told that a certain distance is ten *ri*, and on a dry day that it is six. Your informant is thinking of how the distance appeals to him in the way of effort. None of this is guile, nor is it lying.

Now the Japanese in feudal days could think of their Eastern and Western Capitals, Tokyo and Kyoto, as being the same city despite their separation of more than three hundred miles. As a manifestation of this unity the cities had a common street, that great highway, "The Tokaido." It began in one city and ended in the other. Throughout it carried the one name, and still does. It was a great and crowded thoroughfare, bordered by magnificent trees, evenly planted. Twelve days of steady marching it took the sturdy palanquin bearers of some proud *daimyo* to traverse its distance. In a nobleman's retinue would be his personal followers, the two-sworded *samurai*; and the trappings of these cortèges offered a gorgeous picture. When two processions met on the road the lesser noble had to draw his followers into the ditch. But when two rivals of equal rank met . . . Well, the answer is that such meetings were avoided. Not alone the nobility lent color to the scene. The great merchants traveled with armed guards. Their precious wares were transported on pack horses. The lesser merchants sent their goods on coolie-back, borne in chests swung on bamboo poles. There was always a countless throng of pilgrims, and there was always the host of nondescript travelers. Villages grew up along the way to provide entertainment for the tens of thousands of travelers who passed. The inns and tea-houses were of every grade: some towns waxed to greater prosperity than their neighbors and their superior and luxurious inns were called *honjins*.

It was in the year 1868 that the Mikado was restored to the

political rulership and in this year came the announcement to the world that Japan was determined to become "modern." But it seems even more impossible than the announcement that within four years from this date the building of a railway should have been actually started between the two capitals. True, it took seventeen years to complete the connection by a single track line.

This road of steel follows in close parallel the old Tokaido, whose romantic name it has usurped. The train journey to-day takes twelve hours, a numerical coincidence with those twelve marching days of the old highway. The trains hurry by most of those once busy towns and villages, and they have sunk into a dreamy desuetude. Their famous inns, those which have survived, no longer know the sound of wild revelry—words used advisedly. Some of the octogenarian innkeepers of those deserted *honjins* have told me tales of the revels of the fierce *samurai*.

During the first years of Japan's plunge into modernism, utilitarianism was hoisted on a pedestal and worshiped. It became almost an act of devotion to destroy anything and everything which could not prove its utilitarian value. Thus was "Westernism" interpreted. The mighty cryptomerias and pines which bordered the Tokaido were felled ruthlessly along great stretches of the way and for no particular reason; but while the old highway has suffered grievous wounds, it has by no means lost every vestige of its once imposing dignity. I like to think that perhaps a new age of importance lies ahead. Not one of pageantry, perhaps, but one of prosperity. This new era will come with the arrival of the Motor Age. The old inns will again hang out their banners by day and their lanterns by night.

Other railway routes now connect Tokyo and Kyoto, but no other is as direct or as picturesque. Even if you do not break the journey, it is rewarding to take the day train rather than the night express. There are fascinating glimpses of the sea and thrilling views of Fuji, and pictures of terraced hills and rice fields, of ancient villages and hamlets.

You have of course been a passenger on the Tokaido if you have traveled by train from Tokyo to Kamakura, or from Tokyo to Kozu where starts the motor road to Miyanoshita.

The railroad skirts the southern base of Fuji and then emerges from this mountain country to follow the shores of Surugu Bay. This bay guards a secret. I doubt whether you will think it possible for this land, which has an Official Tourist Bureau, an Hotel Association, and nobody knows how many other publicity organizations, to have secrets, or even one secret. Speaking with more careful accuracy, the sacred mountain of Kuno-zan might perhaps not be called a *bona fide* secret as it will be found described in the guide-books. But its name has succeeded in remaining almost as covert as that of Lot's wife. Nor can the mystery be because it is remote. If, when the train reaches the station of Okitsu, you there alight, you will be within easy pilgrimage distance of the sacred mountain.

At Okitsu you must engage a ricksha. Then follow a couple of hours of jogging pace over a rude road, but through most delightful scenery. In fact I doubt whether you may find such picturesque villages anywhere else in the land. Let me warn you that when you reach the mountain's base, you must not allow your ricksha runner to take it into his head that he is dismissed. Do not pay him anything as yet, an argument which will be understood. Instead of returning to Okitsu, there is the alternative of proceeding to Shizuoko where the train may be boarded for Nagoya or Kyoto, or the night may be spent in one of the native inns—and attractive places they are.

The rock of Kuno-zan rises as abruptly as a stone wall. Into this rock has been cut a staircase of one thousand and thirty-six ledges, and these breath-taking steps may have something to do with Kuno-zan remaining a secret.

It was from Kuno-zan, in the year 1617, that the magnificent cortège departed for Nikko bearing the body of the great Ieyasu. The first Shogun was interred here until the mausoleum at Nikko was completed. If you expect to find that the shrines at Kuno-zan are buildings of unusual distinction and beauty, you will not be disappointed. But the guerdon for climbing those thousand steps is the view of the sea and the green plain. The festival days see gorgeous ceremonies and reveal the temple treasures. There are two, one on April 17, the other on October 17.

It was on the shore of Surugu Bay that a fisherman (according to ancient legend) found a coat of feathers hanging on a pine bough. It belonged to a fairy from the Moon, who was undoubtedly bathing in the nearby waters. She suddenly appeared and begged the fisherman for her garment. Obdurately he refused. She was broken-hearted, for this meant that she could not fly back to her home in the Moon. In the end she promised to dance one of the dances of the immortal gods in payment for its return, and the fisherman consented. "Draped in her feathery robe," so runs the tale, "she dances beneath the pine trees on the beach, while celestial music and an unearthly fragrance fill the air. At last her wings are caught by the breeze, and she soars heavenward, past Mount Ashitaka, past Fuji, till she is lost to view."

Nagoya

Long before arrival, from the train window you may see the tall factory chimneys of Nagoya and their smoke across the paddy fields. You must understand that while this city is ancient in years, its gusto of satisfaction is concerned with its modernness rather than its antiquity. It is a place, among other things, where cloisonné vases and boxes and ash trays, and porcelain ware, and *satsuma* are produced in wholesale quantities to be shipped over the Seven Seas. This exploitation of ancient art traditions, through soulless reproductions, should not be dubbed more heinous when practiced in Japan, I suppose, than when perpetrated elsewhere in the world. These wholesale art factories of Nagoya are sometimes considered "places of interest" for the tourist; a mortuary interest, I should think. The Nagoya Chamber of Commerce has a hospitality department which will furnish an English speaking guide and arrange for you a tour of the shops and factories. This courtesy is free of cost.

I can find but one reason for leaving the train at Nagoya—to see the ancient castle and the apartments of the castle palace. And if you have not provided yourself with the necessary pass—obtainable through your Embassy at Tokyo—this solitary reason will meet with disappointment.

In feudal days there were great castles everywhere throughout this land. Petty wars were an honorable diversion; and time passed pleasantly for the nobles, either in being besieged, or in besieging. Castles became useless with the passing of feudalism; and you may see for yourself that they must have been uncomfortable as homes. Although scarcely half a century has passed since the days of their utility, very few now survive from the one-time vast number. Of these few, this fortress at Nagoya is not only the most accessible to the tourist, it is also the most notable of the relics left intact.

The interior is as gloomily barren as the expanses of an empty wine vault. When you look about you in the dim light, there is nothing to study except the engineering skill of the builders; but if you climb the wooden stairs to the topmost of the five stories, there is a view of the Nagoya plain as recompense for your effort. Decorative effort was saved for the outside. The projecting roofs of the pagoda-like stories are a marvelous copper bronze, and at the ends of the highest roof ridge are the famous gold dolphins, eight feet in height. Their bullion value is a half million *yen*.

The exterior of the donjon is grandly imposing, but the interior of the palace, found within the castle grounds, is surpassingly impressive. Here are the apartments in which the Shoguns were entertained when they visited Nagoya, which was not infrequent as the powerful *daimyos* of Nagoya were closely related to the Tokugawa family. This castle and palace were seized in the name of the Emperor at the time of the Restoration, and a suite of rooms is reserved for use by the Imperial Family. This suite is sacred and is not to be glimpsed at all. That its elegance exceeds that of the other rooms which may be seen is hardly likely. These open rooms possess a richness to satisfy one's imagination of the chaste but sumptuous taste of the mighty Shoguns. The paintings are by the artists of the "Kano school" and they present all of the favorite subjects which their genius made famous, the sleeping tigers, bamboo groves, cherry blossoms, storks, and pheasants.

In a town as important as was Nagoya in the pious days when temple building flourished, one would expect to find surviving shrines of much grandeur. There are such survivals,

and the Higashi Hongwanji is a notable example. But when you take thought that Kyoto awaits with its surfeit of temple grandeur you may decide that it is sane to save your freshness of appreciation for Kyoto's still greater splendors.

Yamada and the Shrines of Ise

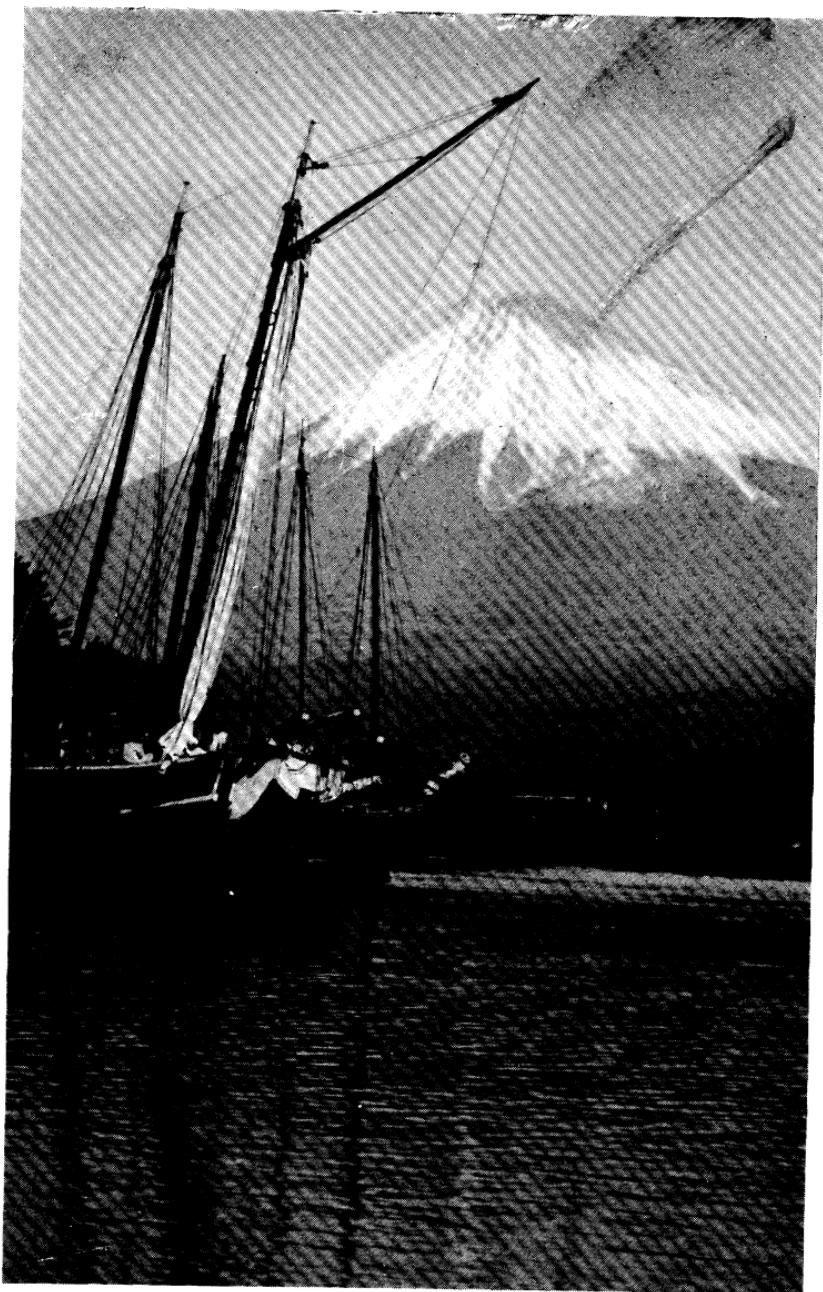
If the great fame of the Shrines of Ise has determined you to make the journey to Yamada, then a time saving schedule is to combine this visit with your railway trip from Nagoya to Kyoto. This means four hours of railway travel from Nagoya to Yamada, and four hours from Yamada to Kyoto.

But unless your wandering can be exceptionally leisurely or unless you are unusually interested in Shintoism, I cannot understand why you should wish to go to Ise. Murray quotes the words of a certain disappointed tourist, "There is nothing to see, and they won't let you see it." A foreigner may approach only to the outermost of the four enclosing fences. These shrines owe their extraordinary veneration to the fact that they are intimately connected with the deification of the Emperor. Where the Mikado is concerned, the foreigner is supposed not to be concerned.

The buildings are of unpainted cypress wood, which must come from the Crown forests of the Kiso mountains. Their architecture follows the simple archaic style which the early Japanese had evolved before the importation of Chinese forms. These buildings—for the sake of sacerdotal purity—are destroyed every twenty years. The years of the rebuilding festivals are to be excepted from the usual monotony, as there are then gorgeous pageants of which the foreigner can see a part. The next rebuilding will be in 1943.

The town of Yamada has a population of forty thousand, and one and all are very busy taking care of the hundreds of thousands of pilgrims who come each year. There is a foreign style hotel, which sees a good many Japanese from Tokyo and other sophisticated centers. Every subject of the Mikado, some time in his life, must make this pilgrimage.

If you do go to Yamada, you might as well be a thorough-going tourist to the limits allowed. After looking at the dis-



The Sacred Mountain of Japan, a View from the Sea



An Itinerant Juggler Performing in a Teahouse Courtyard

tant shrines, you can take the four mile tram trip to Futami-noura to see the "wedded rocks." These are believed to be the god, Izanagi and the goddess Izanami, creator and creatress of Japan. And as you are this near to the culture-pearl fisheries, it is a simple matter to take a motor car, or motor bus, to Gokasho, on Goza Bay, and see what you are allowed to see of this industry. As a matter of fact this means everything except the ultimate secret. If you go by motor, you can return to Yamada by way of Toba. At Toba there is a ferry to Sugashima Island. Here a host of women divers are busily engaged, in the summer season, in searching the sea bottom for shell fish and pearl oysters. These mermaids, or perhaps they should be called merwives, by the traditions of the island are supposed to support their husbands, and not vice versa. In carrying on their occupation, they wear the costume usually prescribed by art for mermaids. The town of Toba is graced by one of the prettiest sea views of all this coast. The panorama is best seen either from Hiyori-yama, a hill close to the railway station, or from Hinoyama Park. On a clear day the view deserves a description far more eloquent than "pretty." Then you may see not only the bay with its fantastic islands and its hundreds of sailing junks and fishing craft, but you will see the mountains of the Fuji range and the snowy cone of Fuji itself.

Gifu

One hour from Nagoya by rail, and on the main line route to Kyoto, is the city of Gifu. This old town is rather an attractive place, but in no notable way to engage your attention except for its one spectacular specialty. And you need not think twice about this specialty if the season of your visit is not in the summer months and this is not a period of the month when there is no moon. With the conditions of a moonless summer night fulfilled, then Gifu offers you the exotic spectacle of its ancient custom of fishing with trained cormorants. The good folk of the town maintain that the custom of capturing wild cormorants and training them originated here, on the banks of the Nagara, in the days of the gods. Undoubtedly their ancestors have been following this strange practice for many long

centuries, but it is a likely surmise that the custom was imported from China.

An interpreter is not essential to visit Gifu. A little English is spoken at the Tamai-ya, a comfortable inn which sees an occasional foreigner and is thus used to Western idiosyncrasies. The host sees to the engaging of a houseboat for the evening.

The anatomical peculiarity of the cormorant is his capacious pouch. Around the throat, below this pouch, a ring is fastened so that the captured fish can go no farther. The birds are tied on leashes and a skillful fisherman handles simultaneously a dozen of these automatic fishing machines. The dexterity required for such a feat may be imagined. The older birds know their business well and, as soon as one of them has filled his pouch with a full catch, he reports to the side of the boat to be taken in so that he may disgorge and start afresh. An *ichi-ban*, or number one, bird will capture from a hundred to three hundred trout in a night. The fishing boats carry flaming faggots and the houseboats are gay with huge paper lanterns. The fleet often numbers fifty or more boats and the scene is that of some weird and unearthly flotilla.

Kyoto

The Emperor Kwammu, fiftieth in descent from the great Jimmu, became wroth at the priestly hierarchy of Nara and removed his court to the little village of Uda. He traced out the lines of a city and said, "Here will be the streets, here the walls." Thus was Kyoto born, and the streets, traced in the soil by the Emperor's staff, have endured to this day. Kyoto remained the seat of the Imperial Court, with but one brief break, for eight and three-quarters centuries, or until 1868. Seventy-seven Mikados have here held sway. Its history has known every experience from surpassing prosperity and gorgeous pomp to the terrors of siege, famine, and pestilence. Of course the presence of the Court must be cited as the stimulus under which the culture of this great city mellowed. But one may believe also, and with reason, that the people of Kyoto of every rank always have ardently held to the belief that life can best be lived under a code of amiable

manners and amid scenes where beauty is worshiped. The metal of these ideals has strangely and extraordinarily resisted corrosion from the acid of modernism. Other cities of the Empire may hitch their ambition to the star of "progress," but Kyoto refuses scornfully to succumb to the monotony of mechanical standardization. Naturally there are some intrusions of modern ugliness, but they are few.

To discover this city in her most disarming moods you should be there in the spring or in the autumn. These are the festival seasons. But there is no time of the year when Kyoto becomes repelling, although in midsummer her smiles become somewhat wan.

The friendliest act which I can perform in these Kyoto pages is to remember to be brief. So much awaits the most discriminating enthusiasm that a mere definitive list of the *ichi-ban* sights, with no reference to those of second importance, would be sufficient to throw the reader into a mood of confusion. There are, for example, sixty-nine "principal" temples, and each of these is a treasure house. The pages of a universally functioning guide-book, one aiming to describe everything, would have to invite the traveler to spend the rest of his days in a hectic madness of dashing from place to place. But do not fall into any dreary anticipation of having to face a hopeless situation. The only program worth a thought is not to try to exhaust a list of "sights," but to make friendly acquaintance with Kyoto's charm. At least that is my own belief, and I have never had any stirrings of conscience to follow a more thoroughgoing program. What I have found that I like most to do is, on a day when I am seeing gardens, to visit several of the finest, one after another. On a day when I am drawn to seeing temples, I like to make it a day of temples. I do, however, definitely counsel you to make certain of one half-day in which to visit the Imperial Palaces. These palaces are in a distant corner of the city and, as the Golden Pavilion of Kinkaku-ji, with its glorious garden, is in this same remote section, it is important to combine these visits, and to see the Sento Gosho garden, near the Mikado's Palace, as well. That you will go to Nara is, of course, understood; but I would not call Lake Biwa quite so essential. And there are the diversions

and pleasant distractions of Kyoto—a dinner at some famous tea-house with a *geisha* dance to entertain one's eyes if not one's ears; the native theater; jiu-jitsu wrestling; visits to the workshops of the master-craftsmen of damascene and cloisonné, and to the porcelain kilns; prowling in the curio and old embroidery shops. Many of the distances are long, and, if you have but a few days, the judicious election of a motor car, rather than a ricksha, for the farther places, will double your available hours. The Miyako hotel is among the most hospitable hotels of the East, and you may trust that whatever program is to be followed, you may seek counsel in your inn, and the advice given will be both critical and practical.

The privilege of entering the Imperial Palaces is a distinct honor. That it should be extended to foreigners, who have made application through their Embassies, is more or less a custom surviving from those earlier days when there were few visitors and one and all were treated as distinguished guests. The privilege when extended to a Japanese amounts almost to a patent of nobility. If Cassandra were alive to utter prophecies, I imagine she would foretell that some day a party of humorous foreigners would furnish cause and excuse to have this privilege abrogated for all.

It is the better sequence to see the Mikado's Palace first, and then the Nijo Castle. The decorations of the Mikado's Palace are so much more austere that the result of seeing first the golden glory of Nijo is to blind one to this more severely chaste beauty. This severe restraint may not appeal to your emotional response, but the rooms offer an extremely interesting study. They represent to the Japanese esthetic taste the perfect attainment of "sacramental purity." These quotation marks are in lieu of some English equivalent to express the Japanese idea. I doubt whether any Westerner can appreciate the full-rounded significance of that realm of Japanese art which employs certain traditional symbols to represent abstract ideas. In a minor degree we have recourse to such symbolism when we ascribe to the color white, for example, the meaning of innocence. But we proceed for such a short distance along this road that any such comparison soon fails. To us this seems artificial and stilted—at least in theory—but it is possible

that if we could see with the eyes of a Japanese we would suddenly discover a new and unsuspected dimension of esthetic enjoyment. The most baffling mystery is, How can it be that the employment of these formal symbols does not conflict with the fundamental, universal principles of artistic composition and color harmony? The effect in the Mikado's Palace is severe but in no way weird.

To a marked degree this symbolism enters also into the creation of the Japanese gardens. In the old gardens of Kyoto is to be seen the perfect fruition of such abstruse theories. When these gardens were laid out and originally planted centuries ago, the designers looked forward to the time when the trees and shrubs would mature to their full growth and the patina of age would come to the rocks and bridges and paths. Through the intervening years these gardens have received infinite care, and we may to-day see them at the apotheosis of their perfection. A stone of peculiar shape placed here has a certain meaning, and white sand spread there has its meaning. The chief end of such a garden is to create for the benefit of the beholder an atmosphere of harmonious repose and to encourage metaphysical speculation. I can well imagine that this exotic theory of garden making may strike you as nonsense. But the strange part is that even if you smile over the occult significance in the arrangement of stones, sand, bridges, pools, and shrubbery, nevertheless, I am sure that you will admit that the result is idyllic loveliness and quaint enchantment. It might seem that the way to create a perfect garden would be to ask the most learned philosopher of one's acquaintance for ideas. The unfortunate drawback of the scheme might be that it would require several centuries for such a garden to mature.

I have mentioned the garden at Kinkaku-ji, and also the one at Sento Gosho, near the Mikado's Palace. There was once a palace here, where the mothers of the Emperors lived, but this building long since burned down. Another noted garden is at the Katsura Summer Palace, and another at the Awata Palace. Some of the temples have very fine gardens; that at the Samboin Temple, eight miles out from the Miyako Hotel, is particularly charming.

If any one were sentenced to visit all of the temples of Kyoto

in a month, or in six months, it would be an appalling fate. In fact a program which would slight no place of superlative historical importance or splendor would bring on a severe attack of temple-itis. Temple-it is an ominous pathological word found in the vocabulary of resident foreigners. This disease is that acute indigestion which follows inordinate temple gorging. It is an insidious infliction which the unwary tourist can acquire with terrifying suddenness, but whose sad effects may linger for an indefinite time. While there is no quick cure for this revulsion of enthusiasm, prevention is a comparatively simple matter. Limit your temple feasting so that you "leave the table hungry." And in further arbitrary vein of advice I am going to recommend a list of temple names whose number—if not the exact contents—should never be exceeded in a visit of seven days. I am certain that this list does not contain any "mistakes" from the standpoint of inclusion, although it might well be reproached for certain omissions. As I have said, there are sixty-nine principal temples, and of the number of lesser shrines there is no record. Of these eminent sixty-nine, I offer you first these four names: Higashi Hongwanji, Kiyomizu-dera, Chion-in, and Kinkaku-ji. If, after these four, you have detected no symptoms of temple-it is, the next five may be added: Inari (at Fushimi), Tofuku-ji, Sanju-san-gen-do, Eik-wando, and Kurodani.

Each of these temples has its fascinating legends—some of which are told in a little book named *Sights of Old Capital*, by Aisaburo Akiyama—and each is endowed with superlative treasures. I leave you with the names but spare you the confusion of individual descriptions and comparisons, except for a particular word about the Higashi Hongwanji group. Its unique interest lies in the marvel that it can be modern. The date of building was the year 1895. The funds, to an amazing extent, were contributed by the common people. Men who were too poor to give money gave their labor; and women even gave their hair to be woven into hawsers to serve the great pulleys which hoisted the timbers. And you may see with your own eyes that this fervor of devotion was requited by the gods. This great temple has that vitality and freshness of inspiration which the master builders of centuries ago

gave to their work but which is commonly thought to have perished. Only at Kyoto, however, can one believe that such a miracle could have happened.

To spend a day, or not to spend a day, at Lake Biwa, should depend entirely upon one's penchant for lakes. I am quite aware that this is impious advice. Admiration of Biwa is a sacred matter to the Japanese. Better to declare to a Swiss that you are indifferent to his mountains than to reveal to a Japanese that your fealty to Biwa is not abject surrender. The beauty of its scenes has been sung by every bard and has been the inspiration of every artist—and Biwa is indeed beautiful. But that its beauties are transcendently unlike those of other lakes is matter for argument.

It is five centuries since that the "Famous Eight Views" were tabulated, and they still serve as a favorite theme in art. As a basis for a sightseeing program they are to be understood in a Pickwickian sense. This is a translation made by the Japanese writer Akiyama:—

Autumn Moon sighted from Ishiyama.

Night Rain at Karasaki.

Snow on Hirayama seen in the Evening-twilight.

Sunset Glow at Seta.

Sonorously Tone of the Mii-dera's Bell in the Evening.

Boats sailing back to Yabase.

Sunshine with a Breeze at Awazu.

Wild Geese alighting at Katata.

It is a half dozen miles from the Kyoto hotel to the little town of Otsu on the lake shore. This distance may be covered by foot, ricksha, motor car, electric tram, steam train, or canal boat. Small steamers ply in various directions from Otsu and make connection at other points with such boats as do not touch there. Their schedules are printed in English, and there is no difficulty in planning a tour which will encircle the entire lake or one which will cover the southern half.

Exploration by steamer constitutes the conventional visit to Biwa. Within the compass of a single day not much else can be done, but if one may have both an afternoon and a day, so

as to spend the night at Hikone, then the tale to be told is quite different. Hikone is on the far eastern shore of the lake and is to be reached from Kyoto in about two hours by train. Its first secret is that its inn, the Raku-raku, is one of the most charming to be found in all Japan. It was a palace in feudal days and it lies within the garden grounds of the old castle of Hikone. In the springtime this garden is a spot of enchantment. At the sunset hour, climb atop the high castle ruins for the view across the lake—a view which might be called the Ninth Famous of Lake Biwa. In the morning one must rise betimes to board the steamer for Nahagana, on the opposite shore. From Nahagana there is another boat to Otsu. These two steamer "legs" really show you everything of the lake. Every one, returning from Otsu to Kyoto, goes by small boat down the Biwa Canal. There are long tunnels to lend a measure of eerie thrill, but hardly as eerie as the advertisements proclaim.

It is said that there is a festival somewhere in Kyoto every day of the year. Considering this ancient city's thousand odd temples and imperial traditions, this can hardly be an exaggeration. Of course if one were to become a resident here, these minor festivals would be an unending diversion. But the visitor naturally wishes to know which festivals of the year are most spectacular or of quaintest charm. I think that the Japanese, and the foreign residents as well, would unite in naming these four: the *Tayu-dochu*, held on April 21, a procession which originated in remote days and in which are to be seen the courtesans of the city in their most gorgeous raiment; the *Aoi-matsuri*, or Hollyhock procession, on May 15; the great *Gion-matsuri*, holiday rites on July 16 and 17; and the magnificent pageant, *Jidai-matsuri*, on October 22, when the old costumes are brought forth and worn in the "Feudal Courtiers' Procession." There are also many flower festivals through the months: gatherings to celebrate the plum blossoms, the cherry blossoms, the azaleas, the wisteria, the iris, and the lotus. And, finally, in November there are the chrysanthemums and the colors of the maples. To see the cherry blossoms at Arashiyama is perhaps the most enchanting day of all. From this adoration of the beauty of the cherry blossoms has grown the

greatest of the *geisha* dances, the Cherry Dance. It is given every day throughout April at the *geisha* theater, known as the *Kaburenju*. For the first twenty days of May there is a spring dance at *Ponto-cho* near the river. The famed Maple Dance is given from the 20 to the 25 of November at the *geisha* theater.

As for shopping, it is obvious that you cannot comb the streets far and wide if you have but a few days. Happily there is a concentration of many of the most fascinating shops on Furumonzen and Shimonzen streets; and as these two streets parallel each other, one block apart, their exploration becomes manifestly simple. Here you may buy novelties for a few *sen* or antique treasures for some thousands of *yen*. Here are the best shops for old brocades and ceremonial kimonos; for bronzes; for damascene ware; and for lacquer. The street from which you enter the Awata Palace and the Chion-in Temple contains some of the most famous and oldest shops. Kyoto is also preeminently the place to study "processes," if you are interested in fine art industries. Should your curiosity wish a thorough exposition, then go to the *Karasumaru Takeyamachi*, a bureau more or less fulfilling the functions of a Chamber of Commerce, and arrangements will be made for you to see everything. But if your curiosity is somewhat more casual, then you will probably be content to see the cloisonné process at Namikawa's—where there is also an unusually attractive garden; the porcelain-making at the Kinkozan pottery; the inlaid bronze work at Kuroda's; and the damascene work at O. Komai's.

Nara

Nara reminds one of Clovelly, or Rothenburg, or Carcassonne. It bears no architectural resemblance to any one of those European picture towns, but the kinship lies, I suppose, in the response which its quaintness evokes.

Nara is a very ancient place and consequently has those archaic whimsicalities which come of great age and experience. But experience has not rendered the people less simple in their hearts or less spontaneously a part of the picture, although they

have been playing host to throngs of pilgrims for twelve centuries and have thrived on selling their guests souvenirs. For the past fifty years the honorable foreign tourist has included Nara in his itinerary as an inevitability. Nor has this invasion disturbed the ancient town's serenity.

The magnetism which conventionally draws the honorable foreign tourist is the picturesque quality of the scene—the odd corners, the famous avenue of the stone lanterns, the deer park. There is a magnetism also which brings students of early Buddhist art here, for no survivals in all the land may compare to the hoary temples of the Nara district. Of these scholars there is a minority group, an esoteric and recondite cluster, who have turned appreciation for Nara's relics into a fetish and cult. Some are busy with calipers, measuring everything from the diameters of temple columns to the thicknesses of the verdigris on the altar bronzes; others spend their days studying frescoes which have so nearly faded out of existence as to leave behind only a few traces of color on the gray wood. These pedants are in turn divided into sects and have their internecine wars, but they hold together in an alliance of contempt for all barbarians who would dare call Nara a "picture town." No one but a most stubborn philistine would deny the intrinsic beauty of the ancient wood carvings and the bronze altar pieces, but this acknowledgment would be condemned as watery by those who recognize no other art down the ages except these Nara antiquities.

It is quite possible to see the town of Nara and its park in a single day's visit from Kyoto. The train journey takes but an hour and a half. But Nara is a delightful place in which to linger. The foreign hotel is a comfortable place, within its own broad garden grounds, and it has, by the way, an annex in native style which is not a travesty of a real Japanese inn. Hard by the European hotel there is a *bona fide* native inn, the Kukusui-ro. Its cuisine is rather famous. Should you wish a dinner equal to its possibilities, you must allow several hours' notice. You will be served in one of the apartments which face upon the small but charming garden. Eventually you will be presented with a piece of folded paper whose face resembles an

ideographic poem. It is the reckoning; and I warn you that the amount will by no means err on the side of modesty.

The hotel is but two minutes' walk from the edge of the park. You should ask at the hotel for a leaflet map, and then you will need no other guide. An artless program of simply strolling along will take you everywhere. If you buy a few *sens'* worth of cakes, you will forthwith be adopted by the sacred deer, and they will remain pleasant and faithful company until the last crumb. Long before their desertion you will have reached the pathway of the three thousand lanterns which leads to the Kasuga shrine. This Shinto temple was founded in the eighth century but has been rebuilt from time to time in the fashion of the story of the jack-knife—first a new blade and then a new handle, etc. As a Shinto shrine it should be paintless but it decidedly is not. It is coated a brilliant red. I think you will soon be ready to stroll farther, that is, unless you have been enticed into paying a *yen* to behold a sacred dance. Many other disillusionments in life must be purchased at greater expense. If on leaving the shrine you turn to your right, you will find a path leading through a curious bazar, a tiny village of shops, where custom allows the shopkeepers to stand in the street and bally-hoo their stocks of souvenirs. You next come upon a landscape with more temples. If your appreciation for temple interiors has begun to suffer satiety, you may wish to be told that of these the Ni-gwatsu-do—you may recognize it easily as it stands high on a hillside and is reached by a long flight of stone steps—is quite the most interesting. Its gallery is a vantage point as well, overlooking the Nara plain, and offers a serenely peaceful place to tarry for a few moments.

At the foot of the Ni-gwatsu-do hill there is a path leading to the Big Bell and to the temple of the Daibutsu. Another path, farther to the right, leads into the trees and is lost. Should you be tempted to follow this latter path simply because it looks enticing, let me save you the effort by telling you what you would see, and more particularly what you would not see. The path eventually reaches an unimportant looking building seeking seclusion and protection behind a sturdy wall, and with a guard of soldiers at the gate. If a passer-by pauses for more than a moment to stare through the gateway, the guard begins

to show signs of concern. This building is the famous Shoso-in, the go-down which contains that incredible art collection assembled here some eleven centuries ago. Its catalogue has been published, and we thus know that it harbors priceless examples of early Japanese, Chinese, Korean, and Indian objects of art. There is no possible way of gaining admission to this go-down, unless it be by massacre of the guard. The building and its contents are the personal possession of the Emperor, not of the State. The doors are kept sealed and are never opened except at long intervals when very high officials repair to Nara and ceremoniously air the dark and dusty rooms. Even the Emperor may not take anything out, having been warned by the experience of a very early Mikado. This ancestor dared to remove a priest robe, but was so severely reprimanded in a dream that he hastily returned it.

A moment or two after you leave Ni-gwatsu-do you will come to the pavilion of the Big Bell. It is to be rung by thrusting your strength against the end of a swinging beam, with a resulting deep boom which reaches to the Buddhist Heaven. This effort you must surely make as the privilege costs but a single *sen*, and the act unequivocally guarantees long life and happiness.

At the time of my first visit to Nara, a quarter of a century ago, the Daibutsu was standing under the open sky, as you to-day see the Daibutsu at Kamakura. It is now housed within a lofty temple. This giant statue was erected in the year 749, the work of casting having taken two years. Four centuries later the head was injured by a great fire which laid low its temple, and a new head had to be cast. The features of this present head are those of the god of some equatorial jungle people. They bespeak inscrutable brooding. There is not a suggestion of the ineffable calm of the Buddha of Kamakura. This god is as alien to Japan as would be implacable Baal, or vengeful Kali, or some negro deity of the Congo. In the semi-darkness it is rather difficult to study the extraordinary face, and almost every one is content with a casual glance. But should you gaze for a few minutes, rather than seconds, I feel rather sure that you will agree that there is something almost hypnotic in the fascination which follows.

These temples which you have been seeing, within the area of the town and the park, were founded at that early date when Nara was the capital of Japan. But they have been repaired and rebuilt through the centuries. The hoary temples which have survived from the seventh and eighth centuries in their original timbers lie sequestered in the surrounding countryside, where their isolation has saved them from their ever lurking enemy—fire.

If you do not especially wish to see the architecture of these ancient edifices, I would suggest that you visit the Nara Museum which has been made the repository of some of their best wood carvings and bronzes. The Museum is not large, but it is excellently arranged. However, should you decide to give a day to these most ancient of all temples, the most notable of the groups are the buildings at Horyu-ji, famous for their frescoes and wood carvings, and those at Yakushi-ji, famous for their bronzes. The Horyu-ji temples are seven and a half miles from Nara on the railway line to Osaka; and the Yakushi-ji group may be reached from Horyu-ji in about an hour by ricksha.

So many festival days grace Nara's progress through the four seasons of the year that there is always a chance that one may come upon the celebration of some fête as a surprise. There are, however, certain dates of major importance to be remembered. On the nights of February 2 and 3 all of the three thousand lanterns of the Park are lighted. On the second of these two nights the townsfolk repair to the Kasuga-no-Miya shrine for the ceremony known as "bean scattering," every one taking the precaution to be present as he or she becomes safeguarded against harm from evil spirits for a year. Also on this night the Ni-gwatsu-do Temple celebrates its "torchlight" festival, of ancient tradition. Both these temples also have festivals falling about the middle of March. On about February 15 the "grass burning" ceremony takes place on the hill known as Wakakusa-yama. The temple of the Daibutsu has its festival on May 8. Beginning about October 15 comes the famous "deer horn cutting" festival, which arouses much more enthusiasm in the breasts of the villagers than in those of the deer. However, the curio dealers must be

supplied with material out of which to manufacture their souvenirs. The wiseheads of the sacred herd remember the approach of this date and, a few days before its arrival, they betake themselves into the distant hills where they remain in hiding until they are sure that this annoying interruption is well over and forgot. Of all the periods of festivity, however, the week beginning with December 17 is the gayest and most spectacular. The climax of climaxes is the procession of hundreds of townsfolk dressed in medieval costume, a truly gorgeous pageant.

The Battle of the Fireflies

While we are talking of festivals, it would be unforgivable not to remember that all-famous night in June when the town of Uji celebrates its "Battle of the Fireflies." Uji lies between Kyoto and Nara. It is a picturesque place at any time, but no more so than a score of other villages within short radius of Kyoto. However, it becomes a unique destination on the night of the celebration of this festival.

By way of practical advice, I can tell you that the date is a movable one, coming within the second week of June. You must be forehanded in engaging a boat for the night, but this may be done through the Kyoto hotel. You can travel to Uji in your boat, or by train and have the boat meet you there. By way of actual description, let me quote from the chapter on fireflies in Hearn's *Kotto*:

"It is on the river, at a point several miles from the town, that the great spectacle is to be witnessed—the Hotaru-Kassen, or Firefly Battle. The stream there winds between hills covered with vegetation; and myriads of fireflies dart from either bank, to meet and cling above the water. At moments they so swarm together as to form what appears to the eye like a luminous cloud, or like a great ball of sparks. The cloud soon scatters, or the ball drops and breaks upon the surface of the current, and the fallen fireflies drift glittering away; but another swarm quickly collects in the same locality. People wait all night in boats upon the river to watch the phenomenon.

After the Hotaru-Kassen is done, the Ukikawa, covered with the still sparkling bodies of the drifting insects, is said to appear like the Milky Way, or, as the Japanese more poetically call it, the River of Heaven."

Thousands upon thousands of insects are captured in advance by specially trained firefly catchers. . . . "The catcher, picking them with astonishing quickness, using both hands at once, deftly tosses them into his mouth—because he cannot lose the time required to put them, one by one, into the bag. Only when his mouth can hold no more, does he drop the fireflies, unharmed, into the netting." The wholesale price for this catch is from two to three coppers a hundred.

The Monasteries of Koya-San

Do you wish to turn back the hands of the clock for a century? Then there is Koya-san.

Perhaps the monasteries have kept a record of the number of foreigners who have climbed the sacred mountain to become their guests. I do not know. But I doubt whether a score, or even a half score, do make this pilgrimage in the round of a single year. The pilgrimage is by no means a simple affair, although not as strenuous an adventure as the pilgrimage to Taishan, China's sacred mountain. But having said this, and before going further in description, let us consider what the visit does involve. In the first place the train journey from Kyoto to Koya-guchi takes six hours. The earliest morning train, which—if it has not been changed—leaves at fifteen minutes before six, must be boarded. (If the start be made from Nara, a gain of an hour and a half is made.) It is ten miles from Koya-guchi to the monasteries, three thousand feet above the plain. A ricksha can be taken to the base of the mountain, and either a *kago*, or the new funicular railway to the summit.

I am not going to charge you with further details of practical information. Should you decide to become a pilgrim to Koya-san, the companionship of a guide is decidedly advisable, and the details become his concern. Fortunately, the guides to be engaged at Kyoto are competent.

The train journey beyond Nara invades a territory which is hallowed land to the Japanese. Of the countless sacred pilgrimages of the land, perhaps the greatest is to visit the grave of the First Mikado, Jimmu Tenno, near Hase-dera, to complete the circuit of the thirty-three holy places of Kwannon, and to pay obeisance to the ancestors of the Mikado at the Shrines of Ise. A potpourri of Shintoism and Buddhism! I have never heard of a foreigner making this consecrated tour, but I imagine that any one choosing to join the pilgrim ranks would never be repulsed. That is, until he should reach the Shrines of Ise. These temples are not for the foreigner. They are of an ultrasanctity and are concerned with those uttermost mysteries of Shintoism which have to do with the deification of the Emperor. Elsewhere in the land there is an extraordinary absence of religious prejudice.

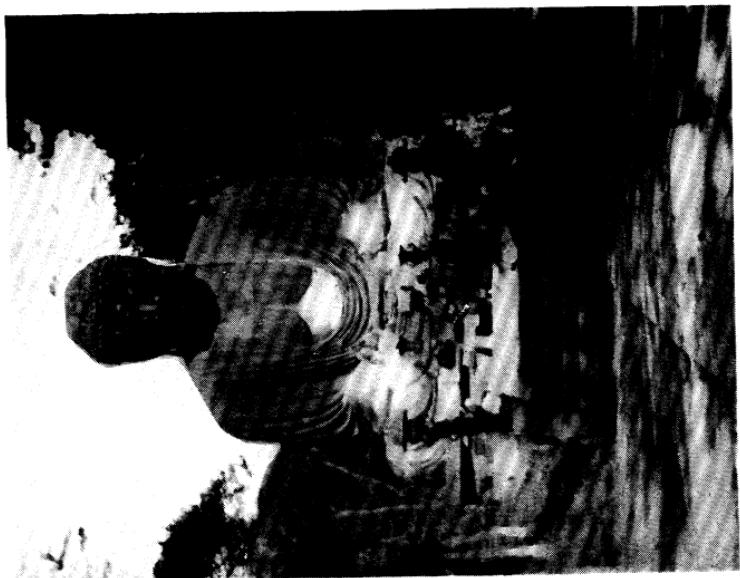
However, it was to Buddhist Koya-san we had set forth. For the ten miles from Koya-guchi to the monasteries, and particularly after the base of the mountain is reached, a pilgrim seeking to acquire full merit must not indulge in such physical aids as rickshas and *kagos*. These latter are a more or less local contrivance and resemble a hammock slung on poles. If you are willing to forgo the celestial credit which you would gain from climbing the trail on foot, and much of the color of the adventure also, you can tuck yourself rather comfortably into one of these swinging seats. All along the way there are tea-houses where plodding climbers may pause to rest their legs and gaze out upon the increasingly spectacular view. Many of the visitors come wearing the old-time pilgrim garb and carrying long staffs. In fact one would take away a perfect picture of the long climb if it were not for the loathsome beggars who beset passers-by for the first quarter of the distance.

You must know that there are no inns at Koya-san. Every visitor becomes a guest at some one of the monasteries; a paying guest, of course. But there is no cupidity. The monasteries differ greatly in their appointments—some are quite humble, some have luxuriously spacious apartments with a splendor of decoration to rival the rooms of a *daimyo's* palace. Thus it is not amiss to have a few confidential words with your guide on the subject of accommodations before arrival at the

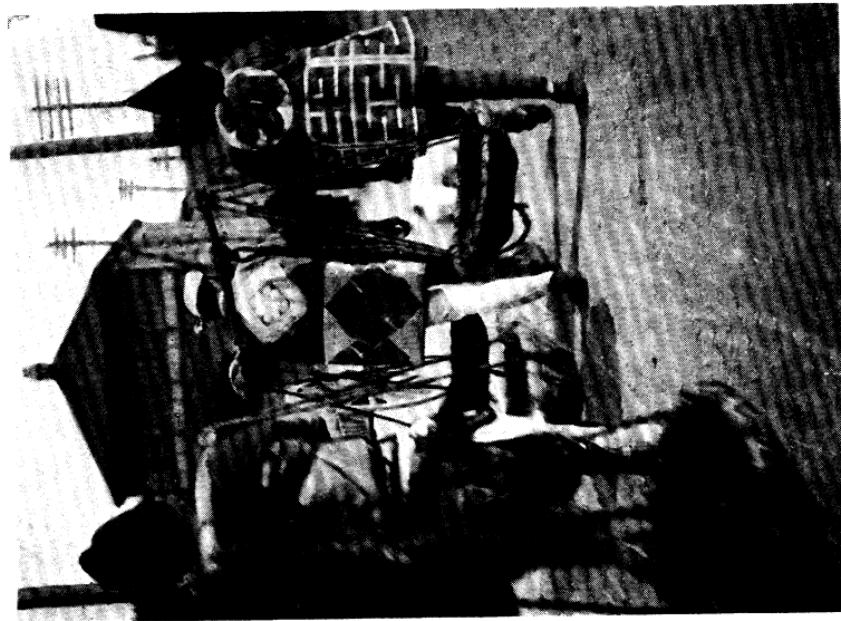


Cormorant Fishing at Night on the Nagara Gawa

The Great Bronze Buddha, Diabutsu



The Coolies With Their Ensigns-marked Jackets Give a Bit of Picturesque Color on the Roads



bureau where rooms are assigned. Along this line it is a good plan to ask the hotel at Kyoto to send a letter of introduction in advance of your arrival. Foreigners are received with the utmost courtesy. The general arrangements at the monasteries are about the same as those at a superior inn, except that there are no servants. The attendants are the younger priests. No women may live here and it was not until recently that they were even allowed to step foot within the sacred precincts. The menu, it should be remembered, is restricted to vegetarian dishes.

This plateau of the monasteries and their temples presents itself as a magnificent park, a mellow product of the centuries, shaded by those noblest of trees, the giant cryptomerias. In truth Koya-san has an exotic and spectacular beauty which you will remember as uniquely its own. The first monastery was founded eleven centuries ago, and from that time, until the disestablishment of Buddhism, wealth poured in upon the temples. The dampness of the climate throughout much of the year is a constant enemy of the art treasures, especially the paintings and screens. Thus many of the rarest masterpieces are kept stored in damp-proof go-downs. In the past it has been difficult to see these unless one came with a request issued by the Imperial Household Department. Recently the museum has become the custodian of many of the pieces which have been selected as "national treasures," and much cutting of red tape has thus been done away with. But at the temples themselves there is infinitely more to be seen than a visit of two or three days can exhaust. Whether or not you have more than a passing interest in this superabundance of masterpieces, you will certainly wish to see the rooms of the Kongo-buji, or Abbot's Residence, and the Golden Hall of the Kondo. Within the park is one of the most awesome and nobly impressive cemeteries in the world. A place of majestic avenues and august shrines and mausoleums in memory of emperors and heroes. Here, at Koya-san, in verity, the Clock of Time ticks the minutes of an era so alien in its concept of values to the spirit of the modern world that if one thinks of New Japan at all, the remembrance seems nothing but an illusion.

Ama-No-Hashidate

In the hoary past some national jury of awards met, agreed, and decreed that Ama-no-hashidate must be acknowledged as one of the three supreme views in the land. But the tourist world has paid so little heed to this pronouncement, it has remained so oblivious to Ama-no-hashidate, that one might think this neglect evidences some concerted action to prove that we of the West refuse to be "forced" in the matter of the Three Famous Views.

It is true that the view is beautiful, but the unique charm of the place would be largely spoiled if every one went there. I am speaking of foreigners. Japanese visitors are absorbed and disappear into the scene. Some one has taken the pains to count the number of annual foreign visitors at Nikko, and the tabulation reveals an aggregate of some five thousand. If a fifth of this number should go to Ama-no-hashidate, or even a tenth, there would be a foreign hotel. A certain quality of loneliness would disappear under such popularity.

I have called the designated view beautiful, but I was thinking of the entire coast hereabouts. The actual view partakes as much of being a curiosity as a sublimity. It is a phenomenon, a freak of nature. It might be prosaically described as a long, narrow, pine covered spit of sand almost closing off the mouth of the Aso-no-umi inlet from the parent waters of the sea. The length is almost two miles and the width varies from one hundred to three hundred feet. If you wish a more poetic description, there is the native belief that this sand bar, with its gnarled and twisted pines, is "The Floating Bridge of Heaven." However, if you were taken blindfolded from Kyoto to this spot, I doubt whether you would think the dénouement a climax of climaxes. The charm of the adventure is in the sum of the parts, not in one part. There is not a mile of the odd eighty from Kyoto to Miyazu which does not assume its share in keeping your eyes constantly engaged. First come the Hozu River rapids, then the defiles of the Yura. And I have not yet hinted that you are about to find a province where the quaint customs and costumes of the past have tenaciously survived. The

peasants and the fisherfolk seem to have stepped out of some old print.

The railroad has now completed an extension from Maizuru to Miyazu, a distance of sixteen miles which formerly had to be accomplished by walking, ricksha, or uncertain steamer service. This extension has made it possible to visit Ama-no-hashidate from Kyoto in a single day, if you can arouse yourself in the morning to take a six o'clock train. But possibly you will not be interested in the railway at all. The highway from Kyoto to Miyazu has been widened and has had its bridges sufficiently strengthened that a motor car can make the through journey in four or five hours.

As I have just said, in former days when the terminal station of the line was Maizura, there was encouragement to tramp the sixteen miles to Miyazu. No one now dreams of such a thing. But nevertheless let me suggest that if you have the blithe enthusiasm for a walk of that length, then you may be assured of ample reward for the effort.

There are two quite good inns at Miyazu, the Seiki-ro and the Araki-ya, the latter being somewhat the better choice. The railway has printed a folder with a map of this local territory, and your host at the inn will explain about the schedules and destinations of the motor boat ferries which now ply here and there.

A certain vantage point on the slope of Mount Nariai is traditionally *the* spot from which to see the view, and experience disputes not tradition. This spot is named Kasamatsu, or Umbrella Pine. The easiest way to get there is to take the motor ferry to Ichi-no-miya and then walk up the hill trail. Every Japanese now comes to this spot, as it was here that the Prince Regent was shown the view from a special pavilion built for the event. Thus you may be certain that you will not have the view to yourself; and this is fortunate. You will have an opportunity to study "viewing" when practiced as a fine art. It is to be expected, in a country where view-gazing is a paramount pastime and passion, that there would develop a certain amount of ritual. But one could never imagine quite the extravagance which may here be observed. You will see

every normal and known and many hitherto unsuspected postures and methods for completing an exhaustive survey. Finally, about the time you have decided that there can be no possible further revelation, you will see the gazers turn their backs upon the bay and bend downward until "The Bridge of Heaven" is stared at from between their outbowed legs. This particular posture has been given the honorable name of "mata nozoki."

When you have descended from the hillside, you should walk across the sand spit to Monju on the opposite side (the Miyazu side). Monju is a fishing village with many a quaint picture. From here, in this day and generation, there are both motor buses and motor ferries back to Miyazu. But before you take either, or walk the short two miles, you will surely wish to enter the quiet temple grounds of ancient Chion-ji with its graceful pagoda.

There is any number of tramps to be taken if you should wish to stay here for a few days, but you have seen the famous view. The countryside is at its loveliest on a summer early morning. The inns are close to the sea. A plunge into the surf invites you. Then breakfast will be waiting, deliciously browned fish caught that morning!

The Inland Sea

The train ride between Kobe and Shimonoseki, following as it does the north shore of the Inland Sea, is one of the surpassing railroad journeys of the wide world. But who would wish to gain from a train window his remembrance of the Inland Sea?

The mail steamers bound for China make no stops within the borders of the Sea, although they sometimes pause at the western exit where the twin ports of Moji and Shimonoseki stand guard, and some of the Japanese boats call at Nagasaki on the western coast of the island of Kyushu. It is not to be gainsaid that the voyage in one of these racing mail boats must offer much the same vision of the Sea itself as does a more leisurely cruise in one of the local coasting steamers. Nevertheless, there is not the degree of intimacy. The coasting

boats depart daily from Osaka and Kobe. Some sail for Beppu, stopping at Takahama (Shikoku Island) on the way, taking twenty hours. The steamers to Miyajima, with half a dozen stops, make the journey in about twenty-four hours. There is a ferry steamer from Miyajima to Beppu, taking eight hours. Shimonoseki may be reached from either Beppu or Miyajima by steamer or train. Thus, without going into further details, you see that an itinerary may be easily planned.

I believe that there are luxurious yachts to be chartered in Osaka in which one may cruise wherever fancy directs. It is a thought which arouses me to greenest envy. My own imagination would direct the captain of such a yacht to cast anchor off one of the many small picture islands. Some place where no foreigner had ever set foot. To the August festival at Miyajima there come sailing picturesque junks from these distant dots on the seascapes, manned by crews of men, women, and children, as naïve as if they had come sailing from Eden. Sometime, in some way, I am going to visit them in their own fishing hamlets.

Miyajima

At Miyajima you come upon the third of the Trinity of Famous Views. But Miyajima, unlike Matsushima and Amano-hashidate, cannot complain of neglect on the part of travelers. On the contrary, this sacred island has known such abundant praise, such sentimentally worded praise, ever since the first tourist stood on the beach and beheld the tide sweeping in under the famous *torii*, that to-day there has come about an inevitable reaction of regard. The gamut which one now hears is that Miyajima is too cloyingly pretty, that it is a trumpery tourist spot, that its quaint charm has been inordinately overrated. It is indeed true that exaggeration has lurked in Miyajima's fame and notoriety. But why allow such a fact to step in to destroy for one the actual and abiding charm of the island? What if a trillion post-cards have advertised the famous *torii*, can it thereby be denied that the original picture is one of strange and alluring beauty?

On summer days a mysterious, an unearthly, spell of tran-

quillity possesses this island and its pine groves. Even the singing of a bird, or a freshening of the breeze, breaks the silence clamorously. There is a feeling of explicit righteousness in laziness. Now should it be during this fragrant *dolce far niente* season that fate has brought you to Miyajima, never then would I suggest that you climb the interminable steps of the island's high hill. At any other season, yes. This staircase was cut only yesterday, at the behest of Prince Ito, I believe; but it was twenty-six centuries ago that Jimmu Tenno, the first Mikado, climbed Mount Misen and denoted the spot where a shrine should be built. There is also a very holy Buddhist shrine, where a sacred fire was lighted eleven centuries ago and which has burned from then until now. At the very summit there is a moss covered rock, an eyrie from which to gaze upon the smooth sea and its pineclad islands. This view has a softness, a delicacy of shade and color, more serene even than you may find in the tropic seas.

Miyajima's temple, which stands picturesquely built over the sea on piles, was probably founded during the reign of the Empress Suiko, who came to the throne at the end of the sixth century A.D. But it has been many times rebuilt. As with everything else here, it is an "effect" for the eye, a stage setting.

During the reign of the Empress Suiko, some say much earlier, the inhabitants of the island were put under mandate to be "pious, kindly, and honest." Also there were rules of ceremonial purity prescribed, such as that no one must be born or die on its soil. A certain pious unworldliness does grace the folk who live here, and perhaps at Miyajima lies answer to the question of Socrates as to whether virtue can be taught.

Beppu

In what mood did the gods create Miyajima on one side of the enchanted Inland Sea and Beppu upon the opposite shores? Was it through sardonic irony, to suggest the eternal battle without victory between the forces of darkness and of light? Or was it as a benign warning to man through contrast?

Eight hours, by steamer, separate these places. Miyajima is Elysium on earth; Beppu is Hades. Hades to the eye, I might

hasten to say. A physical Hades. As for Beppu's being a Gomorrah of sin, there is no such implication involved. It is simply that the earth's crust here forgot to cool. The Aernal fires are so near that they heat the soles of your shoes. If you but pierce the ground with a walking stick, you reach steaming sand. The housewives have only to set their pots and frying pans over holes in the earth to prepare their meals.

If you imagine that Beppu is a place which is shunned on account of these Stygian characteristics, you are in error. Its popularity extends throughout the Empire. The steaming sands and the vapors offer a cure for all the ills of the flesh; they restore and preserve beauty. And the "cure" is presumably considered a preventive of future ills. A considerable proportion of the patients appear to possess a vigor of health quite irreproachable. You may behold these visitors, hundreds of them, on the shore, digging themselves troughs in the sand in which to repose for as long a time as human flesh can survive such an ordeal. The "cure" costume is that of perfect innocence. When the bathers can stand their steaming bed no longer, they leap from its embrace and dash into the waves of the sea.

The hinterland of Beppu is no less a picture of Hades. It is a region of boiling springs, and these are most aptly called "hells." They are of all sizes, the largest—*Umi Jigoku*—being almost fifty feet in breadth. It is a fearful cauldron and in the past has been a place of many suicides. Bathhouses have been built over certain of these springs, and their scenes resemble a nightmare. You see, through the steam clouds, groups of writhing nude figures. After a half day's exploration, the quiet compound of the foreign hotel is a retreat to which one flees with that feeling of relief which Dante must have known when he bade good-by to the Inferno.

Beppu is on the large island of Kyushu. This island is often called semi-tropical, a rather loose-mantled description but accurate enough if inordinately hot summers and mild winters are meant; and the vegetation in the southern portion does take on a hint of the tropics. For the trumper, or horseback rider, there are cross-country trails through the mountain country; and, for any one with a penchant for active volcanoes, there is

a collection of smoking craters, headed by mighty Aso-san. Nevertheless, in every way the stage setting of the main island of Hondo is so much more opulent for every variety of traveler—certainly for those whose first visit it is—that Kyushu is an unnecessary digression. Except, of course, for Beppu. And one might add Nagasaki if the date of one's visit can fall at the time of one of the great festivals.

If you are proceeding from Japan to Korea, then you must go to Shimonoseki to take the ferry steamer to Fusán. There is no other reason why one should go to Shimonoseki; and to have to bid *sayonara* to Japan at this uninspiring port is a sorry ending. If you are proceeding to Shanghai, there are Japanese steamers which make Nagasaki a port of call, but for other lines you must return to Kobe to board your steamer. Or if you are sailing for America you must return to Kobe. In my own opinion, Nagasaki is one of those places which lie in the borderland of the "worth seeing" category. If fate takes one there, well and good. If not, regret need be only lukewarm.

Nagasaki

A quarter of a century ago Nagasaki's nest was full of golden eggs. The Russian fleet spent its winters here and the officers and their families, in Muscovite tradition, spent their *rubles* lavishly. Every liner of the Pacific, of whatever flag, made Nagasaki a port of call. It was a coaling station which could not be ignored. Besides having coal cheaper than any port between San Francisco and Singapore, Nagasaki had developed an expeditious and spectacular method of bunker filling taking only about eight hours for the largest steamers. Thus, in those days, every traveler in the East inevitably saw this landlocked harbor. The goose which laid these golden eggs of prosperity died a varied death. Admiral Togo disposed of the Czar's fleet, and thus the expensive villas where the Russian colony had lived hung out "To Let" signs to fade under sun and rain. The cost of Japanese labor rose; the price of coal had to be advanced. And also Kyushu's coal began going to Moji, and other ports. Thus Nagasaki's monopoly

waned. The change of the American liners from coal to oil was the crowning blow.

In its "close-ups" Nagasaki is commonplace. But the sweeping view of the hillside town from the harbor is a striking picture. Should you climb to the top of one of the high hills just before sunset and settle yourself on the balcony of any one of the many tea-houses, the downward view overlooking the town and the harbor is even more unforgettable.

I suppose that for any one whose first glimpse of Japan is gained at Nagasaki there may be a vividness to the street scenes which is denied to those whose eyes have seen the richness of the theater elsewhere. Certainly there is little incentive for the traveler who has known the glories of the temples at Nikko, or Kyoto, or Nara, to be anything but indifferent to Nagasaki's shrines. Unless, let it be hastily said, he may be here during the two great festival periods of the year. And then he may behold spectacles of extraordinary pageantry. Perhaps the autumn festival is the more gorgeous. Its days fall on the 7, 8, and 9 of October, and for these seventy-two hours the townsfolk forsake all prosaic tasks and devote themselves to celebration. The climax in drama and display comes when the procession leaves the O-hato Temple and madly races up the long steep steps to the O-Suwa Temple. All is gorgeousness: the priests in their embroidered robes; the attendants in medieval costume; the banners; the golden palanquins; and not least the picture of the dainty *geishas* of Nagasaki treading the cobblestones in their white *tabi* and wearing their richest wardrobe. The other festival is perhaps the more famous of the two. It is the "Feast of Lanterns," and lasts from the 13 to the 15 of July. To my own imagination, a paper lantern swinging in the breeze of a summer's night—its irresolute, flickering gleam modestly repelling the shadows—is not a lantern at all. It is a hieroglyph of romance and mystery. Now it might be thought that if the multiplication table be brought into action, suggestion of romance and mystery would depreciate and disappear under the duress of common numbers. But paradoxically, no. When the streets are festooned with scores of hundreds of gayly gleaming lanterns, the poetry of

the scene becomes fairyland. But it is the last night of the festival which overshadows anything which you may see elsewhere. A fleet of bamboo boats, hung with lanterns, are set adrift to float away into the sea. These miniature ships bear the offerings of the people to the shades of their ancestors. It is a solemn, a beautiful, and a moving spectacle.

I have mentioned the Nagasaki "system" of coaling the steamers which lie anchored in the harbor. The system endures even if the number of ships served has sadly diminished. A fleet of barges, like some fantastic pirate flotilla, descends upon its "victim." They draw alongside and up shoot bamboo ladders. The swarming crews climb the rungs—to perch thereon. And then you see that they are coolie misses—pink-cheeked, bright-eyed, and dressed in freshly laundered kimonos. Apparently the job of coal heaving, whatever unfavorable points it may have, is not an enemy of cheerful smiles. The coal, in small baskets, passes up the ladders from hand to hand at unbelievable speed. It is dumped into the bunkers, and the baskets tossed back. In a few moments the clean kimonos and the clean faces begin to show smudges. When nightfall comes . . . Shades of Ebon!

Steamers have been bunkered at the rate of 350 tons an hour, or over $5\frac{3}{4}$ tons a minute.

In the museum at Tokyo there used to be shown a collection of bronze crucifixes and also small bronze figures of the Virgin and of the Twelve Apostles, dating from the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. They are quaintly curious in their artistry, and in some cases possess much beauty in design and craftsmanship. Formerly antiquarians were all agreed that these were made not to be worshiped but to be thrown onto the ground when an alleged Christian convert was under trial and accusation. If the supposed apostate to the Buddhist faith trampled the image of Christ beneath his feet, he was acquitted. Along with this tradition of the martyrs, there is the undeniable record of truth that great numbers of native Christians migrated to Nagasaki in the sixteenth century so as to gain benefits through their numbers. This was really the beginning of the city's importance. Considerable prosperity now arose through foreign trade, which was not then prohibited and which came

to this port from Portugal, Spain, and Holland. Soon afterwards all foreigners, except the Dutch, were excluded. A story then spread throughout Christendom that uncounted thousands of native Christians had been hurled over the cliffs of the island of Takaboko, lying in the harbor of Nagasaki, because they refused to trample on the cross. To-day this story is severely doubted. There probably were persecutions, but there is nothing to prove that there were wholesale martyrdoms. Many of the bronze crosses were probably made by the Christians.

From 1641 until 1858, no foreign ships entered the harbor of Nagasaki except those of the Dutch. This colony of Hollanders, which was permitted to stay, lived on the little island of Deshima. If you look about the waters, seeking to identify this island, you will find that it has now joined itself to the mainland as an insignificant point. There remains little to-day but the story; and as curious in its way as any you may come upon. For the monopoly which the Dutch obtained from the Tycoon government, they paid an extraordinary price; not in *gulden*, but in pride. Deshima was their prison, a low lying bit of land of a few hundred square feet in area, and connected with the shore by a drawbridge. Here they lived, submitting to the most humiliating rules and regulations. How they could have endured their position is beyond imagination. The "superiority complex" of the European and the "inferiority complex" of the Asiatic, about which one hears so much to-day, seems hardly to fit into that picture. Several men of unusual ability in those two centuries did accept the post of Resident, and their memoirs and reports not only make fascinating reading but their observations were so carefully and accurately recorded that they offer invaluable material to historians. The humiliations included much physical kowtowing. When the Resident made his annual visit to Yedo, he had to approach the throne groveling on his hands and knees. The answer to the riddle of why men of capability were willing to endure such galling humiliations is to be found, of course, in the enormous profits which they gained from their trade monopoly. The Dutch took their innings in the bartering. The Japanese knew nothing about the intrinsic value of European goods, but the

Dutch had a very good idea of the value of the Japanese products when delivered to the European market.

Just how naïve the Japanese then were concerning values I once heard from the lips of a man whose knowledge had come at first hand. He had been a cabin boy on an American whaler which in the year 1858 was forced to seek refuge for repairs in a Japanese port, after a battering from a typhoon. This cabin boy was from New England, the habitat of the Yankee trader. He made his way ashore, and wandered about trading the bulging contents of his pockets for gold-lacquer boxes and carved ivories. He desired souvenirs to take home to his mother and sisters. Also for a sweetheart. He brought her a bolt of brocade. It may be digressing from the point to tell of his eventual homecoming, but it was so marvelously a perfect climax to his tale of adventure that I cannot forbear to record that he reached his home in old Salem just in time to interrupt the funeral ceremony which his family were holding in his supposed memory, his ship having been reported lost.

CHAPTER 2

KOREA, LAND OF THE MORNING CALM

SUPPOSING that that great wanderer of the thirteenth century, Ser Marco Polo, had carried out his intention of visiting Korea. It is to be imagined that he might have penned the beginning of a Korean chapter in his memoirs to this effect:

"And you should know that there is a strange land called Koryo. Verily, it is a cuttle-fish among nations. For always it emits inky clouds of mystery behind which to hide its true self. Now of one sort, now of another. And no two travelers carry away the same opinion or report."

No two visitors ever have departed with the same impressions, if one may judge from the books which have been written. While Korea was as yet the Hermit Nation, and travel within its borders was forbidden, the excuse was plain for the confused ideas entertained by the outside world. But for half a century there has been no hermitage. Travelers have come and gone. Nevertheless, some mysterious influence has seemed to have power to effect in every visitor a set of opinions strangely original and different from all the others.

Perhaps it is a spell cast by the native sorcerers. However that may be, it would appear that the Koreans have always taken a naïve delight in muddling the notions of foreign barbarians. In evidence there is the record that, in the old-time days, an occasional stranger was admitted, taken to the capital in a curtained palanquin, treated to a display of lavish entertainment and luxury, and then returned safely to the frontier. But whether or not the Koreans were responsible for the mystification, certain it is that in the days when Korea's gates were closed, the Western world entertained some extraordinary beliefs.

All the world "knew," for example, that Korea was a "treasure house of immense wealth," that gold and unset jewels were so plentiful that they were heaped in mounds above the graves

of the kings and their consorts. Even the tombs of lesser men were supposed to be well stuffed with treasure. Naturally numerous raids were attempted by adventurers. One such raid gained the notorious title of "The International Body Snatching Expedition." Its chief leaders were a German, a Frenchman, and an American. Their wily scheme was not only to rifle the royal mausoleums but to carry off the bones of the dead kings for ransom.

The wildest of the beliefs were exploded as soon as Korea's seclusion was finally broken in upon. But while we have ceased to believe certain things, that is merely a state of negative wisdom.

Every one knows that a visit paid by an American naval squadron to Japan led to the termination of that country's isolation; it is not so popularly known that eighteen years later another uninvited call paid by another American squadron was largely responsible for the ending of Korea's long hermitage. But this visit was belligerent, not friendly. It was to avenge the deaths, at the hands of the Koreans, of the officers and crew of an American trading schooner. As no one was left alive to tell the story, it is most uncertain why it was that the *General Sherman* chose to sail up the Tatong River. The boat ran aground and the natives flocked to the shore to see it. It is believed that they were at first friendly, but a quarrel soon started. The visit of the American squadron, in 1871, was to demand an apology and indemnity. As neither was forthcoming, reprisal measures followed. A fort at the mouth of the river was bombarded and demolished and a number of Koreans were killed in a land engagement. The squadron sailed away, the duty of the expedition having been fulfilled. "As for the Koreans, they were more thoroughly convinced than ever that foreigners were barbarians and that the less that was seen of them the better." This was the beginning of the end of the old isolation, however. A decade later Korea and America signed a commercial treaty, and other Western nations did not delay in demanding similar agreements. A quarter of a century after this independence itself was lost when the Japanese declared their protectorate.

Since 1882 there has been little cause to complain that

Western visitors have been lax in writing down their impressions. I have no idea how many books have been published about Korea; but any dozen chosen at random will give as many diversified opinions. You may read that the agricultural possibilities are enormous; or you may read that the fields will never yield an excess beyond the need of the country's own population. You may read that the mineral resources are of bonanza promise; or you may read that they are illusory. You may find pages in which the Koreans are dealt with sympathetically and even with a certain amount of commendation. But you will find other writers, and along this line there is more common agreement than along any other, who do not hesitate to use the most opprobrious adjectives in the language to describe the character of the people. "They relish their squalor and glory in their unmitigated untrustworthiness," says one writer. "The native character is rather more despicable than that of any other people whom I have come to know," says another. "They are the rotten product of a decayed Oriental civilization," declares a third.

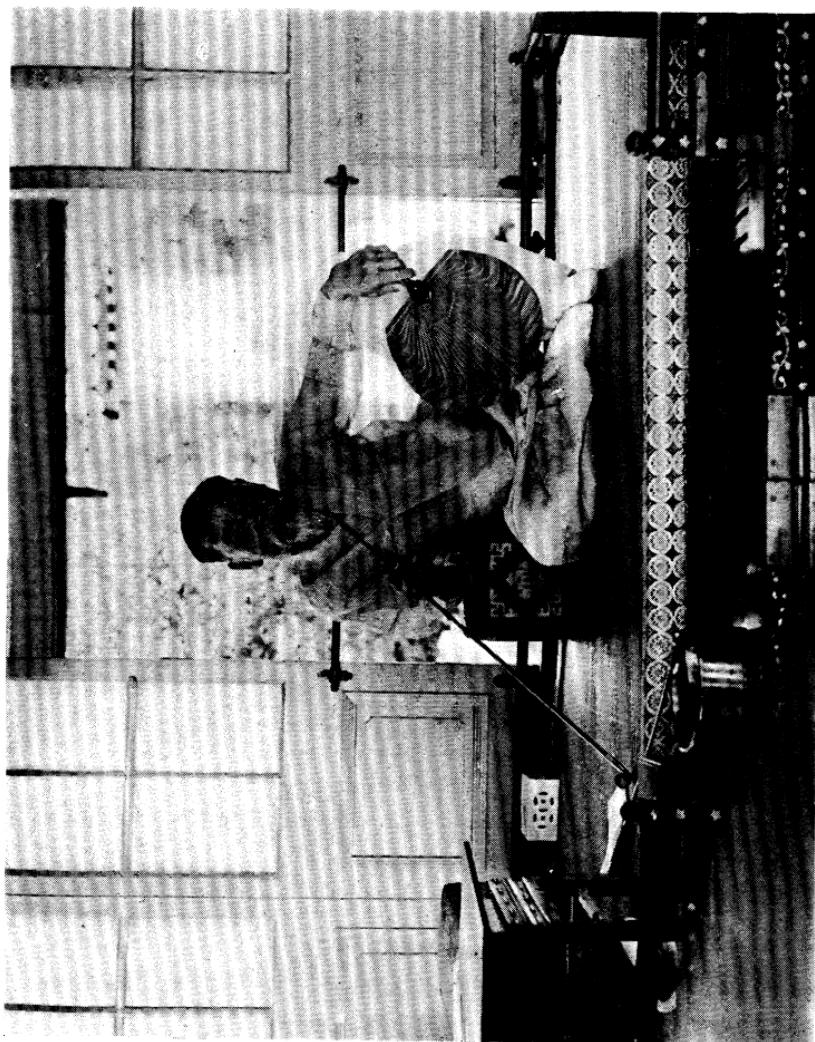
On my first visit to this Land of the Morning Calm I carried with me anticipations of a most unfavorable sort, but my experiences caused me to reverse a good many of my advance opinions and ready-made ideas. I also became more and more interested in the people, but the "places to see," save for a few notable exceptions, proved to be monotonously alike and with little of the gorgeous glitter of the East. Now if I may suppose that you, too, will find your chief interest in the people, perhaps you will accept my stressing the "human picture."

The usual indictment against these people is that they are incorrigibly lazy, unspeakably immoral, despicably cowardly, and incredibly dirty. On the last named charge there can be no argument, particularly if you are referring to the common people. The filth amid which they complacently live is beyond words to describe. Nevertheless, in the past decade, considering the starting point, there has been an amazing improvement in the cities. Between the foreign missionaries and the Japanese health officials, the people are at least hearing that there is such a thing as sanitation; although, as Arthur Judson Brown has written, "it will be a long time before the peasant

Korean will be decently clean except under compulsion." As for their cowardice, I am quite unable to understand this charge. They have not shown themselves craven in their wars; and as I have learned from foreign residents and from my own limited observation, the individual Korean is capable of bravery and of heroic acts. The subject of morals is too confusing to argue about, for by whose code would you judge them? As for their incorrigible laziness, it is quite true that the average Korean gets as thorough enjoyment out of simon pure indolence as any one on earth, and his pride does not keep him from being a parasite if a parasite he can be. But to list the Korean peasant as a lazy fellow is to show an ignorance which would be quickly dissipated by going into the countryside and observing him at work. Any people less addicted to stubborn toil than the Korean peasants would have long since given up the struggle to coax crops from such unwilling fields.

The ideal of the Korean gentleman, the *yangban*, is to present to the eyes of the world an appearance which will proclaim that never has he lowered his dignity by either a stroke of work or such a gross vulgarity as violent exercise. To-day he has no fortune to maintain a retinue, and you may not now see him, as you might once have done, "stagger out of his house and sink into the arms of his attendants as if he had taxed his energies to the utmost in walking a few steps." But he still succeeds to the utmost in achieving an effeminate appearance. In fact, few are the Western visitors who do not condemn the *yangban* "on sight." His appearance is, I do believe, the most exotic sight which all Asia has to offer. It may be provincial to smirk at the customs and costumes of other peoples, but if one is not to call the garb of the *yangban* hilariously funny, what can one say? Truly, you will not be able to believe your eyes when you behold your first white-robed Korean gentleman proceeding with deliberate steps to no place in particular, enveloped in the utmost solemnity, his slender fingers lackadaisically wafting a fan.

It is difficult to be charitable and to believe that possibly "the clothes don't make the man." The *yangban* certainly starts under a handicap. One is quite prepared to believe that back of his excessively dignified motions and behind his complaisant



A Korean Gentleman Receives His Guests



A Market-produce Laden Ox and His Owner on a Korean Road

smile and blinking gaze, the operating brain must be quite as preposterous as is the picture.

Now it may be that blind chance introduced me to a disproportionate number of the *yangban* class who were far removed from being as foolish as they looked. I found among my acquaintances men of alert intelligence, affability, graciousness, and a delightful sense of humor. Of course these are not "moral qualities," and they are not a disproving answer to the accusation that when the government of Korea was largely in the hands of the *yangbans*, high-principled honesty and justice were the last qualities that they ever thought of. But we might remember that they were the product of their times just as was the French nobility in the days before the Revolution.

If the human material of Korea is as inherently hopeless as is commonly charged, how is one to account for the long centuries when civilization, culture, and art flourished? The answer is, of course, that the ancient Koreans showed gifts of a high quality of merit. The puzzle which needs an explanation is, Why did their high civilization fall into such decay and the people into such degradation? A reasonable theory is that the people became cumulatively exhausted and demoralized from the innumerable wars which ravaged the land. When China and Japan went to war, they fought on Korean soil. When China or Japan went to war with Korea, the fighting was on Korean soil. And in the in-between times Korea had her own ruthless struggles between rival dynasties. Whenever there was a dynasty strong enough to establish peace for any period, art and learning flourished. But exhaustion and discouragement accumulated; and about the sixteenth century the miseries of the war-ridden people left them apathetic and quite unable to resist the imposition of the basest tyrannies.

The Westerners who entered Korea through the treaties of the 1880's found an extraordinary social pyramid. The pinnacle was occupied by the Emperor. Under him came the *yangbans*, or descendants of the "eight great families." Their governing was principally concerned with the collection of taxes. Under them came a middle class of scholars, doctors, and artists. Then came the farmers and artisans. Still lower were the members of the "seven vile callings"—merchants, boatmen,

jailers, postal-slaves, monks, butchers, and sorcerers. At the very base of the pyramid, and hardly to be considered as human beings, were the thousands of slaves, mostly women. The only thing that counted was special privilege. Why should industry have flourished with the tax-collector ready to take everything? The wonder is that any remnant remained of common honesty or moral fiber. However, a leaven was preserved. If you go to Korea you will find the growing generation groping toward a renaissance.

Perhaps I have laid too much blame for the decadence of the people upon the long wars. But to the destruction of war must be attributed the fact that so little of architectural beauty or magnificence has survived from the great creative periods of the past. From the ruins of the palaces, castles, and temples of the ancient capitals which preceded Seoul, it is easy to know that their grandeur and beauty far exceeded that of anything built by the last dynasty. And we know how superior was the art of the past from the examples which have been saved to us.

In Japan, or China, or India there is such a bewildering array of allurements that the problem is to decide which places must be reluctantly given up. In Korea all of the really worth while places are within the scope of a modest itinerary. In an arbitrary way the number of days and the season of the year control what you may see.

At any season of the year, if you are planning to do no more than seize a couple of odd days by breaking the railway between Japan and North China, they should certainly be devoted to Seoul. The capital has been the hub of the Korean wheel for five centuries. It was here that the court and the higher officials lived amid luxuries paid for by an unmerciful squeezing of the entire nation. Between fear and greed the ruling dynasty allowed no other city to become powerful; and naturally no town wished to make any display of its prosperity when such an evidence would serve only to bring about still heavier taxes. The truth is that the wealth which poured into Seoul for half a thousand years was practically all riotously squandered, and with the exception of the royal palaces and their parks and the houses of the nobility inconspicuous behind

mud plastered walls, the streets of the capital were miserable and squalid alleyways, though not without their picturesque interest. During the past score of years the Japanese have been striving to transform Seoul into a modern city, but much of the old still remains. And now that there are passable motor roads radiating from it, Seoul offers a comfortable base from which to make several interesting excursions into the countryside and to certain ancient towns which I shall describe later.

Should you have a week or ten days, in the summer, you could make the trip from Seoul to the superb Kongo-san mountain district, or, as it is also called, Diamond Mountain.

Should you have a tincture of antiquarian enthusiasm you may wish to visit the site of ancient Keishu, in the south. You can take one day, two days, or three days for this motor trip.

I do not believe you would find any of the other corners of this land sufficiently interesting to reward the time and effort of searching them out. Why bother with places of second rate interest? And you cannot wander away from the more or less beaten trails without at once encountering dismaying inconveniences and discomforts; although if you come with letters of introduction, there is always the hospitality of the missionary compounds. The foreign hotels, built by the railway, are strategically placed, but there are only five in the land: one at the southern port of Fusen; one in the north at Antung; one at Seoul; and two in the Kongo-san district. At certain other places there are Japanese inns which make a pretense at offering "European style food and service." They are passable. But the Korean inns anywhere and everywhere are impossible. Even if you should find comfortable shelter at night, when you leave the railway the only transportation is by pony-back or native cart over the most miserable of highways and through a treeless countryside. The Japanese have started on the work of building roads, and undoubtedly Korea will sometime find itself living in the Motor Age, but many long years will pass before the byways become "tourist ridden." Practically speaking, the only motor roads to-day are those around Seoul, in the Kongo-san district; and to Keishu.

It may save you a great deal of confusion to know before your arrival that Korea struggles along with at least two or

three, and sometimes four, names for its towns. The ideographs, or characters, used in writing are really "pictures." They are not phonetic and do not suggest a pronunciation. It is as if in our writing or printing, or on our maps, New York City were represented by a circle, or London by a cross, or Rome by a square, and that when we learned to read we memorized these symbols. Thus it is that the Koreans, the Chinese, and the Japanese may all recognize in print the "character" representing a town, but when it comes to the spoken word it is a matter of "each nationality for itself." As our writing is by letters and is phonetic, Westerners have written down the names as they have heard them pronounced, but some have taken the Korean name, some the Chinese, and some the Japanese. Thus, in books and on the Western-made maps there is a confounding diversity, and you will find this confusion in everyday conversation. The port of Chemulpo is equally well known as Jinsen; and you may hear one foreign resident referring to Heijo, while another speaks of Ping-yang, both meaning the same place. In the following pages, if there is likely to be any confusion about a place, I shall give the commonly used name first and follow it, in parentheses, with as many other names as it sails under.

We Westerners are really responsible for some of the extra names. The natives haven't called Korea "Korea" for centuries. Their name for their country is Cho-sen, or Chosen. And foreigners also gave the name Seoul to the capital. The word "seoul" means "capital city"—any capital city. The capital's own proper name is Keijo.

Korea is reached from Japan by fast ferry steamers which make the trip across the Tsushima Channel from Shimonoseki to Fusian in twelve hours. It is a picturesque voyage by day, as the seascape is dotted with islands. However, you may prefer to take the night boat so as to have the daylight hours for the train ride from Fusian to Seoul, which is also a twelve hour journey.

Fusan has its naïve bathing beaches nearby, and if you should miss the express train to Seoul you might find it amusing to pay them a visit. But if I were you I should take earnest care

not to miss the train. For Fusan is a dull place. However, there is a clause of exception to this otherwise sound advice. If the idea of motoring to ancient Keishu appeals to your imagination, and you are prepared to give two or three days to the trip, then the starting point is from Fusan. If you cannot afford this amount of time but still wish to see Keishu, the visit can be accomplished in a single day by taking the express as far as Taikyo, two and a half hours from Fusan, and engaging a motor car there. You can return to Taikyo that same evening and catch the night express for Seoul. There is also a light railway which covers the forty miles from Taikyo to Keishu, but even its own advertisement recommends that "the journey can better be done by motor car."

If you do have the two or three necessary days to make the trip from Fusan, it will not be an inexpensive adventure. The motor car will be fifty *yen* (\$25.00 gold) a day, and the inn expenses and extras will amount to about twenty *yen* a day per person. Nor must you expect to find the ancient road from Fusan to Keishu transformed into a motor speedway. The Japanese engineers have smoothed out some of its ruts and have strengthened its bridges—that is all. This is more attention, however, than it has had for ten centuries. Nor must you expect that you will find a countryside of unusual beauty. The point is that the opportunity to see anything at all of the countryside of southern Korea with any degree of comfort must be declared unusual on its own account. Whether this sort of adventure will appeal to you as worth while is another matter.

The trip can be made in two days by driving directly through from Fusan to Keishu on the first day, where there is a Japanese inn, and on the second day driving to Taikyo where the evening express train to Seoul may be boarded. Of course, it is rather pleasant to be more leisurely and to take three days. There will be ample time, then, on the first day to visit the thousand year old temple of Bungyo-ji, hidden amid the groves of a hillside not far from the Torai Hot Springs. The first night can be spent at the Horai-kan inn at the Springs, and the second night at Keishu.

Keishu was the capital of the Shiragi dynasty which

flourished from 57 B.C. to 935 A.D. A thousand years of resplendence to be followed by a thousand years of torpor and decay. When Keishu was besieged and captured by the army of the rival Koli Kingdom (in the year 935) its downfall was complete. Tradition says that the founder of the Shiragi dynasty, which was to know fifty-four kings, was the mighty hero, Kakkyosei, brother of Japan's first Emperor, Jimmu Tenno. This may be true or not, but it is more or less accepted as likely. Keishu had close connection with Japan and its culture offered the Japanese an example which exerted a marked influence upon the development of their artistic ideals. It is a debated question among scholars as to the dependence of Keishu's culture upon Chinese teaching. Western scholars are rather inclined to the view that Korea's indebtedness to China was almost complete, while the Japanese maintain that early Korean art possessed a creative originality of the highest order. At least there can be no denying that once upon a time Keishu was a city of great magnificence. Unfortunately, during the thousand years which have elapsed since its fall from eminence, decay has been allowed to proceed uninterruptedly. And, while the ruins are of great interest to antiquarians, they are of much less interest to the usual lay traveler. Though there is something of the archeologist and antiquarian in most of us.

It is not essential, but if you bring with you from Tokyo a letter of introduction from the Japanese Tourist Bureau to the curator of the Keishu Museum it will be an aid in securing courtesies. In any event go directly to the Museum to ask for suggestions about a day's program. There are always likely to be new developments in the excavation work. You will need but the slightest flair for Oriental art to find this Museum absorbingly engaging. Here are lustrously beautiful tiles, vases, chalices, and bronzes. And naturally countless images are dug up from the sites of Keishu's eight hundred shrines. One of the great temples, the Bokkoku-ji group, has survived in some degree of intactness. It is about ten miles from Keishu. This temple was founded in the sixth century and was renovated and considerably enlarged two centuries later. Its tower, known as "The Pagoda of Many Treasures," shows Korean stone carving at its best. Up a wooded hill not far from

Bokkoku-ji you may follow a path leading to the cavern of Sekkutsu-an where, in the semidarkness, you will find exquisitely carved images of Buddha and the Buddhist saints. You will have time, as well, to visit the tombs of the Shiragi kings and queens.

If you take the day express from Fusán to Seoul it will perhaps be more of an education than a pleasure to become as familiar with the treeless, dreary monotony of the Korean landscape as you must before you reach the capital. But at least you will never need a second object lesson to appreciate the folly of a nation's denuding its hills of their last bush. With the Korean farmer, if it isn't a flood it's a drought.

At the end of the day, and at about the time you begin to be acutely sorry for your weary self, a sudden excitement spreads through the coaches. The Japanese train attendants, who have so far been politely attentive but blandly calm, acquire an extravagant animation. And as the train pulls into the Keijo station and you look out upon the platform, every one there seems to be in the clutches of some strange and unusual perturbation of spirit. After noticing this peculiar condition of excitement several times, I tried to discover a reason. The secret seems to be that the Japanese are extremely proud of the vast station which they have built and of the perfection of the down-to-the-minute efficiency of its management. They would like to have arriving Western passengers appreciate and notice these things. But the usual Western visitor, after twelve weary hours, is in no mood to pay observing attention. Accordingly he has to be wakened up by some sort of excitement so that he will be properly impressed.

The porter from the Chosen Hotel—itself a child of the railway—beaming with smiles and almost breathless in his hospitality, invites you in the direction of a waiting motor car and commands his cohorts of coolies to take care of your bags and baggage. This same atmosphere of vibrant efficiency and high-tension hospitality awaits you at the hotel. You must understand that this caravansary was built with the idea (or ideal) of not omitting a single falderal in the way of modern luxuries. If you are a wise traveler, you will immediately declare yourself tremendously amazed and impressed. Then

every member of the staff will endeavor to impress you the more, and you will receive all the attentions a potentate might demand.

The modernization of Seoul, which has been proceeding apace during the past two decades, has now reached the point where the stranger begins to take it for granted. Western style buildings, tram-cars, and the like seem more or less to fit into the scene. But a quarter of a century ago all of the streets of the city were bordered by one-story houses and shops of the type you may still see in the alleys leading back from the canals and in the remoter quarters of the town. The old wall has been torn down, except that two or three of the massive gates have been allowed to remain. Gone also are the simple days when the arriving visitor found the cost of living next to nothing. Should you question some item of expense as rather dismaying, the smiling clerk at the hotel desk will politely admit that "he is informed that the cost of living in Seoul (he will say Keijo) has become the highest in the world." Whoever informed him was not far wrong. You will be seeing Seoul at about the halfway mark in the transition from its ancient state to the modernness which is promised. The past is vanishing but has not yet vanished. The older generation clings to the past, while youth has found another world to live in. The old costumes are giving way. Instead of being universal, as it was a dozen years ago, to see the women with faces religiously veiled but with fashion decreeing that their breasts must be bare, this vision is so rare that it has almost disappeared except in the byways of the countryside. The men have not yielded, that is, the older generation. But the young men, the unmarried ones, have many of them impiously sheared off their bachelor braids; and when they do marry, an increasing number refuse to tie onto their heads the honorable horsehair hat. For another ten years, or perhaps a little longer, this same twilight period will probably endure, but it seems an obvious prediction that in twenty years Old Korea will have yielded up the ghost.

On the hotel menu card there is printed a "recommended" seven days' sightseeing program. Whether you will wish to spend a week at the Korean capital is one thing, but that you

will wish to spend the seven days as they are recommended on this list I very much doubt. Why motor to the port of Jinsen (Chemulpo) to behold piers and warehouses? And if you don't like mountain climbing for its own sake, don't give a day to Mount Puk-kan (Hokkan-san). In two days you can see everything that is interesting in the city and its immediate neighborhood, and if you have a third day you can motor to Suigen. If I were you, I should engage a Korean guide. The point is not that they are so essential for finding your way about as that they are everything which a guide should be. They will answer all of your questions intelligently, and they are as efficient as Aladdin's Genii of the Lamp if you wish to do anything unusual.

There is a saying that the gods chose the locations of their cities for the Koreans. Certain it is that most of them are beautifully situated and that Seoul is no exception. Go to Nanzan Park and climb the winding path to the uppermost of its pine covered terraces. From this eyrie you will look upon a striking, a superlative, prospect. The city lies pocketed in a valley amid a circle of sharply rising hills. This magic of distance so flatters the town that you almost expect to find some necromantic transformation when you return to its streets.

Even if you have only one day, go to both the palaces. To hear their names you might think there were a half dozen, but the secret is that the East Palace is the Shotoku Palace, and it is also the Chang Tuk Koong. The North Palace has several names but the two which you will hear commonly used are Keifuku-kyo and Kyeng Pok Koong.

The Shotoku Palace is occupied by H. H. Prince Li, of the late ruling dynasty. He has opened one of the groups of buildings of the estate to the public for a museum and a park. The correct name for this group is the Shokei-kyo Palace, which adds one more chance for confusion, but this name you will probably not hear. The buildings are of not much importance in themselves, nor is the zoological garden of any consequence. The principal reason for going to Shotoku is its art museum. And you need to be warned that the buildings in which this collection is to be found may be easily missed. They are reached by a flight of stone steps to the right just as you enter

the grounds. There are paintings, writings, and so forth, but it is the bronzes which are supreme. There are a half dozen pieces of such exquisite beauty that to see them is in itself a sufficient reward for the journey to Seoul. In fact, now that the Okura collection has been lost to the world through the Tokyo earthquake, it is almost imperative to go to Seoul if you wish to see how beautiful could be the work of the old Korean masters.

The North Palace, or Keifuku-kyo, is by all odds the capital's chief show place, despite the fact that some of its buildings have perished by fire and others by decay. It is now under the protection of the state as a "national treasure." It is often referred to as the "Old Palace," but the word "old" applies to the site and not to the present buildings. They date back only to 1850.

One of the surviving buildings is the great banqueting hall, standing on an island in a lotus covered pond. It is recorded that this one building cost eight million *yen*. If this is true, what was the cost of the entire palace group? And one must remember how much greater was the purchasing value of gold, ounce for ounce, then than now. The Hall of Audience, which also survives, is of even greater magnificence.

Within the boundaries of the city, or, rather, within the area which the ancient walls enclosed, the emperors discouraged, if they did not actually forbid, the building of shrines. There was, of course, the Temple of Heaven, the sacrosanct altar where the emperors offered sacrifices to their ancestors. You will not need a guide to find this temple. Step into the gardens of the hotel. There it stands, doing duty as a pleasure pavilion for foreign barbarians. If you do sigh for temples, there is the Nan-byo shrine near the Nan-dai-mon railway station, which can be seen with no more planning than to start to the station ten minutes ahead of time. Not so accessible is the To-byo shrine lying beyond the To-dai-mon Gate, but it is more interesting. To-byo was built about 1600 and honors the God of War. It gives the impression that the builder started to copy a Japanese temple and then changed his mind and finished it in Chinese style.

No doubt, you ought to pay your respects to the old pagoda

in Pagoda Park and the Big Bell which is on the same street and close by. These are time honored, conventional sights, and as you will be sure to be driving past them, they are yours without any special planning. The pagoda has been vastly praised; in fact, its design has been called "the most perfect attainment of the beautiful." Perhaps you will be more impressed than I was. What I do suggest is that you ask your guide if he can make arrangements for you to see a typical Korean home, such as the ordinary people live in, and, if possible, also to secure for you a glimpse at an upper class home.

The foothills of the mountains to the north of Seoul come down to the very outposts of the city. In fact, the old wall wound in and out among them. Happily the groves of the lower hills have been spared. Not so the slopes of the mountains back of them. These are as denuded of trees as are the dreary plains. Sequestered amid the groves and great rocks of these hills are innumerable Buddhist monasteries, big ones and little ones. Many are decidedly picturesque, and all are queerly strange to our eyes. They are quite easily found—if you have a guide. An excursion to two or three of them need take only a short half-day. You go by ricksha as far as the famous White Buddha, passing on the way Korea's dilapidated "Independence Arch," originally erected, so it is said, to receive imperial messengers from China; but it was rededicated in 1895 to celebrate Korea's refusal to remain under China's protection. It has done its best to crumble away as rapidly as possible, but could not keep step with the crumbling of Korea's independence. However, we were on the road to the White Buddha. This figure is carved in heroic size on the shoulder of a massive rock. It is painted white; hence the name. Why it should be so famous, I cannot tell. Within a few minutes' scramble up the hillside from the Buddha is a small monastery, a most unpretentious retreat housing two or three toothless ancients who will offer you a kindly smile of welcome and will allow you, if you have any curiosity in this direction, to explore their home from chapel to kitchen. Farther along these paths you will find other monasteries of much more importance but none more quaint.

Korea took its brand of Buddhism from China, and adopted at the same time with great gusto the overlay of demonology which the Celestials had added to the principles of the gentle teacher. In fact if you wish to see the paraphernalia of demonology exhibited to the point of demoniac abandon, go to one of these Korean monasteries outside of Seoul. You will find their chapels crowded with a mob of utterly grotesque and fearsome images. The fundamental idea of demonology is, apparently, to terrorize the people into piety. The wall paintings are even more frightful than the images. To the last realistic detail they acquaint you with everyday life in the Buddhist Hell. The demons are joyously engaged in the task of torturing sinners, and they have not failed to imagine every possible way to make an eternity spent in their care an exceedingly unpleasant prospect.

It has become so ruinously costly to order a Korean dinner at a tea-house of the first class, followed by a *geisha* dance, that an evening so spent has ceased to be a possibility for most travelers. And a second-class compromise is not worth considering. The meticulously performed symbolic dances are very much like those given by the *geishas* of Japan; and the best of the Korean dancers, in their technic and grace, are quite the equal of their Nipponese sisters. Most foreigners are rather bored by the absence of verve in the dances, but there is one dazzling exception—the sword dance. Only the most skilled of the profession dare its steps, and it is rarely seen. There is now the Kiisan Dancing School, an institution similar to the famous school at Kyoto, where public dances are sometimes given.

If you wish to see how the people amuse themselves of an evening, there are the vaudeville theaters and—the cinemas. At the vaudeville places there are juggling acts and tight-wire walking, but the best reason for venturing into one of the stuffy halls is to hear the singers. There is nothing so deliriously unreal in all the world as Korean music. In comparison the music of China or Japan seems familiarly melodious.

As for an hour at one of the cinemas, do not go if you cherish the illusion that in the eyes of the Asiatic world the dignity of

the white race is held in veneration. For what you will behold is a Korean audience drinking in its notions of the customs, manners, and virtues of the West from slap-stick comedies, sex plays, bathing girl beauty dramas, and crook melodramas. In the tawdry film which I happened to see the captions were in English. A translator stood beside the screen and gave a rendering into the vernacular. Despite the fact that "appearances were very much against her," of course, the heroine was absolutely "pure." Any American audience would have known this and would have believed with the hero her explanations. But apparently the Koreans made up their minds that the evidence all ran the other way.

A decade or so ago, when foreign shoppers were few, there were breath-taking bargains to be had at Seoul in the way of curios and antiques. While treasures are still to be found, you must accept the fact that unsophisticated shopkeepers have utterly disappeared. Seoul's particular *spécialité* is its brass-bound chests. The one-time seemingly inexhaustible supply is beginning to be depleted, and you must search rather diligently to find a first class example. Nor is the supply of celadon vases and bowls, pilfered from the ancient tombs, in as prolific evidence as the pottery of the modern kilns.

"Mining" for antiquities is one of the conventional occupations in Korea. I have been told that this variety of "archeological research" is best to be observed at Kaijo (Songdo). Kaijo is an ancient walled town reached from Seoul by an hour and a half's train journey, or in a couple of hours by motor car. Five hundred years ago it was the seat of power of the Koli dynasty. The Koli emperors succumbed to the Li dynasty, whose founder chose Seoul as his capital. Then Kaijo fell into disuse. Possibly the independent digging for antiques will have been forbidden by the powers that be before the date of your Korean visit. In the meantime, acre after acre has been thoroughly ransacked. The prospect of uncovering a porcelain bowl, or a piece of bronze, or possibly some rare trinket acts as a lure to be likened to the excitement of digging for pirates' gold, and it has the advantage of being more frequently rewarded by success.

If you are planning to make only one motor trip into the countryside, the excursion to Suigen, which is twenty-six miles from Seoul against Kaijo's forty-six, offers quite enough jouncing for one day. Suigen was a favorite retreat for the Li emperors, and when you see its picturesque situation you will readily comprehend its imperial popularity. In fact, one of the dynasty seriously considered making Suigen his capital. If the thick groves of trees excite your curiosity—and a single tree in denuded Korea is sufficient to do that—the explanation is that one of the emperors wished to have his tomb built on the spot where he had spent so many hours in peaceful contemplation of the lovely view. With true filial piety, his son not only fulfilled his father's request but he also "planted around and in the vicinity of his father's tomb 5,500,000 pine trees and raised seedlings of other trees from 2,000 *koku* of seeds."

The Kongo-San Mountains

A dozen years ago it would have been just about as impractical to have included mention of the Kongo-san, or Diamond Mountain, district in a book of this sort as to have recommended the peaks of Tibet. But to-day there are motor roads leading into the fastnesses and foreign inns are waiting at the ends of those roads.

It is difficult to believe that thirty years ago the world knew nothing about these mountains of Korea's east coast. In 1898 was published the fascinating story of the exploration made by Isabella Bird-Bishop. But the revelations which she had to make were not alone concerned with the superb beauty of the deep valleys and the soaring crags; there was the romance of the discovery of magnificent monasteries, some dating from the sixth century, the existence of which was unknown even to the Koreans. Monasteries "incredibly rich in libraries of rare books and manuscripts," and possessing "treasure-boxes filled with the gifts of kings and princes."

For some years after, however, Kongo-san's seclusion remained almost as unviolated as before. And then, about a decade ago, the foreign residents in Korea awoke to the fact that these mountains offered an unsurpassed vacation ground

for the summer season—for the wanderer prepared to accept the conditions. The hospitality offered was the guest rooms of the monasteries. After a time came the building of two comfortable hotels, each reached by a motor road from the railway. The hotels are open from June until October.

Either the Inner or the Outer Kongo may now be reached from Seoul in one day of travel. A year or so ago the trip took two days, and before that it took three days or longer. Any details I might write down to-day would be obsolete to-morrow. However, all that you need do is to ask at Seoul for the time-table of the trains. The Onseiri Inn, of the Outer Kongo, took as its model a Norwegian chalet, while at Choan-ji, in the Inner Kongo, an old monastery was reconstructed and a number of bungalows were built.

As that veteran wanderer, Harry Franck, has written, "One might enthuse for pages over the cathedral spires, the colossal cliffs, the magnificent evergreen forests clinging by incredible footholds to the gray rock of mighty precipices, and a hundred other unnamed beauties of this compact little scenic paradise without giving more than a faint hint of the charms it encloses."

For something more than a thousand years the kings and princes of the land were pleased to bestow upon the monasteries of the Kongo-san their favor and gifts of every sort. The number of the monasteries is said to have been more than a hundred. And then, under the reign of the Li dynasty, which rose to power at the end of the fourteenth century, began the persecution of Buddhism. Some of the Kongo-san monasteries were burned; some were abandoned. Those that survived "cut themselves off from the outside world as completely as possible," and so successful were they in this that in time they were forgotten. Romantic fiction has invented its "lost" corners of the world, but here is one in actuality which remained unknown through four hundred years.

The train journey from Seoul to the Manchurian frontier will carry you through a far greener country than you saw in South Korea; in fact, the valleys through which the railway finds its path are the most fertile of all the land. Among the towns through which you will pass is Heijo (Ping Yang)

which claims three thousand years as its age. In the China-Japan war of 1894 the great battle which was here fought laid the town in ruins. In its rebuilding it lost its hoary look of age, and if you should break your journey here you would merely find a commercially flourishing town.

CHAPTER 3

MANCHURIA, THE KINGDOM OF THE SOYA BEAN

SHOULD you have an old-fashioned attic with deep corners into which you suspect stray copies of magazines of a generation ago may have crept, probably you could exhume one of those alluring advertising pages which used to tell us to "See Manchuria!" The photographs which they displayed showed such fascinating and exotic scenes that they had the power to inspire an agony of restlessness. No one with a tinge of the wanderer in his veins could look at them and not suffer—or succumb.

Twenty years ago, shortly after the Treaty of Portsmouth ousted Russia and admitted Japan, there was very little to advertise except Manchuria's "picturesqueness." Whether that picturesqueness was quite as predominant as the photographs suggested is another story. But since then "things have been happening" so fast that even if one may not say that Manchuria has been moving faster than any place else in the world, certainly it is true that no other land has so completely changed its complexion in that length of time.

Manchuria's three provinces never were part and parcel of the Chinese empire. China "proper" stops at the Great Wall. When the Manchu dynasty seized the Dragon Throne of China, it retained Manchuria as a private affair. The emperors did not lump their ancestral provinces in the common pool. In fact their policy was a vain endeavor to save Manchuria for the Manchus. They sought to keep the Chinese and everybody else out. The only initiative which the emperors sought to encourage was Manchu initiative, and the Manchus didn't have any initiative. The result was that Manchuria clung to a medievalism having all of the stubbornness but few of the graces of China's civilization. This was Manchuria as it was at the dawn of the present century.

And now let me quote you a modern advertisement, taken from *Manchuria, Land of Opportunities*, a handbook published by the South Manchurian Railway. Avowedly the following paragraph was written as propaganda, but it is none the less a truthful picture.

"The American traveler in Manchuria to-day, who rides in comfort in a Pullman sleeping car behind a Baldwin locomotive, over 100-pound Pittsburgh rails; from the modern port of Dairen, with its beautiful plaza, and its great modern banks, business houses and public buildings; and then northward through cities lighted by electricity, with modern railway stations, paved streets, modern hotels, schools, hospitals, and scientific laboratories; past modernly-equipped steel works, coal mines, and factory buildings—with such a magic transformation before his eyes the traveler finds it difficult to believe that only a few years ago this country was a forbidden land to world commerce."

This miracle is not an exaggeration. But also it is true that much of the old remains. As one writer has put it, "Modernity is the pervading tone, but to the antiquarian there is compensation in the fact that alongside the spick-and-span new towns are ancient cities. From one to the other is little more than a step."

You have your choice, the new or the old. Or both.

The real reason that brings most travelers to Manchuria is that it lies athwart the railway route from Japan to North China. And I suspect that will be the real reason for your visit. The meagerly few interesting places do not sufficiently compensate for the time and effort of a special inclusion; but when this comes gratuitously and a break in the through journey is to be had at only the "net cost" of the days actually taken, the situation is quite changed.

From the train window, in speeding from frontier to frontier, you will see a great granary, one of the most fertile in the world. All in all Manchuria embraces some three hundred and eighty thousand square miles. There are forest areas and mountainous areas, but mostly it is granary. And to till those fields there is a population of twenty millions of patient and industrious toilers. Small wonder that Russia coveted the over-

lordship, that Japan fought for it, and that China clings to its nominal title.

Should you choose to break the journey, the place of greatest interest is, of course, Mukden, the ancient capital of the Manchus. From Mukden it takes little effort or time to visit the hoary towns of Liaoyang and Tiehling. And should you desire an out-of-the-way experience almost unknown to the tourist world, there is the mountainside of the "Hundred Happy Views," a paradise of deep valleys, untouched by the modern world, in which are hidden many ancient monasteries where the priests will make you welcome. Dairen, however, and Port Arthur, with its religiously preserved relics of the great siege, lie at the extreme south of the Liaotung Peninsula and quite beyond the range of Mukden as a base.

There are many interesting speculations about the Manchuria of antiquity, but they cannot be called anything except speculations. Beginning only with the tenth century do historians pretend to pick up an authentic thread. About a thousand years ago the various warring tribes were brought under the rule of one chieftain. This tribe which came to the top was of Korean stock. Later the dynasty thus founded was overthrown and a second line of kings, also of Korean stock, became powerful, so powerful, in fact, that they extended their rule over a considerable portion of northern China. This "barbarian menace" was not ended by China's own efforts but by an army which also came from beyond the Wall. No other than the Mongol riders of Genghis Khan. Soon after the mighty Genghis had sat himself on the throne in Peking he planned an invasion of Manchuria, and so quickly did he execute his campaign that historians have surmised that there must have been passable roads then in existence. This theory about the highways, taken together with Manchuria's inheritance of certain ancient buildings revealing a highly advanced architectural genius, inspires the speculation that the Manchurian tribes may not have been in quite so savage a state at the time of the rise of the Korean dynasties as contemporary Chinese writers portrayed them to be. But we do know that when Genghis Khan finished with overthrowing the Kin dynasty in

the middle of the thirteenth century, for the next three hundred years Manchuria fell into a condition which if not exactly barbarous was at least so morbidly torporous that China practically forgot her existence.

Then, in the sixteenth century, came one of those geniuses born to do the impossible. This man was Nuluahachi, the chief of a petty tribe. His program, apparently, was calculated from the beginning. He took the small force of warriors at his disposal and drilled them with such skill that when he began picking quarrels with one strong tribe after another he methodically reduced them all to fealty. Thus his power, through forty strenuous years, grew like a rolling snowball. His ambition was to capture Mukden, which he eventually did; and at Mukden he established his capital. Only twenty years later the third emperor of this Manchu dynasty—or, rather, his warriors, as the emperor was only an infant—captured Peking and became China's Son of Heaven, seated on the Dragon Throne.

The Chinese had built the Great Wall down to the sea as a barrier against the Manchus. But when the Manchus had victoriously broken through the Wall, they then wished themselves to preserve it to prevent the Chinese from overflowing northward and obtaining by peaceful penetration everything which was worth while in Manchuria. The Manchu was a fighting man, but he knew that he was not as good a business man nor a toiler as the Chinese. The Manchus in power in Peking strove to forbid Chinese emigration, but the seepage was constant. To-day you will find that more than ninety per cent. of Manchuria's population is Chinese. What was accomplished by the attempted prohibition was that the immigration was made up of coolies and of traders, classes willing to accept the degraded position in which merchants were held in Manchuria. In China the merchant has always been an honored member of society. And you may be certain that scholars, poets, artists, and philosophers did not seek to smuggle themselves into Manchuria to temper the crudities of its civilization. Towns and large cities grew up, as Chinese as if they were in China proper, but with very few exceptions they were built with no thought of splendor. The only really interesting places—unless you are interested in the modern towns which have

come into being under Japan's magic wand—are the ancient cities which obtained their character before the swarming Chinese took possession.

Should you make a study of the crowd in the streets of Mukden, you may still occasionally see "the old Manchu type," tall, straight, slender, and with features more finely chiseled than those of the Chinese. To-day the men are not to be distinguished by any differences in their garb, but occasionally you will see a Manchu woman dressed in the old-time costume and wearing the elaborate traditional headdress.

International recognition still gives to China the boundaries which were hers when the Republic was established. This is a droll enough fiction as far as Manchuria is concerned. Manchuria's "government" is her war-lord. The taxes go to Mukden, not to Peking. The administration of law and order proceeds rather surprisingly well, all things considered. At least the people are encouraged to go on toiling with the assurance that they won't be robbed of everything, which is much more than can be said of many of the provinces south of the Wall. But the Japanese, not only inside their leased territory but where their control is only "moral," are the directors of the amazing economic development. Or, one might better say, the South Manchurian Railway. Its power is that of an enlightened despotism; and, when efficiently and wisely used, the power of absolutism can accomplish miracles in a very short space of time. They have not had to bandy with compromises. The Japanese in Japan started forty years ago to transform Tokyo into an impressive modern capital and have secured only the spurious results which you will see for yourself. In Manchuria the Japanese have shown a discrimination and a sureness in their modernizing for which you will be quite unprepared.

Possibly you will arrive in Manchuria by steamer, as there are lines to Dairen from both Japanese and Chinese ports. But this likelihood is remote. In traveling between Japan and Peking, the railway route is the most feasible both for the hurried and for the unhurried.

If there is a frontier in Asia more sharply defined than

that which separates Korea and Manchuria, I have never crossed it. The Seoul to Mukden express train rumbles over the great bridge spanning the turbulent, yellow waters of the broad Yalu, and here you say an absolute good-by to Korea and all its ways and forthwith find yourself in China.

In Korea you have been seeing small fields devoted to the growing of the much pampered ginseng, or hillsides picturesquely terraced for the patient cultivation of the rice crop. As soon as you are in Manchuria you look across boundless fields. I have always crossed this frontier in the summertime, and thus to me the Manchurian landscape means an endless green. Perhaps you will have the brown mud or white snow of winter. Occasionally, from the train window, one sees a squat, square walled mud house, its roof of thatch. Sometimes these huts cluster to make a village. Once in a while a Manchurian cart is to be seen making its snail's progress along some interminable road. In the distance, hills rise like islands above the ocean of millet, corn, or soya beans. I have been told that a penetration of the fastnesses of those hills would disclose ancient monasteries. Some hidden in the deep valleys, some boldly capping rocky pinnacles.

The train ride from Seoul to Mukden takes twenty-four hours. There are two daily expresses, thus giving the choice of arriving at Mukden in the morning or in the evening. At Mukden you must change trains, whether you are going northward or southward in Manchuria itself or straight onward to Peking. If you are hurried, the advantage of arriving in the morning is obvious. You then have a full set of daylight hours in which to explore this old capital of the Manchus and can take the night train to your next destination. If you do spend the night at Mukden, you will find that the railway has provided a modern hotel.

Mukden

In its seven hundred years of existence, Mukden has been tagged with as many names as there are seeds in a pomegranate. When captured by Nuluahachi it bore the name of Shenyang. To-day there are three names in common use. Westerners

speak of Mukden, a name bestowed, I believe, by the Russians. To the Japanese it is Hoten; to the Chinese, Fengtien.

During the past twenty years a modern town has grown up around the railway station, which lies outside the encircling walls and massive gates of the ancient city. This new town needs no pagodas or crooked streets to protect it from the machinations of the evil spirits flying through the air. It is under the *feng-shui* of Japan's lusty regard. As far as its well-ordered and modern streets are concerned, you can step out of the railway station and see in twenty minutes its ultimate mysteries. But for the old town of the Manchus, a long day is none too long.

The day will naturally begin with breakfast, for which you will not have to leave the station, as the hotel forms a part of this vast affair. Unless the menu has been recently curtailed, you can order any dish which the Western world looks upon with favor at this hour. In the meantime it is just as well to instruct the porter to engage a motor car or carriage for the day, as by so doing you will escape the bedlam which breaks loose should a foreigner essay to choose a vehicle for himself. This is a land where the quiver of a Japanese eyelid brings instant obedience.

First drive to your Consulate to request passes for the Palace and the Royal Tombs. Here, at Mukden, Americans need not anticipate that feeling of chagrin which so often follows the discovery of what sort of building has been deemed worthy of bearing the shield of their country. The American flag flies over as picturesque a leasehold as might be asked for. The Consulate occupies a fine old temple, repaired, housecleaned, and made tenable. If it is philistinism to have removed a few cart loads of grime, then the Consulate is guilty. But the cleanliness of the carefully preserved buildings will be quickly remedied if they ever revert to their original purpose.

Your driver may endeavor to decide for you that you are to visit the monument built by the Japanese to commemorate the battle of Mukden. Tell him that there will be no *cumshaw* if he doesn't drive straight for the inner city. When you see Mukden's medieval wall looming up before you, it holds out the promise that when you have passed through its great gate

the streets within will be unusually picturesque. And this promise is not belied. It is worth while to stop for a moment at the gate and to mount the wall. From here one gets a striking picture of the Drum and Bell towers.

The inner city is about a mile square, just a handy size for the visitor to explore comfortably. Each of its four walls has two gates, and from each gate there runs a broad street across the town to the opposite gate. These main avenues divide the city into nine checker-board squares, and in the central square you will find the old Manchu Palace.

It is much the better order to see the Mukden Palace before one knows the grandeur of Peking's Forbidden City. Much of the rugged inspiration at Peking was undoubtedly Mongol, and as the Manchus and the Mongols were of nearer kin than was either to the Chinese, one naturally expects to find Mukden's Palace also revealing vigorous originality. Especially so when one remembers the old warrior who ordered it to be built. On the contrary, instead of being forcefully impressive the decoration and detail seem at times to have got out of hand. Nevertheless, these Mukden buildings have their own peculiar individuality, and their own peculiar fascination as well—augmented, of course, if one is interested in the story of the rise of the Manchu dynasty. But whatever may be one's opinion about the quality of their magnificence, certain it is that the palace group is rapidly sinking into a state of utter disrepair. The devils of the air are at work. You can better appreciate the extraordinary pace at which decay is advancing if you stop to remember that their neglect began only with the advent of the Chinese Republic and the downfall of the Manchu dynasty.

The palace grounds are now deserted, or were the last time I was there, of all except the "caretakers," one of whom will examine your pass and then open the gates and conduct your steps. Probably the only pay which the custodians receive comes from the tips of the occasional visitors. As for caretaking, from general appearances it is to be supposed that if the effort of driving a single nail would save one of the buildings from collapsing, that nail would remain undriven. Nevertheless, here is a paradox beyond explanation, the ancient who conducted me had the enthusiasm of a connoisseur for the

great audience halls and particularly for the throne room and the wriggly dragons of the throne itself. After he had taken me for the usual round, we climbed to an upper balcony of the Summer Pavilion. He sent for tea and we sat there in great contentment looking out over the roofs of the city. He was very sad about the decay, but it wasn't his "proper pidgin" to do anything about it.

The Palace was built in the first half of the seventeenth century, so it is about three hundred years old. When the Manchus were on the throne, they saw to it that every fifty years, on the so-called "Jubilee" dates, the buildings were carefully repaired and renovated. The last Jubilee year was in 1908, just four years before the Manchu downfall. At the rate with which decay is now proceeding, if China's deposed "boy emperor" is living when the next Jubilee date comes, he will have to spend his entire fortune to carry through the traditional renovation.

When you have dropped a gratuity into the palm of the particular caretaker who becomes your guide, there will still be time before the tiffin hour to drive to the Northern Tomb, sometimes called Pei-ling, sometimes Chao-ling. I am supposing that you will not wish to make a pilgrimage tour among the city's temples, especially should you be spending only one day here. They are in no way different from the ordinary "run" of temples anywhere and everywhere in China. As a matter of fact, you can see the most interesting and one of the most renowned of all on the drive to Pei-ling by telling your driver to stop at Tien Hsi Miao. It is one of those shrines to Buddha which, one imagines, must greatly dismay the gentle Gautama if he is aware of their existence. This temple specializes in depicting the tortures which await the wicked in the world to come.

At Pei-ling was buried, in 1643, the second emperor of the Manchu dynasty. Of one thing in China you may always be certain, that in visiting a royal tomb you will find a spot of noble beauty. However little regard any monarch may have had for art and architecture as a necessity when he was alive, he was sure to demand for his eternal resting place a mausoleum of imposing magnificence. The stately buildings at Pei-ling are hidden in a beautiful grove of yew trees which no one, even

in this materialistic age, has dared to violate. The gateway to the enclosure is especially fine.

If you had a tiffin basket packed at the hotel, you can drive directly to the Eastern Tomb. Here was buried, in 1629, the founder of the Manchu dynasty. The tomb is known under the names of Tung-ling and Fu-ling. If a comparison must be made, this tomb might be called even finer than Pei-ling. Until a short time ago, although the drive is one of only some ten miles, probably not one visitor to Mukden out of a hundred saw this mausoleum. The road to it was so unspeakably bad that its visit meant a full day's excursion. The road has now been repaired to the extent that motor cars and carriages can bump their way there and return in a more reasonable time.

Mukden is the railway crossroads of Manchuria. To the northward lie the Russo-Chinese towns of Changchun and Harbin; to the southwestward is the line leading to Peking; to the southward are Liao-yang, Dairen, and Port Arthur; and to the eastward, Korea.

South of Mukden

The trains take an hour and a half to roll through the forty miles of fertile plain lying between Mukden and Liao-yang. As tiffin may be had at the station, there is no need to bother about an inn. Until Mukden's rise Liao-yang had always been the chief city of the three provinces. It is undoubtedly very old, even if one doesn't feel inclined to give it all of the forty centuries which it claims.

Amid the broad fields stretching in every direction was fought the great battle between the Russians and the Japanese. Should your recollection go back that far, you will undoubtedly remember how familiar the war photographers made us with the great Lama Tower, the Pai-ta. In a flat country, as every photographer knows, it is a godsend to discover something by which the sky line may be broken. However, the extreme publicity which came to the Lama Tower was not wasted on an unworthy object. The Pai-ta is truly a superb relic. Obviously it is a Buddhist monument. Perhaps it is more than 2,000 years

old. Nobody knows. In fact, no one knows what was going on in Manchuria twenty centuries ago.

One of the chief reasons for going to Liao-yang is to see this old tower. Another reason is a quest for the picturesque amid the city's ancient streets. But you must not expect them to be immaculate.

Should you determine to be among that handful of wanderers who have seen something of the country of the Hundred Happy Views, your railway base will not be Liao-yang but Tangkangtsu, twenty-five miles farther along. By taking a morning train from Mukden, you can stop at Liao-yang for three or four hours and still arrive at Tangkangtsu early enough in the afternoon to make arrangements for a pilgrimage into the hills on the following morning. If you wish to take an interpreter with you from Mukden, the hotel manager will be glad to help you in making arrangements. The springs at Tangkangtsu have been credited for centuries with great curative powers, and the Japanese (with their passion for hot springs) have now built a comfortable hotel there.

You can gain some idea of the charms of the Chien-shan mountains by a long day's carriage drive, but the cream of the adventure is reserved for the wanderer who will follow the narrow trails by pony or on foot. The road into the mountains is one of some fifteen miles and is to be covered in four or five hours by carriage. There are, so the number is given, forty-eight valleys among the ridges, and in these valleys of wild flowers and green trees, of tumbling cascades and craggy vistas, are to be found the Hundred Happy Views. How many monasteries there are I do not know. A week would be none too long, but in two rather strenuous days many of the chief secrets are revealed. On the first day, drive directly to Hsiang-yen-szu and then strike out on the trail to Lung-chuan-szu, an exceedingly picturesque Buddhist temple, where the gentle priests will make you hospitably welcome for the night; and in the morning they will tell you of another road back to Hsiang-yen-szu, if you must return.

Dairen and Port Arthur

Should you stop neither at Liao-yang nor at Tangkangtzu, you will find the ride between Mukden and Dairen to be a flight of some two hundred and fifty miles on a train as luxuriously appointed as any in the West. And if your interest in coming to the ancient East is to find places emulating the modern West, then you could find no spot more ideally at your service than Dairen. In a volume entitled *Manchuria, A Survey*, by Adachi Kinnosuke, the author says, "At Dairen the Japanese have built a port and city more modern, more sanitary, with better built houses and better paved streets than anything they have at home." If this statement errs, it is in its mildness, not in its exaggeration. There was nothing here but waste land when the Russians came, and one must give credit to the vision of the Russian engineers that the site of Dairen (called Dalny by them) was chosen for the construction of a town and harbor on a considerable scale. The Japanese inherited the extensive plans and such work as was under construction at the close of the Japanese-Russian war. The credit for the building of the city belongs to the Japanese.

Here at Dairen is one of the most notable of the S.M.R. palatial, twentieth century hotels. At Hoshigaura, a charming spot on the sea five miles from Dairen, there is another palace of hospitality, surrounded by gardens and possessing a perfect bathing beach, together with tennis courts and a golf course. If I were a resident of Hongkong, or Shanghai, or Tientsin, or Peking, when the hot season comes I should hie myself to Hoshigaura to escape smothering July and August, and rent one of the bungalows attached to the hotel.

As for seeing Dairen, there are no mysteries. You simply engage a modern motor car and drive through the modern streets.

Port Arthur

There are many places in the East where one finds oneself by chance, because they are on the way to some place else. But if you go to Port Arthur, it will certainly be because you

definitely wish to do so. It is at the end of the railway. Among the wayfarers in the East, it has been my experience to discover that they either have an uncompromising desire to behold this historical fortress and to climb among the rocky hills to see where each battery was placed, or else they have an uncompromising disregard. I should never hazard to assume to which camp the reader may belong. I shall confine myself to prosaic details. Port Arthur is thirty-nine miles from Dairen and the train journey takes a little less than two hours. As usual there is to be found one of Manchuria's comfortable foreign hotels. The town itself is a pleasant enough place with an excellent nearby bathing beach.

The sightseeing arrangements have been perfected through long experience. The hotel will do everything from ordering your carriage and obtaining a guide to packing a tiffin basket. A superficial glimpse of the monument crowned hills is to be had in a day : it might be added, however, and against this suggestion that the local guide-book is adamant in declaring, that an adequate comprehension of the siege is not to be carried away in less than a two days' visit. All of Russia's three score "im-pregnablc" forts remain as exhibits, and almost no spot where a Japanese fell fails to have its monument. In addition, there is a military museum filled to overflowing with everything you might expect in the way of war exhibits.

Should you journey to Southern Manchuria from Mukden and then be planning to proceed to Peking, you can save many hours by taking the steamer from Dairen to Tientsin, a distance of some two hundred miles.

The Cities of North Manchuria

In the time-table folder Changchun is called a "city of myriad charms." Now of all the words in the dictionary, I think the word "charm" is the last one to apply to any of the Russo-Chinese-Japanese cities of North Manchuria. Sociologically interesting they may be; exotically strange they may be; and it is by no means impossible to find picturesque scenes. But charming . . .

It is nine hours by express train from Mukden to Changchun;

and from Changchun to Harbin (on the Chinese Eastern Railway) it is another nine hours. About a third of the way from Mukden to Changchun is the ancient town of Tiehling. While this town is very old indeed—one of its temples, the Yuantung-szu, with a thirteen-story white walled pagoda, boasts an age of some eleven centuries—not until recently has it been heralded as a tourist rendezvous. Certainly it is not a fact to be held against the fair name of any Celestial city that it is unknown to foreign barbarians; but whether or not Tiehling and its "Eight Views," which long ago its literati selected and elected, are unusually picturesque I have not been my own Marco Polo to find out. One can see the massive brick wall from the train window, but not easily, as the town is now growing beyond its gates under the ever increasing prosperity which the railway has brought.

The construction of the Chinese Eastern Railway from Changchun to connect with the Trans-Siberian at Harbin, in the late 90's, is alone responsible for making these two names known to the world. In fact, there was not even a village worthy of the name at Harbin before the date of the Trans-Siberian. At Changchun there was the same ancient Chinese town which you may see to-day if you are so wasteful of your hours as to go there. Harbin grew rapidly into a town with a population of some forty thousand Russians. A new town of European aspect also grew up at Changchun.

Harbin has by no means lost its Russian flavor. In fact its population has been swollen by hordes of Russian "White" refugees. Most of them arrived in a state of absolute destitution and since then they have achieved the impossible by becoming even more destitute. They present a heartrending, hopeless picture. Those who do have a penny crowd their way to the tawdry restaurants and cafés, and the night life has almost the semblance of being glittering; but on all sides is a degradation impossible to have imagined a decade ago. White men and women, in loathsome rags, wander from shop to shop begging, and holding outstretched hands to passers-by. Occasionally a Chinese responds, but it is to be noted that their own race does not.

Changchun has far fewer Russians than has Harbin and far

more Japanese. If you have just come from Harbin, Changchun's inestimable distinction is that it has a haven of an hotel (thanks to the S.M.R.) where you may dine, bathe, and sleep, and be devoutly thankful for the blessings at hand. Without such a crutch to uphold the body, mind, and spirit, Changchun's dismal, windswept streets, deep in dust, deep in mud, or else a solidly frozen squalor—depending upon the season—would be even more depressing than those of Harbin. It should be said, however, that if you have come to Manchuria in the hope of seeing one or more soya beans gathered together, this opportunity is at hand in the north. At the warehouses the bean heaps are mountain high. A certain hand-book to Changchun strives patiently through many pages to enumerate for the tourist everything which may be seen, from a description of the local bank-notes to a listing of the Chinese pawnbroker shops, in the hope, apparently, of suggesting some sight which might be deemed remarkable. Finally, however, the subject of beans is approached. Here is something really worth talking about! "When the rivers of Manchuria are all frozen," so it explains, "caravans of horse-carts may constantly be met with, freighted with beans and proceeding toward Changchun, their drivers filling the air with the wild din of shouting, cursing, and lashings. These are certainly remarkable sights." Winter or summer, spring or autumn, given a Manchurian curser of high ranking ability and a Manchurian road to negotiate, you can not only hear but you can see, taste, and smell the white hot maledictions.

If you do visit Manchuria, in all likelihood you will travel over the Chinese Government Railway Line between Mukden and Peking. The journey, under normal conditions, takes just twenty-four hours. While the luxurious standard of the S.M.R. trains is not emulated, the accommodations of the expresses pass muster. There is a boy attached to each car who looks after the compartments and makes the beds. Should you place a Mexican dollar in his hand and hint that the *cumshaw* will be repeated at the end of the journey if deserved, this amount of silver will secure you a champion. There is little to see other than the endless fields until you reach Shang-

haikuan. Then, abruptly, you come upon one of the most extraordinary sights of all the East. For it is here that the Great Wall of China comes down to meet the sea. Within this barrier lies "China proper."

Unless you have friends living in Tientsin, I cannot imagine a single good reason why you should not stay on the train until it reaches Peking. Without doubt the luxuriously comfortable homes of the foreign concession are pleasant places in which to dwell, but one can see Western mansions without going to China. Here in the concession are not only foreign barbarians but a goodly contingent of Chinese "exiles" as well—ex-politicians for the most part who escaped from Peking to this safety zone while the escaping was good. You may be sure that these refugees took good care that their loot either arrived with them or preceded them. As for the teeming native city, it is as nearly without luster or picturesque interest as any Chinese town I have ever seen. The only point of pilgrimage in any way unusual is the tomb of Li Hung-chang, a place which has so far been kept spick and span by that great man's descendants.

CHAPTER 4

NORTHERN CHINA—PEKING, THE IMPERIAL CITY

IN China there is a stratum among the foreign residents which looks upon any interest in the native life as social bad form.

There are other residents who heartily acknowledge an affection for the people but who have long since "finished with any such foolish idea" as believing that either China or the Chinese can be explained. With Omar they say:

"There was the Door to which I found no Key;
There was the Veil through which I might not see . . ."

Their pride is in their complete awareness that they know nothing. Surely you have heard the classic anecdote of the old-timer who received a request from a New York editor that he send an article explaining the bottom facts about China. He replied, "There are no facts and there is no bottom."

Again, there be the sinologues, persons who—by dictionary definition—are "versed in knowledge of the Chinese, and of their customs, history, and language." There are modest sinologues. Also, there are others who do not hesitate to let it be understood that they know more about the Chinese than the Celestials know about themselves.

These groups may be, in fact, antipathetic, but they have two things in common. If they try to interfere in the domestic polity of their own households as ordained by their servants, they suffer identical troubles. And they stand together in looking upon the genus *tourist* as the lowest of God's creatures. Let me hasten to say that the tourist as an individual will encounter from them the utmost in courtesy and hospitality. But when the resident thinks of tourists collectively . . . well, I have just said what he thinks. The eager enthusiasm of the traveler meets with nobody's approval. To the snobbish stratum

his ardor is anathema, as it "tends to lower the prestige of the Westerner in the eyes of the natives." The typical old-timer of the disillusioned class looks upon his curiosity as a pathological imbecility. The recondite sinologue, who holds that nothing of importance has happened in China since the Han dynasty, or certainly not since the Sung, is out of patience with an ignorance which has never heard mention of the golden period of civilization under the regency of the Duke of Chou eleven centuries before Christ. And the exploring type of sinologue is apt to regard the zeal of the visitor as superficial because of his dependence upon accustomed conveniences and his obligation to take count of the passing days.

But where would the traveler be without his enthusiasm? Staying at home, probably.

While these pages do not aim to deal with historic, sociologic, economic, or political profundities, the writer does hope that his point of view regarding the interest and worthwhileness of certain places in preference to others may help other travelers to plan happy wanderings.

However, to recommend a place in China and then not furnish a practical hint about how to reach it is like sending some one on a treasure hunt without a map.

The areas of the hinterland are virtually inaccessible for the ordinary traveler. They can be visited by resourceful wanderers who have the time, patience, keenness, and disregard for conventional comforts needed for cross-country journeys. Forsake the trains or steamers, and transportation must be by springless cart, pony, sedan chair, or wheelbarrow, and the hospitality is that of the native inns. Also, in these unrestful times, with warring *tuchuns* harassing the countryside and Celestial Robin Hoods levying toll, undoubtedly there are dangers, although their seriousness and magnitude have often been greatly exaggerated.

Distances are not to be measured by miles but in terms of traveling conditions. For instance, you can penetrate for fifteen hundred miles into the very heart of China in unconcerned comfort by following the water trail of the mighty Yangtse-kiang. But should you wish to make the journey from Peking to Jehol, the ancient summer retreat of the Manchu Em-

perors, a distance of less than one hundred and fifty miles, you must be prepared to engage riding and pack horses and to take with you servants and supplies.

However, do not gather the discouraging impression that an imposing number of China's interesting spots are difficult to reach. It is really surprising how the meager number of railway miles added to the steamer miles manage so ingratiatingly to allow a comprehensive itinerary. There is little exaggeration in saying that compared to the opportunities of only a quarter of a century ago, the lid of China's wonder chest has been flung far back on its hinges for the benefit of the Western visitor.

Nor must you believe that dismaying discomforts are lurking in wait. At the beginning of this century China's foreign hotels were atrocious. To-day, instead of being the worst in the East they are among the best. In such cities as Peking, Shanghai, and Hongkong you will find cosmopolitan, modern hotels; and in places where the hotels naturally are less pretentious, they are acceptably comfortable.

If you come to China from India, where every one must needs travel with a native servant and carry considerable special paraphernalia, it will probably come as a surprise to discover that in the Celestial Republic in the ordinary course of travel neither a servant nor special equipment is necessary. A servant would be rather a nuisance. On the express trains English is spoken; and on the steamers the officers are either British or American. There is no guide problem, as you will find local guides at the important places who may be engaged by the day.

Considering that I was so urgent in the pages of the Japanese chapter in suggesting the experience of being a guest at a native inn, it would probably be wise to warn you that that suggestion does not by any means apply to China also. It is true that an upper class Chinese home in many ways much more nearly resembles our own than does one in Japan. The Chinese dine from tables and sit on chairs and do not sleep on the floor. The rooms of the houses are permanent and have walls and doors and are not created by sliding paper screens. Thus it might seem logical to surmise that the experience of spending a night

in a Chinese inn, or in making use of the inns, would be equally as feasible as in Japan. But the point is that the native inn in China does not take its pattern from the upper class homes. It does not hide itself in a beautiful garden. It serves the masses. Many of the inns do have one or more "private guest chambers," but on nights when there are no guests willing to pay for their exclusive use they are likely to serve as overflow barrack space for as many of the frowzy multitude as can be crowded in. The experienced foreigner makes it a point to arrive sufficiently early in the afternoon to make sure of private quarters. Then, with his own cot-bed, his own cook, and his own supplies, he can make himself tolerably comfortable—providing he is not too squeamish about cleanliness. The fatal secret is that most of the inns are abominably dirty. A Chinese friend once solemnly assured me that his countrymen "instinctively desire cleanliness but circumstances are against them." Alas! In the usual inn circumstances appear to be very much against them. Naturally, some inns are better than others. But this discussion is more or less academic. In the regular course of travel, unless you voluntarily seek the experience, you need never be faced by the prospect of their acquaintance.

One of the amazements of a visit to China is to discover the radical differences between the northern and southern halves of the country—differences in the landscape and differences in the temperament of the people. You are really becoming familiar with two separate countries. Of course, the separating line is not a sharply defined cleavage. I think of Nanking as a city marking the borderline, although in their cultural affiliations Soochow and Hangchow, still farther to the south, are northern rather than southern. But to the eye, north of Nanking there lies a brown and dusty world of thirsty plains where the prayers of the peasants are constantly lifted to the Rain God to send sufficient moisture to head out the crops of millet and wheat. While to the south of Nanking spreads the green and watered country of the illimitable rice fields.

In planning your itinerary it is not this division which is of importance. What you will find to be of consequence is that under present conditions of transportation the country divides itself into thirds—North China, Central China, and South

China. Peking becomes a natural base from which to see North China, as do Shanghai for the Yangtse Valley and Hongkong for South China. These three cities are the strategic centers of transportation. They afford the convenience of leaving one's heavier luggage in the safe care of their hotels and traveling about with a minimum of impedimenta. For this reason it has seemed practical to divide the Chinese pages of this volume into three chapters.

As a final word to this introduction it might be helpful to mention the peculiarities of China's climate. It needs a human, not a scientific, interpretation. Neither a study of the officially recorded thermometer readings nor a study of the map will afford you information to serve your comfort. Remember this simple statement: In the winter it is cold everywhere in China and in the summer it is hot everywhere. This applies to the tropic south and to the temperate north. Peking has snow and ice while at Hongkong it never actually freezes; but it takes the same warm wardrobe in the wintertime, north or south, to keep your teeth from chattering. And in the summer you will need a tropical wardrobe not only in the tropical south but in the "temperate" north. Reading between the lines, you will see that your visit should be either in the spring or the autumn.

Peking, the Imperial City

The Chinese—so it has been declared—prefer, as the ideal human relationship, the deep peace and benignity of friendship rather than the transports, jealousies, and despairs of romantic love. This may be true. I know that China's great capital is one of the friendliest cities in all the world. It has some magic quality of ineffable tranquillity which creates an enduring affection in the heart of every foreigner who has been blessed by the opportunity of acquaintance. Where else is there greater courtesy and such polite deference to the stranger? Occasionally there are disturbances, and when these get published, much is made of the most trivial happenings. But year in and year out, with such rare misfortunes as to be notable, foreigners go about the streets anywhere and everywhere in perfect safety.

My own affection for Peking is inordinate. Along with the tranquillity of positive friendship, it has a sort of jealous intemperance. It brooks no criticism of this city from the lips of others, not even if the criticisms may have some basis of fact. You must not expect a cold and deliberate impartiality from my pen. If I should call attention to a few minor defects in the following pages, I shall be maneuvering with the hope of subtly casting into more vivid relief the Imperial City's virtues and charms.

China's history reveals a long list of former capitals. Perhaps some of the long ago seats of imperial power possessed wonders and glories equaling those of Peking. There are such traditions of grandeur. But this fact remains—we do have Peking. Faith leads one to suppose that sometime China will emerge from her present anarchy, possibly under the leadership of another great dynasty (or will it be a "republican" oligarchy?) which will decide to found a new capital. And this new capital may be of a grandeur surpassing that of the Forbidden City. But we, of this generation, have inherited Peking, and a glorious patrimony it is.

I am loath to say it, but this great city is falling gradually, and in some instances rapidly, into decay. The phrase "unchanging China" can be the most farcical tag ever invented. While you may see the people doing certain things exactly the way their fathers did them fifty centuries ago, other fashions and modes change under one's very eyes. Of course, any generality about China is immediately checked by a host of exceptions, but sometimes it seems that the Chinese are impregnated by the weariness as well as by the patient virtues of hoary experience, and are less moved than any other people to preserve their possessions, big or small, when once their immediate, definite, and practical usefulness is over. At least at that hour when Imperial Peking ceased to have an Emperor, it became nobody's business to save the imperial monuments of architecture from the forces of decay.

I was in Peking shortly after the fall of the Manchus and the establishment of the Republic, on the date of the opening of the Summer Palace to visitors. The "caretaker" who accompanied me through the mazes of beauty hinted that he could

be persuaded for a price (about ten cents Mex., I imagine) to chip off any tile he could reach; for a couple of dollars I might have carried off one of the priceless bronzes. (Any one with an itching for illicit souvenirs need expect no such opportunity to-day. The tiles within removable reach are gone; and the guardians have become vastly more sophisticated about values.)

From the angle of comfort and cleanliness, in ways to be noticed by the foreigner, the changes have been spectacular. All too often progress in the East is a grievous malady and of no blood kinship to improvement. But the cleaning up of Peking's streets is a fact, and a happy one. Twenty years ago the main avenues and the side *hutungs* were rivers of noxious mud when it rained and trails of incredible dust in the dry months. And always, at all seasons, the streets were strewn deep with the rubbish of the city. Never did they receive any attention unless it might be when the Emperor was expected to pass. To-day the main streets are passably paved; and if you think that the *hutungs* are far from being immaculate, you should have seen them a couple of decades ago. In the summertime coolies are more or less busy carrying heavy boxes of precious water about the streets. The dust is then laid by the dipperful; a sprinkling system which would ruin the municipal exchequer of a city of the West. In China labor means nothing. Also, the streets are creditably well policed. But I am too old-fashioned to lend a word of praise to the tram-cars which have now intruded. Just the same, the system is so typically Chinese that it is almost to be forgiven. The fare charged is forty-eight coppers, a millionaire price. On pleasant days the fare of forty-eight coppers is held to quite rigorously, but when the weather is bad and the traffic is light, or when the wind is blowing up the dust, you can bargain with the conductor for a lower fare. Thanks be! The heart of Peking is still in the right place.

I may seem discursive on the subject of changes, but there is this much about changing Peking which is of vital interest to the traveler. Until a score of years ago the pageantry may have been of greater splendor—but the foreign barbarian was allowed to see very little of it. There was no admission to the

Forbidden City, to the Winter Palace, or to the Summer Palace. To-day is the fortunate hour, when the changes of decay have hardly begun to be serious.

The first impression of the city is one of interminable vastness. As a matter of truth the distances are long, but it is amazing how quickly one may become orientated if a brief study is given to the map. In the first place, there is the great wall which surrounds the various "inner cities." This wall, viewed from without the city, is even more impressive than Nanking's famous barricade. It is worthy to rank in the memory with the great walls of the Indian forts at Agra or Golconda. The circumference is said to be about twenty-two miles, and it is fifty feet high and forty feet broad at the top. About one-third of the rectangle enclosed by this outer wall is cut off by a wall running directly across the city. This third is known as the Chinese City, because long ago alien rulers kept their Chinese subjects segregated in this quarter. In this third are the vast walled parks of the Temple of Heaven and the Temple of Agriculture. And here are the theaters and some of the most enticing of the shopping streets of this city of alluring shops.

The remaining two-thirds of the city forms a square known as the Tartar City. In the center of the Tartar City stands the Imperial City, also protected by a wall. Within the Imperial City is the far famed Forbidden City, and again there are massive walls.

The Legation Quarter is within the Tartar City, but outside the walls of the Imperial City. It is tucked in between the great Chienmen and Hatamen Gates. The streets of this quarter are thickly lined with trees, and there is an atmosphere of village quietude. This oasis, given over to foreign ownership and patrolled by special police, has long since ceased to accommodate the foreigners who live in Peking. They now live, many by definite choice, in Chinese houses in the Tartar City. These native houses, hidden behind the blue-gray plastered walls of the narrow alleys, are many of them incredibly charming and picturesque, with delightful, quiet courtyards. When slightly altered so as to include bathrooms and other peculiar luxuries of the foreign mind, they become homes to

captivate the most romantic fancy, and are amazingly comfortable both in winter and in summer.

I am laboring under no delusion that the foregoing comments can give you any vivid picture of the city. But even if I could make you *see* Peking, I could not make you *hear* it, or *smell* it. And the sounds and the smells are just as much a part of the whole as are the sights. There are sounds of which you have never dreamed. The street vendors have their peculiar cries—a strange, exotic music, and heaven alone knows from whence arise other notes. Some of the smells are malodorous, no doubt, but a vast array is aromatic and pungent if not positively fragrant.

I have suggested that you glance at the map. But here is a still better suggestion. Go to the Chienmen Gate, only a minute or two from your hotel, and climb to the top of the wall. From this vantage spot you may see the city itself as a map. Far away in the distances of the Chinese City gleam the "heavenly blue" tiles of the roof of the Temple of Heaven. Then, turning to the Tartar City, you will see the great thoroughfares and the infinity of lanes which encircle the Imperial City; and within the walls of this inner city rise palaces and audience halls of golden yellow roofs.

"So twice five miles of fertile ground
With walls and towers were girdled round:
And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree;
And here were forests ancient as the hills,
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery."

Yes, even more amazing than the majesty of the palaces is this sudden vision, when the city is looked down upon, that every courtyard has its trees and that the number of gardens is beyond the counting.

From whatever direction you may have come by train, the journey will have been long and the thought of the comforts of an hotel will be paramount. You may trust your luggage without fear to the hotel porters as soon as it has been passed by the *octroi* inspectors. This formality consists in declaring, with

finality, that you have nothing to declare. Then you step into a ricksha, name your hotel, and in a moment or two you are settled in your temporary home. There is immediately an extraordinary and unaccountable feeling of belonging to the scene. A sense of friendliness pervades the atmosphere.

Peking has several foreign hotels, and there are Japanese inns and Chinese inns. But the "Peking" and the "Wagons-lits" are the institutions one thinks of as inseparably a part of the social order of existence of the capital. The former is just outside the Legation Quarter, and the latter is within the controlled area. In the summertime the Peking's roof garden is the rendezvous of the foreign colony, and at this cool retreat you will find gathered together such charming groups that you will wonder why any one chooses to live anywhere else than this city. The perfection of the skill of the blue-robed servants in promoting a lotus-eating contentment is a cruel subject to mention to the servant harried inhabitants of other lands.

If, in the chapter on Japan, I more or less scorned the ricksha, I wish without reservation to say that in Peking the ricksha is an indispensable chariot. What will undoubtedly happen to you is this: From the moment you first step out of your hotel door and into a ricksha, you will find yourself "adopted" by the particular boy of your inadvertent choice. The chances are that he will be a smiling and invaluable treasure—few, indeed, are not—and you will be thoroughly content with this arrangement. But if your boy should not measure up to an incredible standard of perfection, take on another. Most of the boys have picked up a surprising amount of English; they know every address in the city; and they are strong-limbed runners, apparently tireless. At least their regard for "face" never allows them to stop running. For this willing service the tariff is one dollar Mex. per day. By the month it is even less. Of course, if your time in Peking is a matter of only two or three days, you must make a liberal use of motor cars to cover the long distances.

Of all places in China, Peking is the last to deserve the treatment of a hurried call. If I were on my first visit to the Celestial Kingdom, and my days were irrevocably limited in number, I should rather have a full week for Peking and its

nearby wonders even if this meant to sacrifice any and every other part of China, including the streets of Canton and the countryside of Hangchow.

To me, Peking presents a certain irreducible program. You simply must see the Temple of Heaven, the Forbidden City, the Winter Palace, the Lama Temple, the Summer Palace, the temples of the Western Hills, the Ming Tombs and the Great Wall of China. There is nothing original in this selection, and it is only a meager choosing. But each of these destinations is unique, and I cannot see why any one should wish to come to Peking and then hurry away without having beheld each single one of these incomparable achievements of Chinese genius.

There are records and remains to prove that Peking was a city of some importance three thousand years ago. In the thirteenth century the all-conquering Mongols established themselves here, and Peking became the imperial capital. It was then, during the reign of Kublai Khan, that Marco Polo visited China. Ser Marco's *Travels* was the first book written by a Westerner about this great city, but since then the bibliography has been constantly growing. One recent book is particularly charming and illuminating—in fact, it is one of the most attractive books ever written about a city. It is Juliet Bredon's *Peking*. As sometime you must read it from cover to cover, what more apt time could there be than when you are on the spot?

I do not know what sightseeing adventure will most allure you for your first day. But my own suggestion would be the Temple of Heaven.

The entire sacred enclosure is really the Temple of Heaven, although foreigners have singled out the Happy Year Hall to call by that name. However, this temple building, so often seen in photographs, is not the most provocative center of profound and imaginative interest—it is the great circular marble Altar of Heaven, standing under the open sky. It is quite impossible to say anything about this altar and to observe an economy of words. An inseparable part of describing what is to be seen is to tell something of the tale of how the emperors came once a year to this lonely spot, at the time of the winter solstice, to

spend a night of fasting and prayer, and then to kneel alone in the stillness of the night on the broad platform of the altar in communion with the One Supreme God. The Sons of Heaven, Mongul, Ming, and Manchu, were the humble intercessors for their people, giving to God, as they knelt on the cold stones through the night, an account of the tenureship of their rule. They took the responsibility of the frailty and sins of their subjects, and beseeched the loving forgiveness of the Creator for their people and for themselves.

You do not need a guide within the grounds of the enclosure, but you do need ample time. If you do wish some one to lead the way, there are solicitous guides at the gate. There is also your own ricksha boy who, if he has the initiative of some of his species, will follow at your heels with the ricksha ready for your use at any time there is a level space for its running. And if you give him ear, he will tell you in his pidgin some truly remarkable legends and accounts.

The Temple of Heaven, that is, the great walled compound with all of its edifices, was built five centuries ago by Yung Loh, one of the early Ming emperors; it was restored by Ch'ien Lung, of the Manchu dynasty. In 1889 the Happy Year Hall—that particular building to which foreigners have given the name Temple of Heaven—was struck by lightning and burned to the ground. This bolt was a direct act of Heaven, so my ricksha boy told me, because an impious, but now famous, centipede crawled up the walls to the golden peak. My boy seemed to know every detail of the path which that profane insect followed. When it was desired to rebuild the temple, and the Manchus were determined to copy in detail the building which had been destroyed, it was found that China's forests were bereft of timbers which could uphold the heavy tiled roof. After much argument with themselves, the necromancers of the court finally decided that pine logs from the forests of Oregon would constitute proper *feng-shui*. This decision very happily corresponded with the best engineering advice, and the New World furnished the pillars which you now see.

Speaking of necromancers, if you are at all interested in their cabalistic lore, you will find the construction of the Altar

of Heaven to be a bewildering example of extraordinary mathematical proportions. I wish that Du Bose's book, published in 1886, was not out of print; but you will probably find everything you wish to know in Miss Bredon's *Peking*. I am taking the following paragraph from her description:

"Standing open to the sky in a square of dull Pompeian red walls pierced with marble gateways, this exquisite pile of white marble is built in three terraces, each encompassed by a richly carved balustrade and approached by flights of broad low steps, giving access from north, south, east, and west to the third and highest platform, the middle stone of which is looked upon by the Chinese as the central point of the Universe. The entire structure is laid out with geometrical precision, being the combined work of architects, astronomers, and doctors of magic. Thus the terraces are reached by three flights of nine steps each, because the Chinese divided the heavens into nine sections and have nine points to their compass. Likewise the marble blocks of the platform are laid in nine concentric circles and everything is arranged in multiples of the same number. We may even count 360 pillars in the balustrades which thus signify the days of the Chinese lunar year and the degrees in the celestial circle."

These mathematical references are only a fraction of those which may be noticed. In fact, measure the altar as you will, most curious sets of multiples will be disclosed.

I have not mentioned the Temple of Abstinence or any of the other buildings. That you will be interested in every detail is doubtful. But I am certain that you will carry away a profound impression of having been admitted to a closer understanding of China's hoary grandeur of civilization than any amount of second-hand information could ever supply.

Immediately across the broad street from the outer gateway is another great walled-in space. It contains the Altar of Agriculture. It was here that the emperor annually put his hand to the plow and, guiding an ox, turned over a furrow. A symbolic and poetic ceremony. When I first knew the acres of the Altar of Agriculture they were in sad neglect but they had not yet been made into the shabby pleasure park they are to-day. This defamation is so complete that I am sure you

will be far more content not to enter the gate at all. The chief temple building, the only vestige of the impressive past which might be of interest, is securely locked. Although this is China, no amount of *cumshaw* will find any one with the keys.

Unless your visit in Peking is to be an extended one, make an early call upon your Legation to request permits to enter the Winter Palace grounds and to pass the guards at Coal Hill. The papers have to be secured from the Chinese authorities, and there may be a delay in the issuance. Also, if you have letters of introduction to any residents of Peking, the earlier they are delivered the better. I hope you will have the opportunity and the leisure to see some of the charming homes which are hidden behind the blank walls of the *hutungs*.

Choose a free hour at the end of some afternoon to visit the old astronomical observatory. This curious and quiet place lies under the shadows of the Tartar wall, and may be reached in a few moments by ricksha from the Legation Quarter. The homeward path can be atop the wall, sending your ricksha ahead to meet you at the Hatamen or Chienmen Gate. A breeze always comes with the sunset in summer, and this high promenade is a delightful place to greet it. The observatory is interesting with no reference to the seasons.

Back again on their ancient bases stand the bronze astronomical instruments which the German troops carried off to Potsdam as their share in the loot of Peking following the Boxer disorder. The Versailles Peace Treaty specified that these instruments should be returned to China, and here they are after their long journeying. I have a predilection for bronze, but it requires no advance prejudice to become interested in the decorative beauty of these ancient tools of science. I greatly fear that if I had been among those present at the loot of the city, I could no more have resisted the opportunity of bagging an armillary zodiac or an azimuthal horizon than could those who were actually faced by the temptation. The original observatory was built by Kublai Khan in the thirteenth century. Four hundred years later, Father Verbiest, a Jesuit missionary, brought from France to China the West's more accurate mathematical lore. He found the Chinese apt learners. But while the West has long since ceased to credit any kinship

between astronomy and astrology, the Celestials in this particular refused to surrender their traditions. Their star gazers have learned to predict the planets and foretell eclipses according to Western methods, but as of old they also essay to foretell mundane events from their findings in the heavens. I lived in Peking through one very hot summer. The astrologers told us that on a certain future day a cold wind would arise at exactly eleven o'clock in the morning and that by evening we should be shivering. The intervening days passed and the morning of the predicted day came. By ten o'clock it was familiarly sizzling. A minute or two past eleven a cold wind came whipping down the streets and through the *hutungs* and into the windows. By night we were shivering to our marrow-bones.

I am not arbitrarily suggesting the order of your Peking program, but the sequence of seeing first the Temple of Heaven and then the Forbidden City and then the Winter Palace—these latter two in one day if you are hurried—has the merit of unity in presenting a picture of the departed imperial days.

The Forbidden City lies in the very heart of vast Peking and its secrets are guarded by a high, rose colored wall. Secrets, however, which no longer deter any one who can pay the admission fee. But the mysteries were literally mysteries to the Western world until the Allied troops forced their way into the courtyards of the Forbidden City in the year 1900. The Japanese at that time took the opportunity to secure a large number of photographs while other nationalities were absorbed in the gentle art of collecting more substantial souvenirs. We thus have an accurate record of the palaces when they were functioning in all their imperial glory. A decade and a few odd years have passed since the fall of the Manchus. Only a brief span, but not too brief for the hand of decay to have touched the splendor. However, what is one's imagination for if it cannot be called upon to restore the scenes of pageantry and to repeople the empty courtyards and halls of audience with glittering throngs of courtiers?

Your ricksha boy brings you to a certain gate where you pay the admittance fee. Forthwith you are set upon by guides. Should you have read Miss Bredon's pages—her description of

the buildings and courtyards are as delightful as the conversation of a well-informed friend—then I should suggest trusting your memory and your own wandering footsteps and refuse all proffers of aid. Otherwise, a guide will earn his salt.

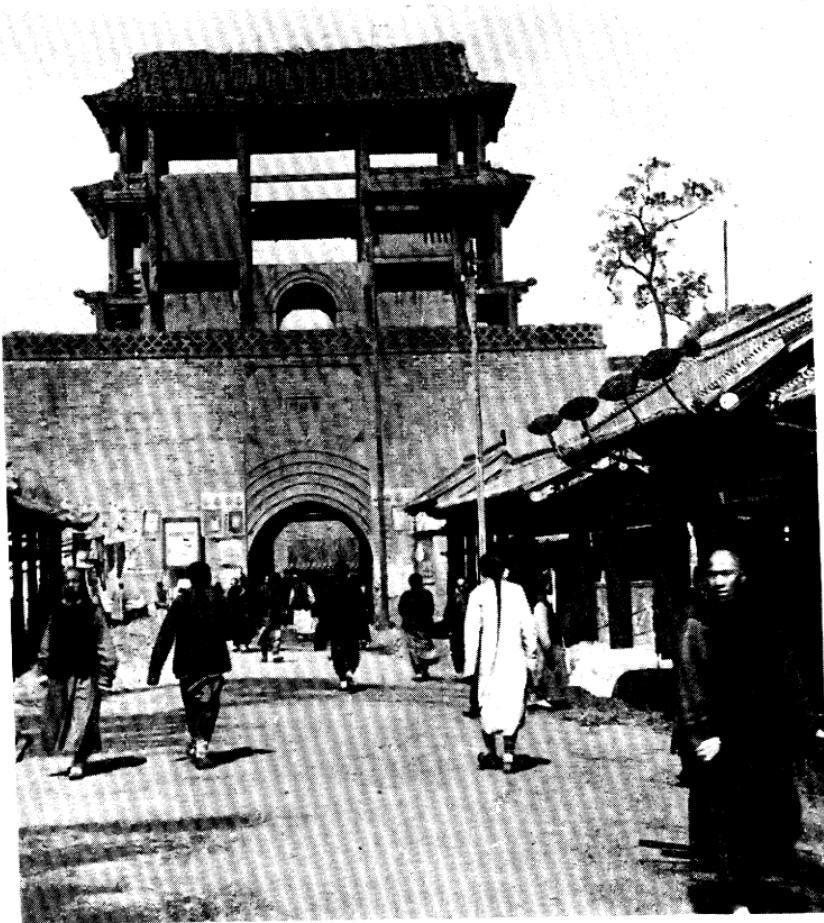
The palaces of the Forbidden City were built by the Mings, not the Manchus. As Miss Bredon says, "The Manchus made few attempts to alter what they could not improve. . . . They also continued the policy of keeping Imperial premises rigidly closed, well knowing that the secret of romantic power is remoteness." Nevertheless, in this instance, the most soaring speculation concerning the unknown could scarcely have surpassed the magnificent actuality of the scene. Kublai Khan built his palaces on this site, and it was this group which so astounded Marco Polo. When the Ming emperor, Yung Loh, erected the present halls he undoubtedly copied much from the splendors of the Mongol dynasty. In fact, there is a certain quality of grandeur, an arrogance of power, which could only have had its inspiration in the turbulent imagination of the Mongols, not in the amiable cultural traditions of the Chinese. Nowhere else in China have open spaces been used to such advantage to gain imposing stateliness. The bending path, leading to the spot from which you first see the full spectacle of the great courtyard of the throne hall, dramatically conceals the amazing surprise which will be yours whether or not you are forewarned. Across this parade ground (where the Yellow Bannermen assembled to pay obeisance to the Son of Heaven sitting on the Dragon Throne) is another gate opening upon the Museum.

If you have even a faint interest in Chinese art, the rooms of this Museum—for which Yuan Shih K'ai, the first president of the Republic, must be thanked—are the culmination of any pilgrimage seeking the greatest achievements of Chinese artistic genius.

There are only a few rooms, the Museum's merits having little to do with quantity. If you have ever been inclined to doubt those vague, general remarks about China's advanced civilization when our own ancestors were living in trees or caves, then look at these shelves and see the handiwork of artists who lived and died thirty centuries ago. Each article



In the Gardens of the Summer Palace, Pekin



A Gate in the Walls of Pekin

is an exquisite masterpiece. The Museum is catholic in its selection, despite its rigid choice of only the best. There are embroideries as well as jade trees, bronzes, and porcelains. ". . . trappings created with a splendid technical mastery to serve a courtly luxury and pomp, and adorned with every ornament that warms the imagination, attest stateliness and power, high intercourse with kingly and beautiful humanity, proud thoughts and splendid pleasures, throned sensualities and ennobled affections in one blaze of earthly magnificence."

The Winter Palace lies within the walls of the Imperial City, but outside the walls of the Forbidden City. The name is a distinct misnomer if it conveys the suggestion that you will find a single great palace. Instead, there are three lakes, surrounded by groves and buildings—infinite care having been given, of course, to landscape harmony. The pass, which you have secured from your Legation, does not take you everywhere within the grounds. But you may see what is most interesting. When your pass is shown, you are turned over to a soldier who is supposed to guide your steps. He will be guileless of any words of pidgin but he will smilingly show the way. You cross the marble "Bridge of Ten Thousand Years" and climb the steps to the marble pagoda of Pai T'a. After you have recovered your breath you will need no one to tell you that on all sides you look down upon as romantic a landscape as your eyes will ever behold. When you have feasted to repletion you descend—with your soldier leading the way—through the grottos, pausing now and then to look out upon some vista. Eventually you come to the boathouse pavilion where once the imperial barges were moored. This is the end of the conventional trail, and your soldier makes ready to turn back. Across the lake, however, you will see half hidden in the trees a number of pleasure pavilions. It is a long walk to encircle the lake, and I am not going to suggest that it is worth while; but if it is summer you will see "gardeners" rowing amid the lotus plants, and in answer to your halloo, one of the boats will be more than pleased to carry you across the water. Absolute desertion will greet you. I have a queer feeling when I am on this spot that I have come to some strange planet too late to find a surviving inhabitant. Even if you have never before had

a single vandalous thought, you will likely be seized with a desire to carry off a burglar's load of imperial tiles and other souvenirs. Standing amid the high weeds is the great porcelain screen, with its nine dragon design, and this once upon a time knew great fame. What would be the thoughts of Ch'ien Lung or the Empress Dowager if they should return to earth and see this desolation?

Should you have visited the Forbidden City in the morning and the Winter Palace in the afternoon—a natural sequence, but a rather heroic program—then I doubt whether, when you look up the slope of Coal Hill from your ricksha, you will have much zest left for its climbing. You will need urging, and here it is: The view is truly superb and worth the effort. From the pavilion on the summit you look down upon everything. The Forbidden City is immediately under your eye, and this is the chief reason why this vantage spot is prohibited for the vulgar throng. The Oriental considers it an indignity to be "looked down upon" from a physical height by any one who is not his peer. In fact, this hill was for a long time forbidden to Westerners, even after the Forbidden City ceased to be sacred. The city now becomes its own map; and although you expect this to be true, it is no less astonishing to discover the vividness of the presentation.

The mystery of Coal Hill continues to be a mystery. It is certainly an artificial mound. The name is derived from the theory that coal was stored in its bowels against the possibility of a siege. This explanation has the merit of being as unlikely as any of the others. I add my own guess that it was built to please some favored Tibetan concubine who missed her Himalayan landscape. Somewhere on this hill is the acacia tree, on a limb of which Ch'ung Cheng, the last of the Ming dynasty, hanged himself at the moment when the invading Manchus were entering his capital. I have never wished to identify this tree of such unhappy memory.

While your ricksha boy may have taken the most direct roads to these sites of imperial glory, you will have looked upon several miles of Peking's streets and, even if your mania for shopping is normally only a mildly disturbing one, I am quite sure that by this time the shopping fever germ will be lodged

in your blood. Temptation will have been calling to you from every corner. The Peking shops have sorcery to bewitch a philistine. You will read, and you will be told, that the bazars have been largely emptied of their rarest treasures. I can only say that this *may* be true. It has been a constant declaration for many long years, but this old curiosity shop still seems able to make every variety of curio hunter go away happy. I know that I remain benignly contented with my own trophies. What more could I ask? If you wish to go to pretentious shops, whose stocks you may be reasonably sure are authentic, then there are the places of well-known names in or near the Legation Quarter. The treasures in these shops are held at sophisticated prices. They are not unduly high, but you need not expect breath-taking bargains. These places are only a beginning. The Tartar City is patched with shopping districts, but the real excitement begins when you penetrate the winding alleys of the Chinese City. Here the prowler takes his chances. At first you are seized with confusion. It seems hopeless to try to become familiar with the mysteries of this disarray of streets. Soon you learn that the mazes are really very simple. The embroidery shops are in a group, so are the furniture shops, and the others.

Every foreign resident in Peking boasts of his own discoveries in the way of shops and treasures. And it is true enough that there are fascinating places tucked away in remote alleys to be found only by the merest accident. A resident will be far more likely to introduce you, a stranger, to his particular hunting fields than he would a bosom—but resident—friend. Everybody who lives in Peking is by way of being a connoisseur, and the value which may be attached to the ordinary run of hints and advice is decidedly high. I am talking about minor treasures which fall within the reach of ordinary purses. Of course, if you are going in for rare masterpieces, then the whole business takes a serious turn and friendly suggestions of the haphazard sort are to be valued at less than nothing. But the whole gamut is there, something for everybody, from the veriest amateur to the expert. And there is always the gamble that at any instant one may come upon a masterpiece in the meanest of shops. Speaking of bargains, I have heard wonderful tales

of the Lung-fu-su market, which is held thrice each month for periods of two days each; but my own visits to this bedlam have been fruitless. The scene is in the courtyards of a much decayed temple, and you really should go there if only for the picture. Furthermore, you may be more lucky than I have been.

I cannot offer expert advice about jade, bronzes, paintings, or porcelains, but a word or two about rugs and some other specialties may be of aid if your time for prowling is limited. To-day there are rug factories in all parts of Peking, but those just outside Hatamen Gate offer an extended choice. Several factories are also controlled by the American Methodist Mission, and the rugs for sale at the mission compound are guaranteed in regard to the quality of yarn used and the dyes. Outside of Hatamen—your ricksha boy will know the labyrinthine path—is “glass” street, and it is an amazing place. In tumbledown courtyards you search through heaps of glassware and out of a few hundred chipped, broken, and otherwise flawed glass cups, you will probably be able to pick a dozen or so perfect ones. They come in several colors, but a certain deep purple is by far the most fascinating. If I remember correctly, the price is a dollar (Mex.) per dozen. Now the price of these Peking glass cups in America is . . . no, I shall leave that to your own knowledge or imagination. Another Peking specialty, one which is exhaustible and will no doubt be lost in a very few years, is the “gift” or “tribute” silk which you may find in the old embroidery shops of the Chinese City. The bolts contain from eight to ten yards of silk, sometimes more, varying from thirty to forty inches in width. The selling price runs between \$40.00 and \$60.00 Mex. a bolt. The history of these bolts is that, in the days of the Throne, the great silk mercers of the country presented to the Imperial family, and to certain of the highest officials, examples of their weaving as “tribute.” Also, these bolts were used as gifts, oftentimes serving as a squeeze token in preference to actual money. While a great deal of this silk was used up in the making of official ceremonial robes, a vast number of bolts accumulated in the go-downs of the Imperial Family or in those of the great Manchu nobles. The modern silk factories,

excellent as is their product, do not and cannot duplicate this old tribute silk. The silk worms of the present day do not compare with their ancestors, and no one knows how to mix the old dyes. Thus, while China's modern silk-weavers are extraordinarily gifted, they fail to produce this perfection of quality. There are never many bolts of tribute silk on the market at one time, as they drift in from the go-downs of the impoverished Manchus. Perhaps my keenness is excessive, but when you take one of the pieces in your hands—it may be fifty years old, or it may be one hundred and fifty—and find its texture as firm and its color as vivid as when it came from the loom, perhaps you will be equally enslaved.

Your first sight of furniture street will not predispose you to believe in possible treasures. The hodgepodge is bewildering and trash is predominant. Treasures and trash alike sell for the most insignificant sums. The finest of the old chairs, tables, and chests are made of rare woods, and their simple carving—not the tortuous work which Westerners associate with Chinese furniture—shows a perfection of craftsmanship which will make the collector's heart bound with joy and suspense. Sending home any finds is a comparatively simple matter, as one of the shipping agents will do all of the work.

After this saturnalia of shopping, let us return to ordinary sightseeing. If you are lingering in Peking for a season, you will not wish a gleaning from the long list. But I am assuming that your visit can concern itself with a selected menu only.

In the far northeast corner of the Tartar City, and just beyond the walls of this quarter, there is what might be called a cluster of marvels. There are the Drum Tower, the Bell Tower, the Hall of the Classics, the Temple of Confucius, the Temple of the Great Buddha, the Lama Temple, the Temple of the God of War, and outside the Antingmen Gate there is the Yellow Temple. Should you have but a half day for this corner of the city, you can save a couple of hours by taking a motor car. As a matter of fact, if you must be in a hurry, it would be better to avoid a confusing mass of impressions by concentrating upon the Drum Tower, the Lama Temple, and the Yellow Temple.

The Drum Tower is a relic of the grandeur of the Mongol

dynasty. Until not so long ago the beating of the drum from this massive pile gave the city its hours and sounded the nine o'clock curfew which sent the righteous to bed. If you climb the flight of steps to its high platform, you will find its ancient water clock. This service gave a uniform time to the city, which is much more than can be said of the imported watches and clocks of to-day.

The Lama Temple has an atmosphere so rare that, even if you have had a temple surfeit, you must include this particular edifice of faith. It really isn't a temple; it is a monastery. And it is not a Chinese affair. It serves the Mongols and Tibetans whose religious tenet is Lamaism, "a decadent, repulsive, yet picturesque form of Buddhism." Quite probably your first superficial impression of this *gompa* will be one of dirt and dinginess. These typical qualities give rise to the mistaken judgment that the buildings are in a far worse state of dilapidation than is actually the case. A squad of energetic char-women could make the place gleam. With the grime removed the buildings would show an immense number of exceedingly beautiful objects of temple art amid a considerable amount of trash. But that this monastery will ever know such an invasion is a heterodox thought, and the visitor must bring to it his discerning eye. It is distinctly worth while to do this. The halls are handsome, and the courtyards would be really marvelous places if the gang of leering hangers-on which surrounds the visitor would allow him a peaceful opportunity for observation. This hint of the human element is really the beginning of the story. The Lama Temple has always been a mysterious place and until it was invaded by the Allied troops in 1901, after the Boxer war was quashed, its mysteries were carefully guarded. It knew unlimited prosperity under the Empire, but the Republic is much less kind. The old regard was partly a matter of fear, partly politics. Enjoying an autonomy within their walls, the many hundred monks in those former days were free to allow their brutal imaginations to pursue paths of *diablerie* to unbelievable destinations. Tales are told which can send the chills up and down one's back. I do not know how much you may believe in "atmosphere," but this much I can say: I have never known any foreigner to enter the great

gates—all are free to do so to-day—without succumbing to an extraordinary feeling of uncanniness. The monks are supposed to spend a fair share of their time propitiating demons, but one imagines from slight observation that they actually maintain a very friendly intercourse with the powers of evil. Strange ceremonies take place, of which the yearly Devil Dance is the most famous public exhibition. The date falls in January. But at all times there is something about the Lama Temple which has no coincidence with modern humdrum existence. I have seen a monk go into such a sudden and terrible rage that if he was not possessed by devils any other convincing explanation would have to be something still more hideous. His rage ended in frightful convulsions.

"From the unwholesome moral atmosphere of the Yung Ho Kung," writes Miss Bredon, "we turn almost with relief and go on to the Confucian Temple, near by. How different are these quiet courts dedicated to calm and comfortable doctrines." While almost every visitor to Peking does seek out its quiet grounds and then looks in upon the Hall of the Classics, I find the merits of the Confucian Temple rather dull. There is a Confucian Temple in every Chinese city, but the Lama Temple—unless one journeys to the plains of Mongolia or the mighty mountains of Tibet—has no duplicates. But there is a second chapter to the story at the Yellow Temple on the plain beyond the Antingmen Gate. Here, for two hundred years, Mongolian and Tibetan lamas, coming to the Capital, have been entertained. "Though all the earlier Manchu Emperors took pains to conciliate the dignitaries of the Lama sects because they needed their allegiance and feared their enmity, K'ang Hsi had particular reason for doing so, as during his travels," so the legend runs, "he caused the death of a Living Buddha at Kuei Hua Ch'eng in Mongolia. Hence, the large sums this monarch spent embellishing the Huang Ssu (the Yellow Temple) while striving to atone and gain the friendship of the Mongol monks." As a matter of truth, this temple is distinctly worth seeing on its own account. Its great marble stupa is one of Peking's architectural triumphs; and from the standpoint of tradition it is an extremely interesting study, as it drew its inspiration from Tibetan and Indian sources. The other buildings,

formerly places of grandeur and luxury worthy to receive the Dalai Lama from Lhassa, himself, are falling into decay with a rapidity I could not believe possible if I had not myself seen the halls at the time of the fall of the Manchu dynasty and at intervals since then.

These are the supreme places in the city itself, but there are scores more of strange, or beautiful, or interesting corners for the leisurely searcher who has come to Peking for a season. There are the Russian cathedral, the Mohammedan mosque, the palaces of the Manchu nobles . . . scores of destinations to name to one's ricksha boy. But if your days are few, it is now high time to think of the Summer Palace and other places beyond the city walls. To me the Forbidden City is one of the most impressive revelations of all China, but the delight of pure enchantment returns merely at remembrance of the Summer Palace with its lovely lakes and gardens and pavilions. If I could have three days only in the Orient, I should choose Agra, Angkor, and the Summer Palace.

One or two words of practical advice might better be disposed of in advance. You will need a motor car, and it should be engaged for the full day and not for certain hours. The tourist agencies—they have offices in the hotels—will attend to striking a bargain for you with some Chinese garage. The car should be ordered to be ready early in the morning. Arrangements should be made with the Number One Boy of the dining-room the night before to have a picnic luncheon packed. Also, it is far better to take a guide than to trust to the cicerones on the spot whose good nature is about their only professional asset. The same tourist agency can be called upon for this service. It is wise to give some thought to your program in advance. You can visit the Summer Palace, the Jade Fountain Hill, and see something of the temples of the Western Hills in a single day, but such an ambition will mean crowded hours. The ideal plan is to spend one full day at the Summer Palace and to take another day for seeing the Jade Fountain Park and the Western Hills; but if this is not possible, then consider omitting the Jade Fountain altogether except for the view you will have from outside the walls. In engaging the

motor car for the Western Hills, be sure that the driver understands that you wish to return by the P'ing-tze-men Gate.

There have been summer palaces on or near the present site for at least nine centuries. We know very little about the earlier pleasure retreats except the tradition of their luxury. We do know of a certainty from the stories of European travelers that the palace built by K'ang Hsi in 1709, and extended by the great Ch'ien Lung, was a place of great beauty. This palace was looted and burned by the Franco-British troops in 1860, in reprisal for the torturing of prisoners on the part of the Chinese. The destruction was as complete as rifle butts, powder, and torches could make it. The looting was crude in its selections, considering the prizes at hand. The famous Empress Dowager was then a bride, and she shared in the adventures of the hasty retreat of the Court. (It is said that her affection for foreigners was not increased by this incident.) She always referred with fond remembrance to the beauties and charms of the old plaisirne, and years later, when she became all-powerful, she decided to build a new Summer Palace. The only money in the treasury was some fifty odd million dollars which was intended for a new navy. The Empress calmly appropriated this so happily available treasure. She has been greatly criticized, and it may be that China's defeat at the hands of Japan in the war of 1894 might not have been so prompt if Japan's naval guns had had to dispose of real ships instead of tubs. But the planned-for navy undoubtedly would have gone down to the bottom of the sea sooner or later, and the Old Buddha wouldn't have had her Summer Palace, nor should we.

I hope your guide is a "person of a thousand intelligences." So reads the advertisement on the business card of one of the guild. Even a guide with one intelligence will be found helpful, if his intelligence will but concern itself with the Summer Palace; for there are a thousand stories to be told as soon as you pass through the gate. In the first group of buildings is the Old Buddha's theater, and not far away is the building where she received the wives of the foreign ministers. You may look through the windows but you may not enter. In the same courtyard, I believe, are the rooms where she im-

prisoned the Boy Emperor after his dramatic but tragically futile attempt to give his people a constitution. From this group of buildings you follow a path to the shores of the lake, and there you step into a canopied barge which will take you on a drifting voyage. There are flowers through all the seasons when flowers bloom at all, but a particularly lovely time of year is when the lotus buds are opening. You will be landed in due time at the dock of the Marble Boat. The hull of this craft is of real marble . . . but you have seen countless photographs of this curiosity. The marble bridge, a stone's throw away, would be a far more memorable wonder if marble bridges were not so common and marble ships so rare. Enchanting as this spot is, do not allow your guide to persuade you to have tiffin here. Instead, climb the steps of the hill of the Temple of Ten Thousand Buddhas. About halfway up you come upon a bronze pavilion which belonged to Ch'ien Lung's Summer Palace and survived the fire of 1860. Ch'ien, besides being an emperor, was a bard of no mean distinction. One of the immortal poems of the Chinese anthology is a eulogy the emperor wrote about the view from this pavilion. The steps continue from this point until you come to a broad platform with a covered gallery, a favorite promenade of the Old Buddha. In these democratic days this bower of enchantment belongs to any one who pays the admission fee. Attendants appear from the shadows to take charge of your tiffin basket and to spread its contents on a table. They bring hot tea, and if your visit be on a summer's day they will also suggest that they have cold bottles of foreigners' beer. A plebeian beverage, perhaps, but when the heat waves are dancing above the plain, this drink of the barbarians' becomes a nectar which I believe Ch'ien Lung would celebrate in a poem.

When you have finished your imperial repast, it is time to consider tearing yourself away from this magic if you are planning to penetrate the green fastnesses of the Western Hills. I hope that you can take a second day for this adventure; but as so few visitors do, I must assume that you are likely to follow the conventional program. The path from the base of the hill of the Ten Thousand Buddhas Temple turns to the left and leads through a long colonnaded gallery. I should

hazard that it is about a quarter of a mile in length; and in the summertime—when the canal at one side and the lake on the other are lush with lotus plants—there is no more picturesque nor charming stroll in the wide world. The vistas of the lake and the vistas of the canal with its marble bridges . . . well, they are—as Father Attiret wrote of Ch'ien Lung's departed Summer Palace—sights “which the eye can enjoy but the lips cannot name.”

The high road which you take to the Jade Fountain and the Western Hills encircles the outer wall of the Summer Palace grounds. On the hillside are the ruins of the palaces which were fireswept in the disastrous days of 1860. From this perspective they gain a romantic picturesqueness which is lost by a nearer view. Farther along the road crosses an extraordinary bridge built up with houses; and then, in a few minutes, you are at the entrance to the Jade Fountain Park. It is only because the Western Hills are so absolutely lovely that I have made the suggestion that you forgo this “Garden of Peaceful Brightness.” It is a delightful place with a noble view from the high summit; and certainly, if you have an architectural soul allured by pagodas, the three shafts of this park are well-nigh perfect of their kind. One is of white marble—a dream of beauty; one is of green and gold encaustic tiles—a dream of poetic fantasy; and one is the soaring, many storied edifice which surmounts the peak.

It is folly to try to describe the Western Hills in a paragraph or two. Their fastnesses have been adorned by temples and monasteries and retreats through the centuries of the three great dynasties which maintained Peking as the imperial capital. If you have a week or two for countryside wandering, here is a paradise for your feet. “Many temples have Imperial traveling palaces called ‘hsing kung’ attached to them and all have guest rooms, ‘k'o t'ang,’ for the entertainment of strangers and passing pilgrims. In a land where country seats are rare and inns bad, the native gentry spend their holidays in temples and the priests, as in medieval Europe, are accustomed to receive and lodge all visitors including foreigners. In fact travelers' gifts of ‘tea money’ are one of their principal sources of revenue.” I have friends among Peking residents

who rent temples for their "Summer Camp," and unbelievably charming places they are. The priests retain the altar buildings so that daily prayers may ascend to the Gentle Buddha. Some of these temples are deep in the hills, others are near the winding road you are following. One of these, the Wo Fo Ssu, has been rented by the American Y.M.C.A., and it is one of the very oldest and most interesting. At the same hour that Western voices are raised in the singing of Gospel hymns, you may hear the priests chanting their *sutras* in the great hall of the Sleeping Buddha. If you have only a single afternoon, you cannot do much choosing among the uncounted retreats and you can search out only those which are easily accessible. As I have said, Wo Fo Ssu is one of these. Pi Yun Ssu is another. Happily the accessible places are not less beautiful than the more remote shrines sequestered in the deeper groves and valleys. In fact, Miss Bredon declares that Pi Yun Ssu, the "Monastery of the Azure Clouds," is "the most beautiful temple of the Western Hills and one of the most beautiful in China." Its marble pagoda and the marble terraces which lead to it have that quality of perfection where one feels that not a stone or an item of decoration could be changed except in error.

In an afternoon, especially if the morning has been spent at the Summer Palace, I hardly imagine that you will find time to see more than these two places. Should you find it to be otherwise, there are the "Eight Great Places" over the summit of this first ridge of hills. These eight are a succession of temples, one above another, in a narrow valley. They are very old, some of them going back to days long before the Mongol invasion. Alas, in this age of the Republic, when there are no driblets whatsoever from the government treasury, their decay is proceeding apace.

If you are spending a full day in these outer spurs of the Western Hills, do not bring a picnic basket, as luncheon is to be had on the high terrace of an ancient retreat known as Kang-lu, which an enterprising Chinese caterer has turned into a restaurant. There is also the Western Hills Hotel, directly on the motor highway. This latter place might serve as a base for tramping trips for any one not caring to make the test of the hospitality of the temples.

The winding circular road brings you back to Peking by way of the handsome P'ingtsemen Gate. Just before you come in sight of the city walls, you pass the graceful and beautiful thirteen-storied pagoda of Pa Li Chuang. The buildings around its base have completely disappeared. "Within the last half century," writes Miss Bredon. "Pa Li Chuang has gone to ruin, and the golden image of Kuan Yin piously enshrined there by one of the Ming empresses . . . is no longer on the altar. As worshipers decreased and with them the income of the adjacent monastery, the priests grew angry. They sold the timbers and carved woodwork of the temple for fuel and all the altar ornaments. Then they went away leaving the pagoda desolate and deserted." Years ago when I first saw this pagoda, some of the buildings were still standing. I spent a friendly hour or so with the priests and before I left they uncovered from a heap of rubbish the severed head of the image of Kuan Yin. Perhaps they had been restrained so far from disposing of this "curio" through some superstitious fear, or perhaps they had hesitated due to the talk in the air at that time that the government was going to take steps to punish the despoilers of temples. When I happened to mention that I was an American and was leaving Peking that very night, they told me I might have the head for two dollars if I would promise to secrete it in my coat on the way back to the hotel and get it away from Peking without divulging a word to any one. Should such an opportunity repeat itself, I am rather sure that I should go off with the head. But this was a long time ago and some inexplicable wave of conscience swept me. There had been a vandalism to the act of decapitation in which I did not wish to share. I wonder who eventually got it.

The Ming Tombs and the Great Wall of China

The marvels within and about the city of Peking are to be seen with comfortable ease. But at that moment when you decide to proceed farther afield in search of wonders, you must know that the plenteous comforts of Peking's hotels may not be taken with you. The trip to the Ming Tombs and to the Great Wall at the Nankou Pass might almost be cited as an

exception. In the past decade so many travelers have accomplished this short excursion that a routine procedure has been established, making the visit a simple adventure.

The ease with which one may to-day reach the Ming Tombs and the Nankou Pass was not always thus. It seems only yesterday that the journey had to be made by horseback or sedan chair over such roads that the twenty-five miles of actual distance seemed a thousand. Travelers of this generation step into a train of the Peking-Kalgan line and are at the Pass within a couple of hours. If you think that the present traveling conditions and arrangements are not particularly comfortable and luxurious, just realize the vision of yesterday.

This is the usual program and there is no likely reason for departing from its conventions: Go to one of the tourist agencies and get an inclusive price for the railway fare, the hotel bill at Nankou, and the chair charge for the trip to the Tombs. An English speaking guide will be sent along if desired. His assistance is by no means a necessity, but, if you have had no experience with chair coolies and cross-country expeditions in China, you will appreciate his aid. Should you decide to go to the Wall only, and omit the Ming Tombs, the trip may be made in a day.

It is quite unnecessary to detail the steps, as the practical routine unfolds itself as it goes along. You arrive at the Nankou Railway Hotel to find luncheon ready and your chair and coolies waiting. I believe that the map says that the trail to the Tombs measures only seven miles. Tennyson's animadversion on the Chinese should have been, "Better fifty miles in Europe than seven in Cathay." However—unless you have been so ill-advised as to choose a donkey—it is your chair coolies who pay the penalty for China's taste in roads and not yourself. They are a cheerful lot. If you wish proof concerning the well-worn saying that cheerfulness is an endemic quality among the Celestials, here you have it; and also, if you note the faces of the people of the miserable mud walled villages through which you pass, you will find the same happy acceptance of an existence which we should consider a tragic penalty.

The valley which you at length approach—the seven miles

having been consumed—is endowed with a singular power to impress one with awe. Perhaps you have been to the misty Isle of Skye, or to Spain's gloomy Escorial. If so, you will know this power of uncanny suggestion. There is isolation. But above all there is silence. It was this valley which the great Yung Loh himself chose for the tombs of the Mings. His general plan may be said to have been taken from the traditions which had guided the building of royal cemeteries for untold centuries, but he builded with a lavish ambition beyond the most vaunting dreams of the Hans or the Sungs.

As you approach across the desolate plain you first descry the grand *p'ai lou*, a marble gateway of five arches. This archway, opening upon the "Road of Spirits," is one of the architectural jewels of the East. The avenue of the ghosts now leads you straight onwards to the Thirteen Tombs clustered under the base of the forbidding hills, but they are still a goodly distance away. Your coolies rest for a few moments to smoke a communal pipe, but they will appreciate with wreaths of smiles a donation of cigarettes. Then again you are in your chair and your bearers, grown silent, follow the arrow path to the red gateway where the funeral processions used to dismount. From choice, if not from any sense of tradition, I think you will wish to walk after you have reached the four "Pillars of Victory." From here onwards the avenue is flanked by guardian rows of mammoth statues of men and animals. They are of such remarkable execution that the fame of this lonely avenue has spread throughout the wide world. There are lions, camels, elephants, unicorns, and strange monsters for whom our own language has no name.

It is unlikely that you will have time to visit more than one of the tombs, and unless you tell your coolies to the contrary they will take you to the Mausoleum of Yung Loh. This tomb is the most beautiful of the group, which means that it is the most beautiful in China.

Your coolies shout and beat on the outer door, and finally a caretaker is to be heard approaching, rattling the keys. It is by the silver pieces of the occasional tourists that he must live in this day and generation. You might just as well accept one of the importuning guides, who now appear, on the basis of

peace. Also, without a guide, you might not find the hidden door which leads to the grove beyond the temple of the second courtyard.

No one has ever captured in words the solemn grandeur of this mausoleum of Yung Loh, but Miss Bredon has expressed the emotion one feels. ". . . and looking at his tomb we find ourselves thinking that he has triumphed in some measure over death, for who shall outwit death but 'he who creates beauty too beautiful to die'?"

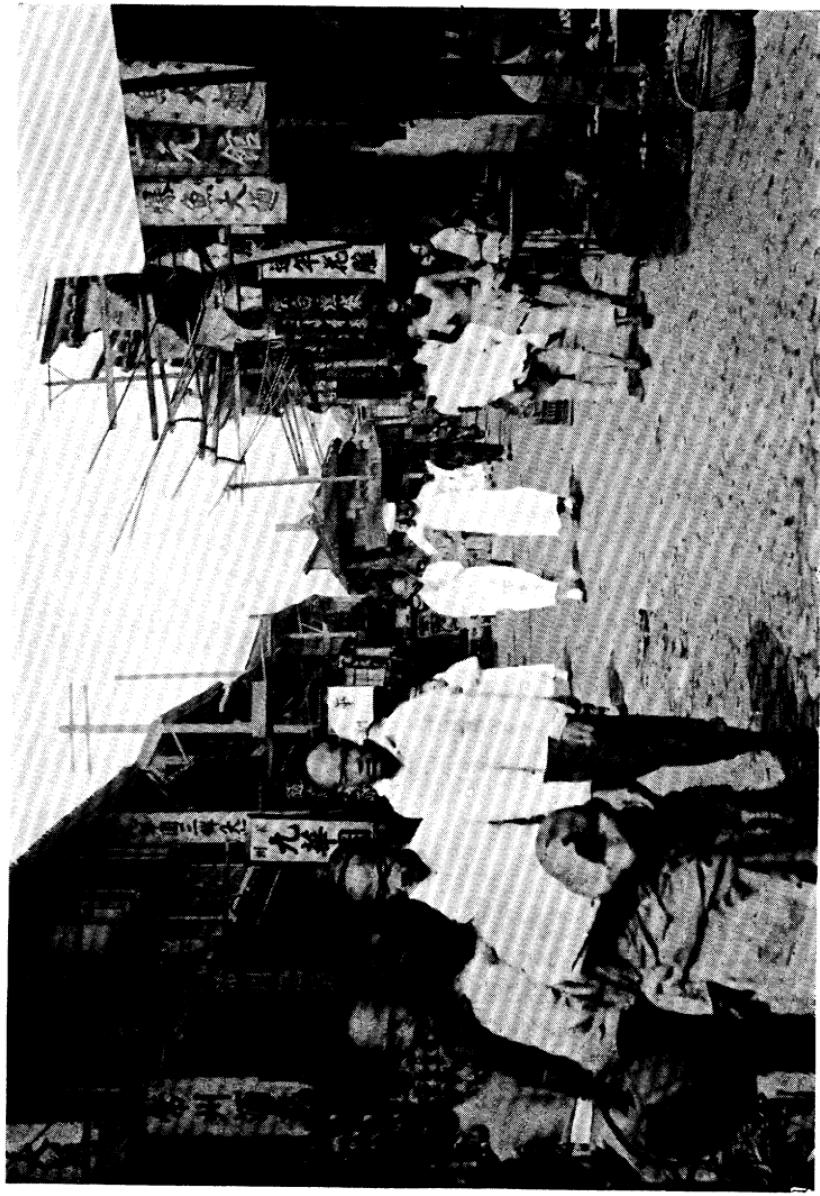
When you are back again at the queer little hotel at Nankou, I venture to say that you will find yourself more tired and hungry than ever before or after in your Chinese days.

Included in the hotel bill comes the luncheon basket which you take with you the next morning on the train which climbs through Nankou Pass to the Great Wall. For the sightseeing benefit of the first class passengers, a car is pushed ahead of the engine of this early morning freight train.

The Great Wall is about fourteen hundred miles in length. It may seem totally against the law of chances that the one place where it is most easily accessible for a visitor should be the most spectacular section of all its vast span. Nevertheless, this is so. It was through the Nankou Pass that the Mongol hordes were most likely to attempt to overrun the Peking plain. If you are expecting to see nothing more remarkable than a stone wall, notable solely on account of its length, then you are due for the most overwhelming surprise of your Eastern wanderings. What you will actually behold is a wonder of wonders.

The train stops at a station not far from the Pa Ta Ling Gate, which may be reached by a half hour's walk. You then come suddenly upon your first sweeping view of this great python of stone. It winds its stubborn way over cragged peaks and plunges down into sunless valleys. It is forever conquering the impossible.

The Great Wall of China could never be built to-day. Rich as the modern world is, far richer in bullion and credits than ever before, and powerful as may be the empires of to-day, we have neither the wealth nor the autocratic command which might order a duplication of this ancient wall. Its price was the cruel cost of the lives of thousands upon thousands of



A Busy Street in the Native City Is Characteristic of the Commercial Activity of China



The Great Wall of China Winds its Serpentine Way over Hill and Valley

slaves and prisoners. What autocrat of to-day could issue such a command? It remains, and forever will remain, the most imposing, ambitious, and spectacular achievement of man in the physical world. "To get the prospect in the fullness of its noble grandeur, one must climb the wall to the highest tower of the eastern spur. So steep is this section that the *terre-plain* takes the form of steps of square brick flags, very laborious to mount. But from the casemated embrasures of this huge stone sentry box, twenty-eight other blockhouses, each a third of a mile from its neighbor, are visible, and whichever way we turn the Wall itself seems to pursue us, writhing like a mighty dragon as far as the eye can reach."

Should you board the train headed for Kalgan rather than the one for Peking, you may expect to arrive in that town of Inner Mongolia in five or six hours. I suppose that about three travelers out of a hundred would find this frontier station intensely interesting. The others would feel that they had embarked on a wholly unprofitable venture.

Before the building of this railway line the camel caravans from Central Asia came to the very walls of Peking, and it was one of the romantic sights of the Capital to behold their arrival and departure. As an occasional caravan still finds its way through the Nankou Pass, suggestions of this old-time commerce with mysterious and remote places survive at the Peking gates. But generally speaking, Kalgan has usurped the title of being the "end of the trail." The railway is now being pushed farther and farther to the west, despite the chaos of political conditions. In fact it has advanced to Suiyuan and beyond. Sometime in the veiled future it will go through to Urga and then join onto the Trans-Siberian near Lake Baikal. These facts and speculations are absorbingly engaging to those who have fallen under the lure of the map of Asia, but they are hardly germane to this particular book. In a couple of decades from now, *Finding the Worth While in the Orient* will perhaps include the description of the train journey to Holy Urga, with pages devoted to the great golden temple of Ganden and the palace of the "Living Buddha." Motor cars to-day do push their way over the dreary, windswept plains between Kalgan and Urga, and with the best of good luck the distance is

covered in five days. However, to return to our subject, no traveler would think of going to Kalgan merely to see the town as a town. Its spectacle is the caravansaries outside the gates and the arriving caravans. The supreme picture is to see one of the great caravans on the march. Occasionally they may number half a thousand camels, with an appropriate number of desert Mongols in attendance. They come straggling along the historic trail, the line extending as far as the eye can see in either direction.

If you should go to Kalgan, I can promise you nothing about its accommodations. You may find that a foreign style hotel has been launched, and there are always the Chinese inns, somewhat accustomed to foreigners although foreigners may not be to them. The hospitality of the few Westerners who live there is wide; and it is the unusual, rather than the usual, occurrence not to have an immediate invitation to some one's home.

Before we say good-by to this railway line, I must mention Ta-tung-fu, which lies about one hundred miles beyond Kalgan, or two hundred and twenty-nine miles from Peking. It was next door to being inaccessible before the railway came, although the Cave Temples of Yun-kang—which are about ten miles outside the city walls—are famous among China's treasures of ancient art. The visit now can be made in three days from Peking. An English speaking guide is a necessity and the trip includes the adventure of spending two nights in a Chinese inn. However, if the matter of expense is not vital, there may be a de luxe escape from this inn necessity by hiring a private car from the railway for the journey. You may then visit the Great Wall at Nankou, spend such time as you wish at Kalgan, and proceed to Ta-tung-fu. Ta-tung-fu was an important city before Romulus and Remus were born. Its fine walls are unusual in their picturesque strength even in this land of walls, and its streets are unusually striking. Under the Tartar Wei emperors, the city flourished mightily and it was during this period (the fourth century A.D.) that the Cave Temples, inspired by Indian influence, were created. A perpendicular limestone face of rock, about a half mile long, offered the medium for the sculptors, and they covered its sur-

face with uncounted thousands of carvings of Buddha's image and with extraordinarily beautiful decorative designs. In the middle of the cliff are statues of heroic size, fifty or sixty feet in height. The truth is that the tourist world has hardly awakened to the fact that Ta-tung-fu may be reached by rail. It remains one of those "far away, remote places" quite easily possessed by any one having the initiative for the effort.

Other Excursions from Peking

When it comes to other near and farther countryside excursions beyond the walls of Peking, there arises immediately a number of limitations to any casual exploring. There are no roads worthy of the name; the traveler must rely upon exceedingly primitive means of transportation; and the native inns furnish the only accommodation. Furthermore, with but few exceptions, the places of unusual interest require several days of difficult traveling, and in these days, when you never can tell just how much truth rests in bandit rumors, no amount of advice can cover the possible contingencies. I hasten to make clear that the two or three places I am about to mention are brought into these pages principally because they complete Peking's imperial story.

Jehol, like Lhassa, is a name to conjure with. If you should make the journey to this old summer capital of the Manchus, you may begin to call yourself a sinologist rather than a tourist. While the distance from Peking is only about one hundred and fifty miles, to cross the Atlantic is a much more simple venture and takes no more days. Before one leaves Peking all sorts of permits and passes must be asked for, and there is no surety that they will be issued. The park and pleasure palaces of Jehol were created about two hundred years ago. They were an exceedingly beautiful retreat for something more than a century, and then one of the Manchu emperors was struck by lightning here. After this sign from the gods, the place was abandoned except for one brief resumption forty years later. This aroused the gods again, and the emperor was sent an illness which carried him off. His successors definitely decided that the place was accursed.

If you become one of the wanderers who know the groves and grottos and the paths which encircle the lakes, of a surety you will find the place a fairyland, but a fairyland in utter disrepair. While the palaces and the quaint gardens—in their grotesque decay and dilapidation—are an extraordinary revelation, the great Lama monasteries, still occupied, are the *pièce de résistance* of the menu of marvels. The great Potala, so the priests will tell you, is a copy of Lhassa, reduced in size but in other ways an accurate duplicate. Whether this is true or not, it is an extravagant pile of buildings, and any one who has looked upon its mass can never afterward conscientiously say that he has never had forced from his lips a gasp of sheer wonderment.

On the road to Jehol only two or three extra days are needed to visit the "Eastern Tombs" of the Manchu dynasty at Tung Ling. They are seventy miles from Peking, but to reach them requires the same elaborate preparations for a cross-country expedition as the journey to Jehol. To visit them alone the round trip takes about a week. There are nine tombs to occupy the two hundred square miles of the inexpressibly beautiful countryside which has been dedicated to them. Each tomb has its own village of Manchu caretakers, who so far have never allowed the tombs to be looted although they now receive no payment for their custodianship. One of these tombs, the newest, contains the last remains of the great Empress Dowager. She sleeps, surrounded by a magnificence of richness and splendor which she herself ordered. And you may be sure that she knew exactly what she wanted.

There is yet another group of Manchu graves, those at Hsi Ling, known as the "Western Tombs." While these are farther from Peking by a few miles than the Eastern Tombs, they have been made accessible by the building of the Peking-Hankow Railway and its branch line to Liang-ko Chuang. From here it is but a short ride by donkey to the magnificent entrance gate. While perhaps not a half dozen foreigners in a year visit the Eastern Tombs, the visit to Hsi Ling is not at all uncommon. There are no insuperable difficulties in being your own guide, but it is inconvenient. Every one conventionally goes to one of the tourist companies and places all of

the arrangements in its hands. The arrangement provides bedding, beds, a cook, and quarters for the night in one of the old pavilions. Needless to say, the place is another beautiful park. When the Chinese emperors chose their burial spots, they chose exceedingly well.

The Routes Between Peking and Shanghai

Perhaps you will not find yourself perplexed and vexed over having to make a choice from among the three possible routes between Peking and Shanghai. Perhaps you will be forced by the limitations of your time schedule to take the quickest route; and in that case you cannot claim quite so much credit for knowing your mind. But here are the choices:

In the summer season the steamer journey between Tientsin and Shanghai is popular. The Chinese trains, under the most favorable conditions, exhibit the usual hot weather discomforts of railway journeying. Also, the Chinese military mind not infrequently indulges in strange antics, and among its capers is that of looking upon the Chinese railroads as amusing toys with which to divert the soldiers. Particularly in the summer, flocks of common soldiers journey up and down the country by train for no known reason except that they must enjoy the ride. No one, Chinese or foreigner, thrills over their ubiquitous presence. However, the pendulum swings back and forth. You are as likely as not to find the express trains running in an acceptable way. I have never had any particularly unpleasant experiences. The steamer route is an escape from the railway when desirable.

A second route is to travel by train to Hankow over the Peking-Hankow line. Hankow is situated on the Yangtse, five hundred and eighty-five miles above Shanghai. The express trains to Hankow are supposed to take thirty-five hours, and the river voyage to Shanghai is supposed to take two and a half days. Western arithmetic would add these hours and make the total four days; but in China the answer is more likely to be five or six days. The countryside between Peking and Hankow is the vast plain of the Chihli, Honan, and Hupeh provinces.

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If you should be taking a year for your Chinese visit, and discomforts should mean nothing to your adventurous spirit, you would undoubtedly leave the main line of this railway at Cheng-chow (Tcheng-tcheou) and take the Pien-Lo Railway as far west as it has been completed, and would finish the distance to Si-an-fu by hiring a Chinese cart and driving there in six days or so. Si-an-fu is one of the great cities of China but not until the railway reaches its gates will it need an inn to entertain foreign tourists. The fame of the magnificence of this ancient capital reached Europe almost before it was known that there was a Chinese Empire. In fact, the city has seen at least forty centuries. It may be that it was the earliest city of the Empire. However, I am digressing from any practical description of the Peking-Hankow-Shanghai route in mentioning Si-an-fu.

The direct railway route between Peking and Shanghai presents to the traveler a printed time-table declaring that the express trains make the journey in exactly thirty-six hours. Once upon a time this schedule was fairly well maintained, and I hope you will find that this one-time efficiency has returned, as this is the most likely route for your choice. Even with its lapses from the perfect, this route remains the quickest. Furthermore, it passes close by sacred Mount Taishan and the Tomb of Confucius.

The Tomb of Confucius and Sacred Mount Taishan

No visitor to China ever leaves fully content with the extent of his accomplishments, and he departs with the consoling conviction that surely some day he will return to see certain omitted places. Now of these earnest promises, probably more are concerned with sacred Mount Taishan and the countryside of Confucius than with all the other neglected destinations combined. This is another way of saying that if you decide to be one of the foreigners who accomplish these two pilgrimages on your initial visit, you will be exceptional. But you must not expect to carry off such a guerdon without paying for it by considerable exertion. A very short time ago you would have had to endure the multiform discomforts of two or three nights

in unspeakable native inns. Now there is a Railway Hotel at Tai-an-fu for visitors to Taishan, and there is a similar establishment at Chu-fou for visitors to the Tomb and Temple of Confucius.

It is an all-day train ride from Peking to Tsinan-fu, the capital city of Shantung Province. This very important city, from a commercial standpoint, became a treaty port in 1906. The Germans waved a magic hand, and lo! a modern city leaped into being alongside the old. Then came the Japanese. Efficiency has continued to flourish like a green bay tree. You will see the imposing Western style buildings of the Shang-pu quarter from the train, and you may very well think that you have suddenly been transported to the outskirts of some city in Germany. But the Chinese city, hidden behind its hoary walls, preserves its secrets against any such casual inspection. When the veil is lifted this is found to be merely one of China's ten thousand walled towns. If you take my advice you will go on for another two and a half hours to Tai-an-fu and sample the comforts of the new Railway Hotel and lay in a good night's sleep against the early morning start to Taishan.

The great pilgrimage season for Taishan starts after the Chinese New Year's, and continues from February into May. It is not infrequent that ten thousand seekers of merit make the ascent in a single day. The native belief is that Taishan is the oldest rendezvous of man, a sort of combination of Eden and Mt. Ararat. It is certainly the oldest sacred mountain in all known history. If your credulity refuses to accept any more ancient date than 2300 B.C., when the Emperor Shun is recorded to have offered up sacrifices on the summit, that is going fairly well back into the past. I should like to believe all of the legends which concern the Emperor Shun. They breathe the spirit of China as conclusively as do the sagas reveal the Viking spirit. This great emperor was born of very humble parentage, but he "was distinguished for his great filial piety exhibited towards his stupid father and wicked stepmother, and for his gentleness toward his arrogant half-brother. By his patience and wisdom he was able to keep peace in his father's household. The rumors of his exceptional conduct reached the ears of the Emperor Yao, who gave Shun his two daughters in

marriage and appointed him heir to the throne, in place of his own son who was considered unequal to the post. For the same reason Shun passed over his own son and appointed as his successor Yu, a minister who had won the gratitude of his countrymen by saving the land from the ravages of a great deluge." Shun's life reflects the Chinese ideal of kingship, but like some other ideals it has never been vulgarized by becoming too common.

In the way of practical plans, you will find it a useful precaution to send an advance letter to the Taian Hotel, Tai-an-fu, so that your room will be ready, chair coolies engaged, and an English speaking guide secured from the Methodist Mission. If anything should go wrong with your plans, you can rely upon the hospitable aid of the mission to help straighten out the tangle. The distance from Taian to the summit of the sacred mountain is fifteen miles, and the chair coolies make this ascent in six hours, but take only three for the descent. Their charge for this Atlantean feat is \$3.00 Mex. The coolies belong to a guild of ancient origin, which for some mysterious reason chooses its members to-day from exclusively Mohammedan sources. It is said that the guild enforces a fearful penalty for a slip on the steep stone stairs. But there are no slips.

No two foreigners seem ever to be similarly impressed by the wonders of Taishan, although none fail of impressions. On the contrary, the Chinese hold to a standardized opinion that there is no view in the wide world to compare with it in majesty and ineffable beauty. Confucius in his day was one of the pilgrims. That the sage held this conventional sentiment of his fellow countrymen is vouched for by a stone tablet near the summit. Certain foreigners have written extraordinarily creepy stories about the thrilling and fearsome dangers of the precipices, but one and all their stories end happily. Certainly it is a never to be forgotten experience to pass through the "First Heaven Gate" and to reach the "Clouds Stepping Bridge." The natural scenery—as much of Nature as has been allowed to escape elaborate decoration at the hands of the pious—with its precipices and waterfalls and crags and twisted pine trees, has its own spectacular enchantment. In

four thousand years no one, upon whom the conviction has fallen that he ought to add a temple or a gate or something of the sort to the scenery, has been apparently balked in fulfilling his vow. We know the dates of some of the gates and temples, but I have never come upon any convincing statement, or even a good guess, as to who built the endless flight of stone steps. They were there when Confucius made the ascent, and were even then called ancient. Nearly every step has its beggar. The prosperity of the Taishan mendicants is assured, as the people give because of the merit which accrues from giving. They are troubled by no dismay over the fact that the beggars are better fed, clothed, and housed than are they themselves.

Some forty miles south of Tai-an-fu lies Chufou, a couple of hours' train journey. If you look at an accurate railway map you will see that the railway station and the town do not coincide. Thereby hangs a very, very sad tale. If your eyes do not appreciate the pathetic fullness of the story from the map, your bones will do so later when you are transported in a Peking cart over the five intervening miles of Chinese road. The explanation in Crow's *Handbook* is that "when the railway was being constructed, the Duke of Kung, a lineal descendant of Confucius, objected to the defilement of the sacred place by such a barbarous thing as a foreign railway and so was able to keep it out of Chufou, where he is very influential. It is therefore necessary for the visitor to ride five miles in a Chinese cart or wheelbarrow from the railway station. The fact that the Duke is now a wiser man and regrets that the road does not touch his city does not make the ride any shorter." Perhaps also the German surveyors engaged by the railway were somewhat lacking in the tact which would have allowed "face-saving." The Duke has now been gathered to his ancestors, concerning whom the record has been kept for seventy-two generations. The present Duke is at this writing a boy of four summers. If you come bringing a letter from some Chinese personage, you will be permitted to pay your respects to this seventy-fourth descendant of the great sage. (Possibly the "direct" descent has had to be pieced out by adoptions once or twice, but adopted heirs are pragmatically accepted in the East.)

Even should you dissociate the aura of the sage from this his

birthplace and deathplace, nevertheless the Temple, which lies within the city walls, and the cemetery, which lies some two miles outside the north gate, are of preeminent intrinsic interest. The Temple of Confucius is one of those buildings of the world which might be described as a "supreme effort to achieve the perfect." But perhaps such a statement needs a word or so of explanation. The original temple on this site was built in 478 B.C., a modest affair of three rooms. Confucius had died only the year before. While this recognition of the sage shows that he was a prophet not without honor in his own country, it was not until several centuries later that his ethical teachings—expounded and elaborated by his disciples and their successors—made their quiet conquest of the Chinese mind, and the teacher himself began to be honored far and wide as the greatest of the sages. With the common people this recognition soon took on the form of deification; just as in India Buddha, the teacher, became Buddha, the god. Eventually, when the proper way in which incense must be burned before his image became a more important consideration than to read his writings, a grander shrine was needed. No one knows how many times the temple may have been altered and increased and partially rebuilt during the first twelve centuries after Confucius' death, but in the year 739 A.D. the Emperor Hsuan-tsung conferred upon the sage the grandiose and posthumous honor of the title of "Wen-hsuan-wang." The more ornate you can make the translation, the nearer you will be to the meaning, but a mild translation is "Prince of Literary Enlightenment." The great temple which was then built is more or less the one which you see to-day. Naturally, in the course of twelve centuries there have had to be repairs and renovations. But this temple built by Hsuan-tsung represented the utmost step toward perfection which the building genius of China could conceive. This means more than might appear on the surface. Tradition had defined certain conventional forms long before Confucius was born. The idea of "perfection" had little to do with originality. It had to accept the conventional limitations set by tradition and then work toward the end of the uttermost possible refinement in choosing the materials, in determining the most harmonious proportions, and in

paying the most minute attention to decoration and the landscape setting. The foreign barbarian's appreciation for Chinese temple architecture may be warm or only lukewarm, but here there is awakened a certain quality of curiosity which is unique, and it is amply rewarded.

Chufou itself is a miserable town. In the winter its streets flow with noxious mud; in the summer its dust clouds are strangling. But such diabolically unpleasant features are forgotten as soon as one reaches the gate of the great temple enclosure and is admitted to the tree shaded park with its atmosphere of benign calm. Every stick and stone has its long tale which might be told, but the usual visitor is content to forgo such a dismaying deluge. And after all, it is the great main temple and the ducal residence of the head of the Kung which one remembers.

If the place were in utter ruin and its history unknown, and some archeologist should come along and dig up the nine stone pillars of the temple, with their dragon carvings, the world would declare from this evidence alone that here must have stood a building of first importance and supreme beauty. Fortunately we need not depend upon assumptions, nor is it likely that desolate ruin will here be found for many a long century to come. While from Imperial Peking to ancient Canton neglect is allowing almost all of China's monuments to fall into decay, here at Chufou the upkeep of this temple enclosure is assured. It is provided for by income from estates owned by the Kung family. It is not exactly absurd to visualize a China a thousand or two thousand years hence with the great cities which we know, or as we know them, almost forgotten. But Chufou will remain virtually as we see it to-day.

It depends somewhat upon the season of your visit whether you will find the two mile drive to the Cemetery, along the avenue of ancient cypress tress, as impressive as you may have seen it described in the travel books of former visitors. I hope that you have a beautiful spring or autumn day. After you are admitted through the outer gate there is first a long path through fields of ordinary graves. Finally you come to the innermost enclosure, a secluded place of infinite peace. Perhaps you have expected to find a great mausoleum to out-

rival the magnificence of the imperial tombs of the Manchus or Mings. There could hardly be a more profound contrast. What you see is a mound, a grass grown hillock, marked by a simple tablet.

From Chufou the railway journey to Shanghai brings only one temptation to break its flight, and that is at Nanking. But as Nanking belongs to the Yangtse Valley cities, you will find the discussion of it in the following chapter.

CHAPTER 5

CENTRAL CHINA—SHANGHAI AND THE YANGTSE VALLEY

ONE hundred years ago the site of Shanghai was a desolate, reed grown mud bank bordering the Whangpoo a few miles above the point where that turgid river empties into the mouth of the Yangtse. This mud bank was named as a "foreign concession" by the treaty of 1842. A few British firms came, then some French, then some American. Shanghai was beginning to grow. In the 1870's, following the opening of the Suez Canal, steamer services were inaugurated between Europe and the East, and it took little vision to see that the days of the windjammer were passed and the days of steam had come. This meant that Shanghai, with the only deep water harbor along the northern two-thirds of the China coast and with its command of the Yangtse trade, was inevitably destined to become the commercial heart of the Dragon Empire. To-day, as your steamer heads up the Whangpoo and you gaze upon the miles of busy harbor front and at the serried ranks of the twentieth century skyscrapers of the shore, you will know that that destiny has been fulfilled. More than that, you will be inclined to believe the prophecy that in one hundred years from now Shanghai will be the greatest commercial city of the world.

The amazement of this introduction comes from no exotic quality of the scene. Except for the junks and sampans of the river, there is little to suggest that you are in China. It is not until you are in the streets that the East greets you. I say "the East" advisedly, for even now you are not really in China. True, if you should count the number of the Sons of Han here living you would find them outnumbering the twenty thousand odd foreigners by a magnificent majority of perhaps a hundred to one. But so far (although, probably, for not much longer) the voice of the Celestials has been of little more importance

in the direction of the city's affairs than the singing of the mosquitoes which nightly arises above Soochow Creek. In fine, Shanghai is the supreme commercial metropolis of China, but it is not a Chinese city.

There is a Chinese "Shanghai"—the native town bordering the French Concession. Some historians have attributed to this town an extremely hoary age; in fact, to believe the avowals of the Chinese, there must have been a village here at the time when Western geologists tell us that the alluvial plain of the Yangtse delta had not yet come into existence. But granting as many centuries as one wishes, it can hardly be claimed that the town was ever much of a credit to China, or that it knew any importance, commercial or otherwise. It remained for the British to recognize that the deep and safe waters of the elbow of the Whangpoo above the Chinese city offered a harbor which could command the commerce of the Yangtse Valley.

The first Britishers arrived and settled on the marsh bank in 1843. The French obtained their Concession in 1849. The American Settlement, so called, was united with the British Settlement in 1863 to form the present International Settlement. The affairs of the International Settlement are managed by a Municipal Council of nine members elected by rate payers other than Chinese. The Chinese are now demanding representation, and he would be a rash prophet who would dare to predict what changes the future holds. As extraterritoriality prevails, except for Germans and Russians, foreigners are subject to the law and protection of their own consuls. Native offenders against the law and order of the Municipality are tried in the famous "Mixed Court," on whose bench sits a Chinese magistrate and a foreign "assessor." Civil cases in which a foreigner becomes plaintiff against a Chinese are also tried in this court. Altogether it is a very mixed-up business, not so marvelous in the way it works as that it should work at all.

The harbor front with its skyscrapers, and with its mills, warehouses, and oil tanks, is American in its Westernness. As for the residence streets, at one moment you might believe that you were in a suburb of London; at another that you were in some newly developed outlying district of Paris; at another that you were in some modern German town. All, however,

give the common impression that luxury and comfort are here entrenched. In no other city of the East has the foreigner "done himself" quite so well.

Of course you will have written or cabled to the hotel for reservations. Shanghai's hotels are always dismaying crowded. Even if you have received assurance that a room is being held, it is just as well to be quick in satisfying the curiosity of the lenient customs officials and then, turning over your luggage to the hotel porter, to step into a ricksha and hurry to the hotel desk. There are, naturally, more hotels than one; but Shanghai's speciality is its giddy whirl, and the effervescence at the Astor is more tangy than elsewhere. All the latest scandal of the town is an old story in its lobbies almost before it occurs. Should you wish to avoid hectic commotion and that sort of thing, it is really a pity to waste Shanghai upon you.

Your first ricksha ride, assuming that you do come by steamer, will be along the famous Bund, the street facing the river and representing the most valuable real estate in all Asia. (The business firms which can give "The Bund" as an address need no other "rating.") You pass the none too remarkable Public Gardens—not public, however, to Celestials—and then your boy bends low in the shafts to drag you over the arched bridge spanning Soochow Creek. A moment later you are at the hotel. If a thrill of strange excitement has not captured you in the midst of the jostling traffic of the Bund, then what emotional reflexes have you? You will have seen a crowd composed of an extraordinary mixture of nationalities; you will have seen types of every sort of vehicle that man has invented; and you will have seen at least a hundred imminent traffic collisions escaped by no more than a hair's breadth. The Chinese know no other margin.

It would be absurd for me to predict how long any one else might wish to linger in Shanghai. The city has too many facets for that. There is the shopping side, the social side, the sociological side, and any number of other sides. It is quite a different matter to offer the opinion that in forty-eight hours a visitor can see everything that is interesting in the way of sights, and that the program can be compressed into twenty-four hours if need be. But for any one who is caught up in the

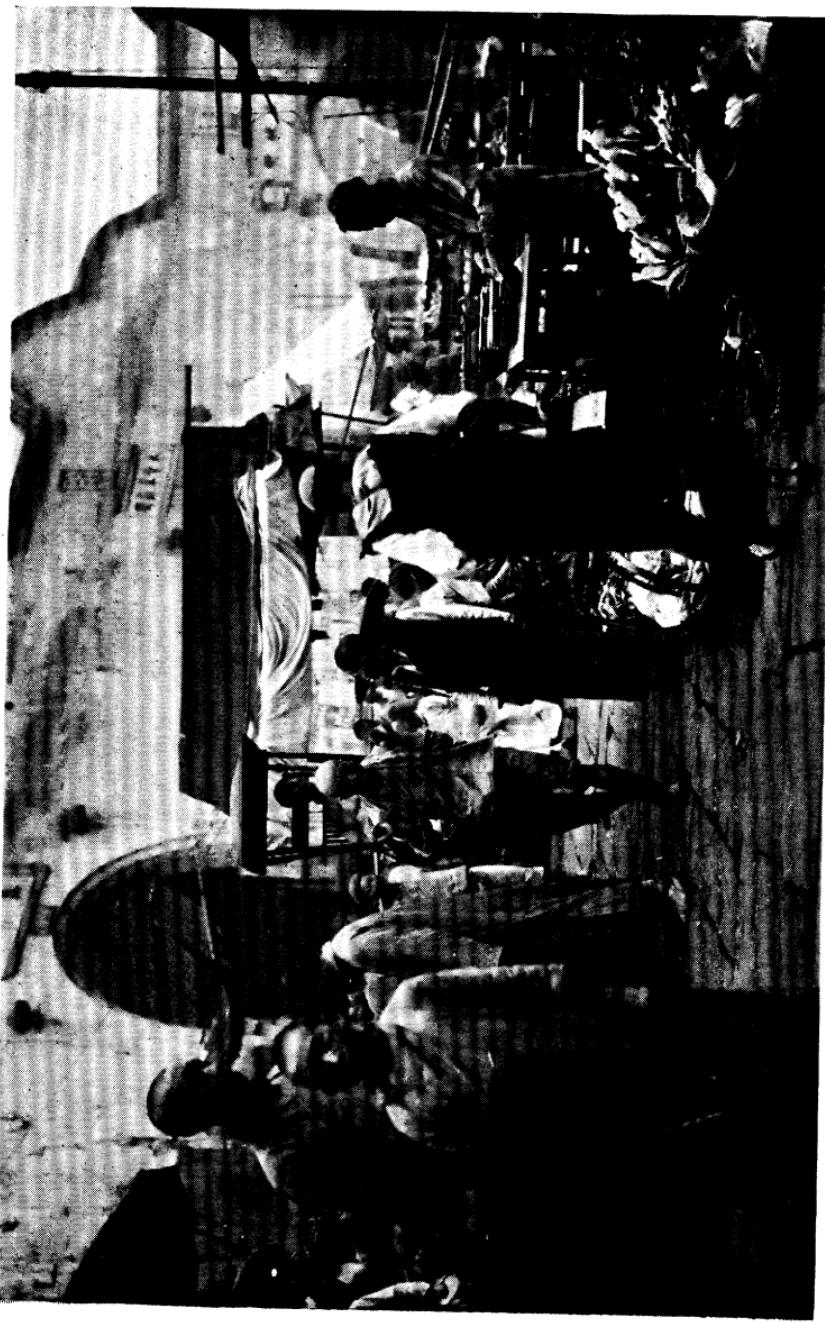
gay whirl of Shanghai and likes it, the days can flit by into weeks, the weeks into months, and the months into a season. One reason for the crowd at the hotels is that so many guests postpone their going, boat by boat. How well do the tailors and lingerie embroiderers know this! They accept any number of orders and worry not at all about delivery until their customers actually wave steamer tickets in their faces to prove their imminent departure. And Shanghai also means for the tourist a comfortable base from which to visit Hangchow, Soochow, and Nanking. One returns and re-returns, dreaming of a soft bed, of a hot bath, of fresh laundry, of more films, and of more money.

If you are leaving by the same steamer which brings you and are to have only one day, then give half that day to the "Rubicon Drive." Should you plan this for the morning, it is better to order the motor car from the hotel garage the night before. The chauffeur must have time to secure a permit to take the car into Chinese territory. Going into some detail, this is what the drive includes:

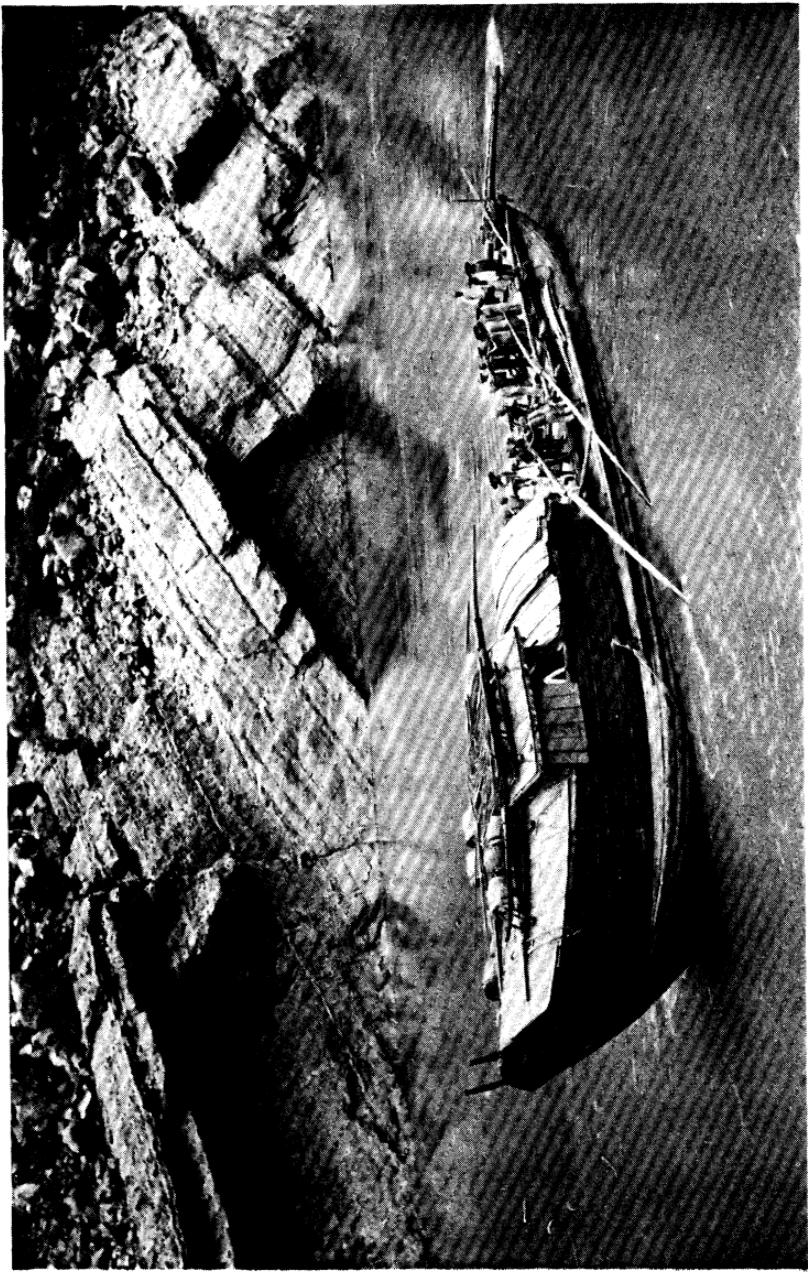
In a moment or so after leaving the hotel you will turn into Nanking Road, the shopping street de luxe of all the East. In its cosmopolitan animation it reminds one of Constantinople's Grand Rue de Pera in the days before the war. In a more or less straight line Nanking Road continues until it reaches the Racing Club, and at this point it becomes the Bubbling Well Road. If you are in Shanghai in the spring or autumn when the sweepstakes races are run, you will find the city in the clutches of hectic excitement. Thousands of tickets are sold at ten dollars each, and the ticket holder whose number draws the winning horse finds several hundred thousand dollars waiting for him at the bank. Poverty-stricken indeed is the Occidental who does not buy a ticket, or the Oriental who does not at least hold a split interest in one. If you can find any one who will concentrate on any other subject during the week preceding the run, your discovery will be unique. The Club retains a slice of the total which it donates to the charities of the city, and this amount is sufficient to support them all.

The Bubbling Well Road, like Manila's Luneta, still retains some of the aura of its ancient fame, although it has been many

The Streets of Chungking, an Inland City of China



A Junk Entering the Gorges of the Upper Yangtse



a day since fashion decreed that anybody who was anybody must be seen driving here in their carriage in the late afternoon. There actually is a well at its end and the well actually bubbles; due, it is said, to the presence of marsh gas. Naturally such a phenomenon became "holy," and a temple stands nearby. The temple is reputed to be very old, and as Shanghai has but few temples, ancient or otherwise, this particular shrine has acquired a fame in the world quite out of proportion to its intrinsic marvels. Probably its threshold has been crossed by more tourist feet than any other temple in China. Nearby is Jessfield Park whose paths are reserved for foreigners alone. This discrimination has caused considerable dissatisfaction, growing no less as time goes by and the Chinese pay more and more of the taxes of the International Settlement.

Beyond Jessfield Road the Rubicon Drive takes you into a countryside of small farms, tilled in much the same primitive way as must have been in vogue two thousand years ago. In the springtime when the fruit trees are in blossom, the scene is one of rare loveliness—until the first Sunday comes. Then Shanghai's population makes its annual rural pilgrimage,—in motor cars, carriages, rickshas, and on foot. When night comes and the carnage is over, one can well imagine that the peasants would have preferred a typhoon. The circuit of the drive eventually reaches the old Siccawei Road, now known as Avenue Haig. Close to the little village of Siccawei is the Jesuit Mission, with its industrial department where orphan girls are taught embroidery and their brothers wood carving. Nowhere else in China may you see more beautifully embroidered table linen.

From Siccawei village the highway heads back to the city by way of the French Concession. In a few minutes you will have passed through its residence section, where many Americans now live, and through its business streets, and you will again find yourself on the Bund. From here, leaving the motor car, it is a less than five minutes' walk to the main gate of the old Chinese city. The gate still stands, although for the most part the wall has disappeared. However, it does not need a wall to tell you that you are leaving Europe and are entering China. You are instantly plunged into a maze of crooked

streets. If you have had such a varied experience with Chinese towns that you instinctively "feel" your way through their labyrinths, then you will not need to engage one of the pestiferously persistent guides who lurk at the gate. But if you have had no training, you will unquestionably require a human compass; and furthermore, by choosing one of the guild, you are saved from the rest of the pirate crew.

Perhaps it is a natural racial impulse on the part of the foreign residents of Shanghai adamantly to preserve a gulf between themselves and all things native, but it would be a great mistake if you should allow yourself to be influenced by their attitude into scorning a visit to the "original" Shanghai. It would be almost as great a mistake, on the other hand, if you should allow yourself to believe that you are becoming acquainted with a typical Chinese town. It is typical of China only at its grimmest. Nowhere else have I ever seen such loathsome beggars, in such abundant numbers. And I can remember few towns where the smells are so vile. I might continue this derogatory preface, but in the end I should still advise you not to avoid the experience. There are some picturesque corners well worth the seeing. For example, the bird market. The Chinese have so great a fondness for birds that until you have been to China you would think that a truthful report on this subject must be an exaggeration. You may see the commonest of coolies carrying a cage to his work to hang near him while he toils. If this native trait interests you, stroll up the right bank of Soochow Creek—a few minutes' walk from the hotel—a little before sunset. At this hour the bird enthusiasts bring their larks to the shore to sing their evensongs. On the way to the bird market you will pass the so-called Willow Pattern Tea-House, resting on piles above a scum-covered pond. Believe, if you wish, that this rather picturesque scene is the original from which the "willow pattern" china designs sprung; but don't drink a pot of tea on its verandah in any blind faith that the water did not come from the pond beneath. Round and about the tea-house are many curio shops. If you know bronzes, you can pick up small pieces of the later periods at extremely reasonable prices, and occasionally there is a real find. But it is well to doubt any-

thing particularly pretentious, either in bronzes or in ceramics.

Back in your motor car again, it is only a matter of five minutes to the hotel. Among the other buildings of the Bund you will recognize the famous Shanghai Club by its Gothic face. This is the club "with the longest bar in the world"—but none too long for the tiffin hour.

Shanghai is not the marvelous old curiosity shop that Peking is, but its shops excel in their own conventional way. For orthodox gifts there is no city in the East better prepared to serve the hurried traveler. Do you wish to see the finest silks from China's present-day looms? They are Shanghai's *spécialité*. You will find the silk shops on Honan Road and Nanking Road. There is Chinese *filet* lace brought here from the villages where it is made to be sold in the Shanghai shops or exported. There are the jewelry shops. And ask for the shops selling the small figures carved from tea wood. But perhaps you are not a shopping devotee at all, although you have on your conscience the necessity of a few gifts to take home. Go then to one of the two great Chinese department stores which face each other across Nanking Road.

There was a time no foreigner was supposed to go to bed until dawn was coming in at the windows; and an astonishing number managed to comply with the terms of the supposition. At the hotel cafés and the restaurants of the town, where the foreign colony and foreign visitors forgathered to "forget the dolours of exile," the fiddles and the saxophones wailed and warbled through the night. One suspects that the "Number Ones" of the various business houses had something to do with the fact that the Municipal Council of the International Settlement has now imposed certain sumptuary regulations. For one thing, one o'clock has become the closing hour. Of course, those who wish may betake themselves over the line into the French Concession where the cabarets know no such curb—nor much of any other.

What you may not have heard about gay Shanghai is that it has become the amusement and vacation rendezvous of the two hundred millions of Celestials of the Yangtse Valley. Perhaps this might be called an exaggeration, as most of those two hundred millions would never think of leaving the spot where

they were born and where they expect to die unless it might be to go on a pilgrimage to some holy place. But uncounted numbers do come to Shanghai, bringing their dollars to spend lavishly at the theaters and restaurants on Foochow Road. You must remember, also, that many Chinese have fled to this city of the foreign barbarian for the simple reason that it is "out of China." Some are ex-politicos, who did not forget to bring with them their accumulated squeeze when the political wind veered and they lost office. Some are ex-bandits, or, what is much the same thing, *ex-tuchuns*. And these "exiles" must be amused.

While the idea may not appeal to you to have a native dinner at one of the noted restaurants on Foochow Road, and to top off the evening by going to a Chinese theater, do not fail to take a ricksha ride up and down Foochow. Huge paper lanterns swing from ornate balconies. It is a gay spectacle, and—to add to its delectability in the opinion of its patrons—noisy. If you are to have dinner here, you will probably wish to take an interpreter. You will never have a better opportunity to sample the most choice dishes which please the palates of the Sons of Han, including such delicacies as genuine birds' nest soup and sharks' fins, and such indelicacies as hundred year old eggs.

Hangchow and Soochow

No mystery concerned with the ways of the Heathen Chinee is any more dark and peculiar than the fact that hosts of travelers journey half around the world to see China and then spend days, or even weeks, at Shanghai and do not visit either Hangchow or Soochow.

Hangchow is five hours distant by train; Soochow but two. In fact, between breakfast and dinner you can visit Soochow. For Hangchow . . . well, it is rather a pity if you can't give three days to its enchantments. These two cities are not on the same railway line, so they must be visited by separate trips.

At Soochow there is a foreign style hotel near the railway station, a fairly comfortable inn, but it was not my experience to find any one there speaking English. Nor do the ricksha

boys or chair coolies have any pidgin at their command. Accordingly, take your guide with you from Shanghai. On the other hand, at the New Hotel at Hangchow the manager speaks English and will so minutely instruct your chair coolies when you start forth on an excursion that you can get along quite well without a guide from Shanghai. In spite of this, you will find it much simpler to have an interpreter. Take with you to read on the train to Soochow, *Beautiful Soo*, by Hampden du Bose; and on the train to Hangchow, *Hangchow Itineraries*, by Robert F. Fitch.

But the railway is not the only road to these lustrous cities. There is the ancient trail of the Grand Canal. If you can be leisurely, and are there in spring or autumn, go by houseboat. Both Hangchow and Soochow can then be visited on the same trip, which will take from six days "upward," depending upon your own decisions. Eight or ten days mean a comfortable allowance.

The engaging of a houseboat is a simple enough matter. Scores are moored in Soochow Creek, in Shanghai. Many owners list their boats with the tourist agencies for hire when not in use by themselves. The rental charge will be from eight to fifteen dollars a day, Chinese currency. The cost for food, servants, towing charges, and incidentals will run from twelve to fifteen dollars a day. Most of the boats will comfortably carry four. The tourist companies will, if you desire, quote an inclusive price for a week, ten days, or as long a time as you elect.

Once aboard your boat, you sit placidly in a comfortable deck chair, acquiring an intimate acquaintanceship with the sights of Soochow Creek, until the boy announces dinner. Whether or not it is "early to bed," you must be up betimes in the morning. You will awake to find yourself in a charming countryside. In the spring, the fields are bright with flowers and the orchards pink with blossoms. On your arrival at Hangchow, you may wish to spend the first night on your boat, but for one night I should suggest that you stay at the hotel on West Lake. This is the most convenient point from which to start on the various excursions.

The hotel has adopted the itineraries suggested in Robert

Fitch's book, and has established a price for each itinerary for whatever mode of transportation is demanded—sedan chair, ricksha, or sampan; and this price is inclusive even to the phenomenal point that the coolies never hint about tips. It is very simple. There are six itineraries in all, one of the number being a visit to the streets of Hangchow.

If the only Chinese city you have so far seen is the "native city" at Shanghai, then I imagine your chief surprise will come from the cleanliness of Hangchow. Do not bother to hunt diligently for all the places mentioned in this itinerary (Number Six in the *Handbook*), but be sure to go to the ancient drug shop. It has been in existence for nobody knows how long. Here you may see, stored in quaint containers, everything known to the Celestial pharmacopeia, from ginseng roots to powdered dragon claws. Deer horn, dried and pulverized, is considered a most efficacious remedy by Chinese medicos, and back of the pharmacy is a barn in which the live deer are stabled. Whisper to one of the clerks and you may purchase a love potion which, when administered secretly in food or drink, is guaranteed to stir in the heart of the recipient an undying affection for the giver. Or, you may purchase powders, mysteriously compounded, which will positively cure bad tempers. Certainly you have never seen apothecaries anywhere in the world who look half so wise as these ancients behind their great, horn rimmed spectacles.

Go also to the Mohammedan Mosque, if only to see the doorway with its beautiful Arabic lettering. And, naturally, when in Hangchow, one must visit the most famous fan shop in all China. There is an ancient tea-shop almost equally famous; and in memory of Charles Lamb and his immortal story of how the Chinese gave us roast pork, you ought to look in at the great shop of hams. But, unless your interest in temples is unusually keen, I doubt whether you will wish to devote any time to those of the city. In the hills around West Lake are shrines much more resplendent.

If there is anything more sumptuous in the way of words than the names which the Chinese have given to the holy places round and about West Lake, in what tongue may they be found? Even in translation much of the poetic beauty and rich

vigor remains. "The Thunder Peak Pagoda," "The Cave of the Purple Cloud," "The Hall of the Formerly Ardent Ones," "The Island of the Three Pools and the Moon's Reflection."

It is quite unnecessary to describe the five countryside itineraries in detail. But it may be helpful to offer one or two hints in case you must pick and choose. By taking the Number Two itinerary in the morning and by limiting it to include only the visit to "The Gem Spring of the Dancing Fish" and "The Monastery of Lin Yin," and then devoting a long afternoon to the Number Five itinerary, you can see the supreme places in a single day.

"The Gem Spring of the Dancing Fish" was supernaturally created some fourteen centuries ago when a holy priest was overheard by the Dragon King reciting his prayers. The Dragon King appeared to the priest "in the form of an old woman who clapped her hands in approval. There then suddenly appeared a spring of water which has since been used for the preservation of fish life." It is not, however, until you start up the mountain path leading to "The Monastery of Lin Yin" that you begin to realize how superb was the landscape artistry of Hangchow's Golden Age. On this path you will discover "The Peak that Flew over from India," and you will pass "The Pavilion of the Thundering Waters in a Cave," and "The Pavilion of the Sound of the Running Waters of Spring." Truly, this is enchanted ground.

But I have not said anything about West Lake itself. It is beautiful to-day, but one can imagine that at the height of its magnificence it was an incomparable scene of beauty. Read Marco Polo's praise; or that of Friar Odoric, the great traveler of the fourteenth century, who declared unequivocally that in the whole world he had seen nothing so superb.

From the hotel veranda you look out upon Imperial Island—an island only in theory, as you may walk to it over a causeway. Do not walk, however. Go by boat and land at "The Pavilion from Which the Storks Were Sent Forth." Amid the groves of this island the southern Sung emperors built palaces and temples, as did also those greatest of the Manchu emperors, K'ang Hsi and Ch'ien Lung. Of the countless shrines and halls and pleasure pavilions, few indeed have survived, but

I doubt whether you will wish to visit all that do remain. Do not, however, omit "The Memorial Hall to the Faithful Ardent Ones." This is its recent name. Before the Republic it was known as "The Monastery of the Sacred Source or Cause." Certainly it would be difficult for philosophy, even Chinese philosophy, to go farther back for a dedication. It is here that you will find, carved in low relief on stone, the figures of the Sixteen Lo Han. To the Chinese these carvings represent pre-eminently the artistic genius of ten centuries ago. You can buy "rubbings" of the Sixteen Lo Han at the offices of the West Lake Seal Society, a club supported by a group of Hang-chow's literati. The rubbings are sold at about the cost of the paper. The collection of the Sixteen Lo Han is a souvenir which, if it were more expensive, would likely be more eagerly sought. At the small dock close to "The Memorial Hall to Tso and Chiang," two comparatively recent heroes, you will find your sampan waiting.

From this ancient isle you are rowed across the lake to the Villa of the Liu Family. This lovely retreat was built by a wealthy Cantonese, who afterwards put it up as security for a loan obtained from the Imperial Bank of China. Troubles came, the owner was not able to redeem his pledge, and the property passed to the bank and eventually to the Government. There is a caretaker whose duty, perhaps, is to warn trespassers away. But put on an ingratiating smile—the variety which indicates that a dollar will be forthcoming upon your departure—and you may wander through the rooms and courtyards *ad lib.* The decorations and the furniture have not been removed.

From here it is but a short row to "The Island of the Three Pools and the Moon's Reflection." It is quite beyond me to refrain from boasting that many long years ago I was riding on horseback with a party of friends through this then almost forbidden countryside and that we had the thrilling surprise of "discovering" this island without ever having heard of its existence. It was then almost deserted, for this was before the days of the railroad, the hotel, and tourists. But for every discoverer it will always be an island of surprises. None of its secrets are revealed until you have actually landed. In

reality it is not one island but a group of islands rising in a lagoon surrounded by a perfect atoll. This thin rim of land is thickly planted with trees. As soon as you have landed and have stepped through the shrubbery you are in fairyland. Marvelous winding bridges lead from one island to another, and on the islands are pavilions—each so charmingly picturesque that one would never be able to decide and to say “that one is the most beautiful.”

For some mysterious reason the name of Hangchow has been attached to the great bore which comes surging up the Ch'ien T'ang river when, as a matter of fact, the best point from which to see this phenomenon is at the Haining Pagoda, a full forty miles distant from Hangchow. The September equinox brings the maximum bore, and at that time thousands of spectators assemble on the shore. Twenty-three hundred years ago an observer described it to be “like a high mountain, its crest as high as a house, its sound like thunder, its onward rush sufficient to move the heavens and to wash the face of the sun.” There is also a considerable display on the second and third days following every new or full moon, and there is a slight bore every day. The original dyke to protect the fields from this rush of waters was built by Ch'ien Liu in 910 A.D. The present wall is one hundred and eighty miles in length.

Soochow

It is a houseboat journey of twelve memorable hours from Hangchow to Soochow. You sit at ease in a wicker chair and gaze at the passing panorama of pagodas, *pailows*—memorial arches built by faithful widows to their spouses—high arched bridges, picturesque towns and villages, and all of the other concomitants of a charming countryside. The climax, as it ought, comes at the very end when you approach the great walls of Soochow, and behold their reflection in the broad waters of the canal.

The cobbled streets of this town, as du Bose has written, “have been trod by eighty generations of men.” The city was, in very truth, founded five centuries before Christ. Its history from its earliest date has been contemporaneously and soberly

written down by its scholars until the volumes of the record now number one hundred and fifty.

In one of the temples of the city there is a thousand year old map which locates the streets and the bridges and the important places just as they may be seen to-day, and in all likelihood that is the same as they were twenty-five centuries ago. If it had not been for the Taiping Rebellion of 1861-65, we should have Soochow almost unchanged. But the city fell before the assault of the rebels, and the story of the rapine, looting, incendiaryism, and wholesale slaughter which followed is too incredible to be grasped. To-day, large areas within the city walls, once populous and busy quarters, remain desolate and deserted. Climb the many steps of the Great Pagoda and you may see these vast empty corners.

Although the city is a network of small canals, your house-boat will probably be too large for their negotiation. You will leave it anchored near the Great Bridge, whose fifty-three arches form one of the wonders of China, and hire a small boat for an intimate exploration. If you have films for your camera, prepare to use them now. Some one has called the picturesque pageantry of the canals "exhausting in intensity." That may be so, but when you quit the canals you still have Soochow's streets to see, and some of them are almost as gorgeous and glittering as those of Canton. A chair is the better conveyance, as you would have to walk a good part of the time if you take a ricksha.

Soochow has always been the acknowledged literary center of China. It has also been the home throughout the centuries of the last word in sybaritic luxury, sophistication, and polished manners. Songs in praise of the beauty (but not the virtue) of the women of Soochow are to be heard throughout the Flowery Kingdom. Says du Bose, "Owing to the great wealth accumulated here, and to the numbers who are idle, we would naturally expect much voluptuousness and not a little looseness of morals among the gilded youth of China's Babylon, and in this respect we find that the facts agree with the theory." Nevertheless, China is never ostentatious in its vices, and you may be sure that Soochow, with its elegant manners, offers no exception to the rule.

The canals and the streets are the chief picture. There are few definite places worth being searched out. The Tiger Hill Pagoda, outside the walls, and the Great Pagoda, within, are the places of greatest fame. The market square surrounding the City Temple is interesting for its human drama. Here, among other strange sights, you may see native "dentists" doing a thriving business in gold crowns. You will see mouths opened, displaying a perfect row of teeth. With a mighty blow of the hammer, the dentist drives a gold cap down over a tooth—for adornment, you must understand—and the possessor—with a broad smile—departs. Chinese nerves are not our nerves.

The old Examination Halls, if they have not been torn down, you will find rather interesting. But the place which you must not fail to find is the Liu Yuen garden. It lies outside the walls, not far from the railway station. Whether the fantastic pools, rocks, and shrubbery of this garden would meet the full approval of a Chinese connoisseur, I cannot say; certainly to our Western eyes the place is delightfully quaint and strange. The villa itself is in no way unusual, but if you are interested in antique Chinese furniture, pieces of simple lines but of exquisite craftsmanship, then the villa has examples to incite your envy. Furniture Street, in Soochow, is a famous rendezvous for collectors, but you will have to search diligently there to find any pieces such as these.

I have never made the houseboat excursion from Soochow to Taihu Lake, and I can only give you the report of others that the lake is a beautiful one. There are boats for hire at Soochow. It would thus be feasible to take the train from Shanghai to Soochow and to engage a houseboat there for the visit to Taihu.

Voyaging Up the Yangtse

Let me be absolutely frank about the fifteen hundred mile journey up the Yangtse from Shanghai to Chungking. I should never, in unrestricted terms of praise, urge this long voyage. I should never venture to guess who would find it interesting or who would find the long days a deadly monotony. To me,

not one mile of the yellow waters is dull. But when I went I was in no hurry; I was looking forward to lazy days in a steamer chair with time to read; and I was not giving up weeks at the cost of having to choose the Yangtse voyage and to forgo something else.

Here is a skeleton idea of the trip: From Shanghai to Hankow there is the comparatively deep water of the broad lower river; from Hankow to Ichang the water is shallow and placid; from Ichang to Chungking the water rushes through the famous gorges, one merciless rapids succeeding another. Each of these three stretches requires its own type of steamer. Thus, in making the trip from Shanghai to Chungking, you must change steamers every three or four days. At the ports you use the steamer which you are on as your "hotel" until you make your next connection. Usually the round trip of three thousand miles takes about three weeks, but sometimes it takes four.

The lower river trip, from Shanghai to Hankow, has been familiarly known to the tourist world for twenty years. This voyage takes about four days upstream and three days down. It is a point to remember in planning your itinerary that there is a railway between Hankow and Peking; thus the lower Yangtse trip can be combined with the rail journey in traveling between Peking and Shanghai.

For the river which lies beyond Hankow, few are the travelers who know its secrets. Look at the map and you will find Chungking located in the remote province of Szechuen. Beyond Szechuen lies forbidden Tibet.

Reduce your luggage to hand pieces. Only the simplest wardrobe is necessary; but remember that there will be no chance for laundry work. Take an abundance of reading matter. There are a number of books describing the river and the gorges, but if you wish a technical work which will tell you everything there is to know about the Yangtse, go to Kelley and Walsh's, in Shanghai, and ask for *The Yangtse Kiang Pilot*. This is a volume published by the Hydrographic Office of the British Admiralty and is sold at cost to any one interested, although it is issued primarily for the officers of British ships.

The round trip steamer fare from Shanghai to Chungking

represents a considerable item in the budgeting of expenses, and you may be interested in knowing the exact amount. At this moment of writing it is three hundred and forty-five Chinese dollars, or in gold approximately two hundred dollars, depending upon the rate of exchange. Of the above amount, two hundred dollars Chinese—or more than half the total—is charged for the voyage through the gorges, that is, from Ichang to Chungking and return. You will likely find, however, that competition has brought about a reduction in fare for this stretch of the river.

From Shanghai to Hankow

To the Chinese, both the common people and the literati, the towns of the lower Yangtse are highly venerated places of pilgrimage; but the foreign visitor, unimbued with the classic traditions of their saints, poets, and scholars, finds them more or less alike and of no unusual interest. The exception, of course, is Nanking. And possibly Chinkiang, with its charming countryside and its famous Golden Island, might appeal if you could be indefinitely leisurely.

Nanking is also to be reached by train from Shanghai; and if you are combining its visit with the river trip, you may find it more feasible to travel that far by rail.

It would be absurd to name any city as having been the greatest or the most magnificent in China's long history. We do not know how resplendent may have been ancient Zayton, or Kai-feng. But it seems hardly possible that the glories of any other city could have surpassed the grandeur of Nanking in its Golden Age. Tales of its wonderful streets, of its great palaces, its soaring pagodas, were told in the bazars of India, of Persia, and of Constantinople. It was the imperial capital of the Middle Kingdom under no less than seven of China's dynasties. Perhaps its age goes back for thirty centuries; perhaps longer. During the fourth and fifth centuries A.D. there came a notable period of architectural flowering. But when the lavish magnificence of Nanking is mentioned, what is meant is the city which was rebuilt by the Mings when they established their capital here in 1368. This was the Nanking

which the Taiping rebels destroyed, or almost destroyed, in the middle of the past century. It was then that the Porcelain Pagoda, one of the accounted "Seven Wonders of the Medieval World," was lost. And in the revolution of 1911, in an excess of republican zeal, there was also considerable destruction.

This is a rather gloomy picture to paint for the traveler, but I do not believe any one can go to Nanking without a certain feeling of depression. Nevertheless, once one of the greatest cities of the East, Nanking is still a great city. And not all of its marvels have perished. Fortunately the roads are now cleared of rubbish and have been so improved that either by motor car or carriage you can cover the long distances between places with a certain degree of expedition. My plan would be first to take a ricksha to the Bridge Hotel, and to make arrangement through the hotel manager for a conveyance for the day, and for a guide if one is desired.

The present walls were built by the Mings and they are extraordinarily imposing. Their circuit is something more than twenty miles. Once all the broad area enclosed was city streets but now much of it is given over to fields and waste spaces. You will, of course, drive to the Tomb of the First Ming Emperor. The august grandeur of this mausoleum, together with its long avenue of approach, bordered by great stone figures, offered the example which the later Ming emperors followed for the tombs built near Peking. Other conventional places to see are the great Drum Tower, the far-famed Lotus Lake, and the Precious Stone Tea House. The Tea House is to be found on a low hill outside the South Gate. The colored stones of its garden were, ages ago, flowers which floated down from heaven when a very holy priest was reciting verses from the Buddhist *sutras*.

Beyond Nanking, I do not believe that you will wish to break the voyage until you reach Hankow. At some of the ports you can have an hour or so ashore, but at the picturesque town of Anking the steamer pauses only in midstream to take on native passengers from waiting sampans, as this is not a treaty port. You will pass close to its great pagoda, one of the most renowned of all China. This huge and curious tower is devoutly believed by the people to be the "mast" of the

city, which, in turn, is believed to be a boat. But of all the sights of the lower river, the Little Orphan Rock is the most fantastic. It rises like a sharp cone from the water and half way up its side is a gash to which clings a fanciful temple, while at the very pinnacle of the rock is a quaint pagoda. The first time I saw the Little Orphan was during a storm at night when it suddenly stood revealed by a flash of lightning. It is the sort of place a maker of fairy-tales might invent.

Still farther along comes the ancient city of Kiukiang with the beautiful Lushan Hills rising behind it. Once upon a time Kiukiang was one of the most holy of all the centers of Buddhism in China, but to-day it is a stronghold of the Christian missions. Kiukiang was another of the cities which fell before the Taipings. Its destruction at their hands was almost complete. From here starts the road to Kuling, high in the hills, the hot season retreat for the foreigners of Central China.

Hankow

No delineation could be more apt than to call Hankow the "Chicago of China." It dominates the inland commerce and the railway and water transportation of the central provinces, and it is impossible to imagine any future railway building of importance which will not augment its commercial ascendancy.

Until the British were granted a concession here in 1861, Hankow was nothing more than an insignificant hamlet. Across the river lay, and still lies, the ancient town of Wu-chang—a place of little interest. For the first three decades after it became a treaty port, Hankow grew slowly. It was not until the 1890's that France, Japan, and Germany occupied concessions. Its amazing development has come about in the present century; and when one remembers how unsettled have been these years for China, its growth seems even more phenomenal.

Undoubtedly you will be on a British steamer. Thus you will head for one of the piers, or floats, of the British Concession, passing in review the Japanese, the German, the French, and the Russian Concessions. The Bund (a Hindu word meaning "embankment," but which the British have imported into China to designate a river front street) has a length of

some three miles. It is bordered from end to end by a series of imposing buildings, each an architectural monument to twentieth century commerce. Truly, it is a dramatic experience to travel for four days, each day apparently taking you farther and farther from the modern world, and then suddenly to see this Western city. Of course, one can stay at home and behold modern office buildings; and, also, one would not travel six hundred miles up the Yangtse simply to discover Hankow. But I shall never forget my own amazement, and I am still enough of a child to like being amazed.

A stream called the Han River separates Hankow from Hanyang, and these two towns, together with Wu-chang across the Yangtse, are known as the Wu-Han cities. The steel mills, which are often referred to as the "Hankow mills," are at Hanyang.

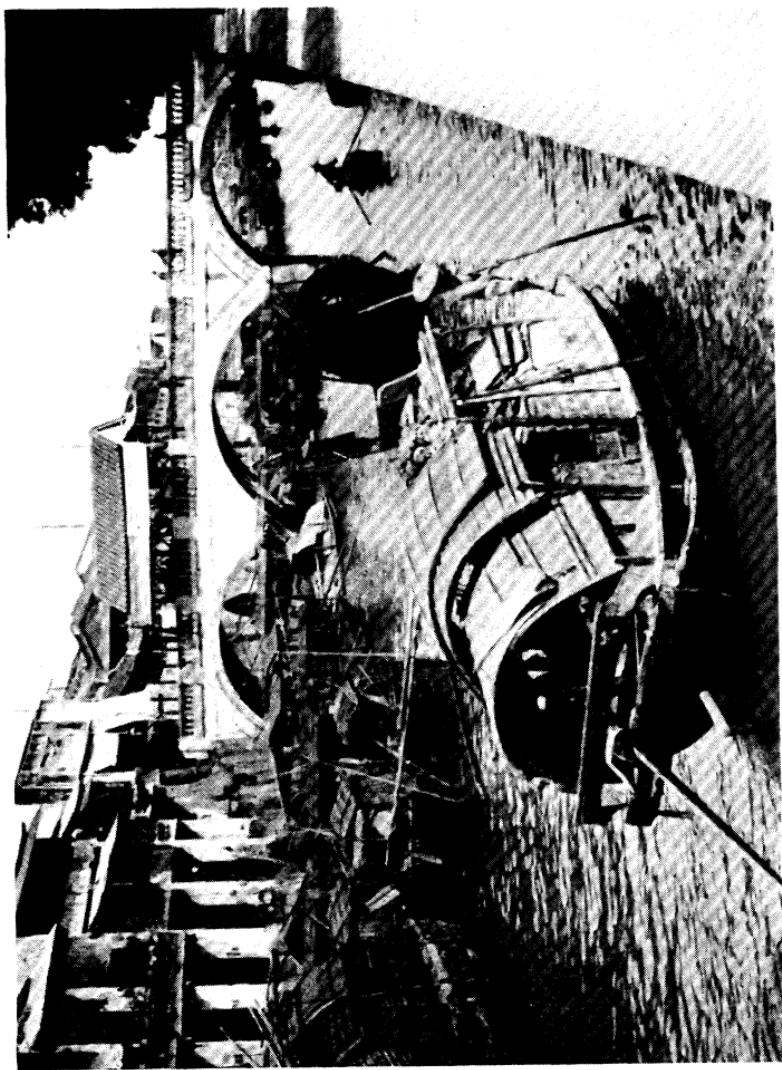
Both my visits to Hankow have been in the summer when the landscape was frying under a sun as hot as I have ever felt in India. I confess that my familiarity with the Wu-Han cities was almost exclusively concerned with Hankow's Country Club and its shady verandas. I do not know how many acres the club owns, but they are ample for its score of tennis courts, its bowling greens, cricket fields, baseball diamonds, golf course, and race track. And in a wing of the club building is a swimming tank whose waters are purified by violet rays.

The never ending loading and unloading of ships along the water front of the British Concession is one of those intense pictures which bring up a host of questions. Take your stand for half an hour in the shadow of one of the warehouse doors. Study the lines of coolies staggering under their loads. They are streaming with salt sweat; their shoulders are often raw from the chafing; and they spend their coppers about as fast as they get them for morsels of food from the itinerant vendors. What is their philosophy of life, that it keeps them cheerful, contented, smiling?

Hanyang's steel mills are now, I believe, under Japanese control, and conceivably they will soon become as formidable as was the original prediction. Perhaps you remember the newspaper discussion at the time they were built. It was supposed that with the low cost of Chinese labor pig iron could be



The Children, Smiling, Inquisitive, But Always Pleasant



A Crowded Waterway of Inland China Filled With the Floating Homes
of the Boatmen

produced in China and transported to America or Europe to undersell the market. However, this was China. It was necessary to consult the local geomancers for instructions so that the evil demons might be properly placated. The geomancers pulled the plans to pieces and rearranged the order of the various buildings. Perhaps the demons were adequately foiled, but the result as far as the making of pig iron was concerned was rather disastrous. There was so much back and forth rehandling as to completely offset the low cost of Chinese labor.

Between Hankow and Ichang there lie only three hundred and eighty-seven miles of water, but as the steamers run only by daylight and tie up from sunset to sunrise the voyage is a matter of some four days. The countryside is flat, and I suppose any one not enamored with river travel would call it monotonous. A few picturesque towns are passed, among them King-chow, the capital of the great Chu kingdom seven hundred years before Christ.

Through the Yangtse Gorges

For the last few miles just before you reach Ichang, the scenery changes abruptly from flat fields to a rugged mountain grandeur. Instead of the turgid, slow flowing water which you have so far seen, you suddenly notice that the river's surface is torn by eddies and currents; and, should you look up at the bridge, you will see an expression of relief come over the pilot's face when finally the anchor is safely cast in midstream, opposite the concession quarter of the town. Next, you engage a sampan to take you to your next steamer for the last extraordinary lap of your voyage.

Nothing I can say will prepare you for the nightmare that will assail you at first sight of one of these rapids-running craft. Their lines look as if they had been designed by an opium fiend. They are graceless freaks to the landlubber's eye, but their eccentricities do defy the malevolent rapids which roar and tumble through the gorges. This amazement will be overtopped when you step aboard your craft. Its interior equipment presents all of the comforts you might expect in a luxurious yacht. In the various ports between Ichang and Chungking

where halts are made for the night, the few Americans and Britishers who are there stationed—the Standard Oil agents, the B-A Tobacco representatives, and the foreign customs officers—find the broad and comfortable aft decks of these craft, with their great wicker chairs, electric fans, nimble footed waiters, and hospitably opened pantries, a satisfying substitute for a club.

You will leave Ichang at sunrise; and, if you speak to your room-boy the night before, he will bring a breakfast tray at that hour. Be sure to be on deck when your boat noses its way into the Ichang gorge. From that moment you will not wish to miss seeing an inch of the insane waters between here and Chungking. I have myself seen this water rise one hundred feet in a night.

Nobody knows at what remote time the first junk dared the voyage down the rapids. But from that time until now there has been no lack of daring native captains to essay this most dangerous voyage in the wide world. The profit from a single successful trip has been sufficient to encourage the utmost in reckless intrepidity. No junk ever "wears out." Its life at the best rarely exceeds three or four trips. Calamity, sooner or later, is inevitable. The season lasts from April until November, and a junk makes one round trip in that time. It takes about three months to drag a boat through the rapids from Ichang to Chungking, while the downstream trip can be made in three days!

Of course the dangers which lie in wait for the junk are defied by the steamer. With its length, its rigid steel hull, and its power, a steamer will unconcernedly head through an eddy which would embrace a ninety-foot junk, whirl it around dizzily for a moment, and then suck it down.

If any sight can be more thrilling than to watch a junk negotiate one of the notoriously evil rapids, then I do not know what it is. With every man at his post the captain heads his craft toward the rushing foam. The roar is deafening. Just before it leaves the calm water, the boat seems to shiver in dread and hesitate as if it were a thing alive. Then it plunges forward to race through the whirlpools with the speed of an

arrow. Three score stark-naked men strain at the long rudder sweep. The captain becomes a fiend of energy. The thunder of his commands can be heard above the thunder of the waters. He leaps from spot to spot, a wicked blacksnake whip tied to his wrist. He swings it around his head and the long lash falls across the backs of the coolies. Let the captain make the slightest error in decision, let him allow the slightest slackening of effort by the crew, and the whirlpools will add another victory to their uncounted list.

To watch the upstream progress of a great junk is a scarcely less remarkable, though a far less exciting, sight. As many as four hundred coolies may be toiling at the hawser, an extraordinary cable of great strength woven from bamboo fiber. "Who can question the vitality of the Chinese," wrote intrepid Elizabeth Kendall, "that has watched the trackers at work pulling a huge junk against a current like the rapids of Niagara, clambering over wet, rough bowlders, creeping like cats along a thread of a trail overhanging the gulf, clinging to the face of rocks that do not seem to offer a foothold to a mountain goat, and all the time straining with every muscle at a thousand-foot rope. An inhuman task where men take great risks for a pittance, where death by drowning or by being dashed to pieces on the rocks confronts them at every turn, and where, at best, strains and exposure bring an early end. In my dreams I see them, the long lines of naked men, their strong bodies shining with wet and bleeding from many a cut, keeping time in a wild chant as they tug at the taut line; a rope breaks and the toil of hours is lost; one misstep and a life has ended."

It is a great temptation to go into details about each of the gorges, and to try to paint word pictures of the most infamous of the rapids. But the result would be little more than a catalogue of names and an inventory of characteristics. The three towns where anchorage is usually made for the night are Kwei-fu, an old walled town known as "The Paradise of the Trackers," Wanshien, and Fu-chow. Of all the towns one passes, Wanshien, with its medieval walls, is the most strikingly picturesque; and as the boats anchor here early in the afternoon, several daylight hours are left for its exploration. Spanning the deep valley of a tumbling stream, beyond the

gate of the city's eastern wall, is one of China's most famous stone bridges.

But the climax of the trip is at the proper place, its end. I mean at the great city of Chungking. Its massive walls, towering high above the river, are as spectacular in their way as are the mighty gorges. I do not know what conditions you will find, but ever since Chungking was declared a treaty port in 1891 there has been a strong feeling of friendship and understanding between the resident foreigners and the native population; and my own experience amply bore out this tradition. There is no foreign style inn, but if there were I doubt whether it would have any patrons. The members of the foreign community invite you "to make their homes yours," and they mean it. Of course, if you are returning on the same boat, there will be no reason for taking advantage of such hospitable offers, but a few days spent here could in no way be accounted a dull experience.

Should the countryside be normally quiet, and should you thirst for the ultra-unusual, there is the ancient highway to be followed from Chungking to Cheng-tu, the capital city of the remote province of Szechuen. A sedan chair or a pony, together with the necessary coolies and provisions and equipment, may be hired for a song. The journey is a matter of ten days (one way) with exceptionally good native inns along the road, so I have been told by friends at Chungking who have many times made the trip. Sometime I am going to return and visit Cheng-tu, and on the way make the pilgrimage to holy Mount Omi. Chinese tradition says that pious hermits made their home on this peak four thousand years ago; and quite possibly it was a sacred mountain to the aborigines before them. Now it is given over to the glorification of Buddhism. Here is the longest stone staircase in the world—eleven thousand feet it rises. From the summit of Omi one gazes upon the snows of Tibet. As for Cheng-tu, I am certain from what I have heard that it must be the shopper's paradise. Even at Chungking silk is cheaper than cotton.

Heading downstream from Chungking, if you are normally fortunate in your steamer connections at Ichang and Hankow you should be back in Shanghai in eight or nine days.

There is one pilgrimage from Shanghai I have not mentioned, that to the sacred island of Poo-too (Pu-to). Steamers run there from Ningpo the year round, but in the summer there are direct boats from Shanghai—not, however, operated for the sake of tourists or Buddhist pilgrims but because on the island there is a splendid bathing beach. The boats tie up for the week-end and serve as hotels for their passengers, although the priests will make you welcome at the temples on shore. The accommodations are Spartan and the fare rather meager, and in these sophisticated days the price asked is based on the knowledge that a dollar one way or the other doesn't matter to the foreigner. However, the experience is an amusing adventure, and the island is indeed a beautiful spot. There are scores of temples and monasteries, and picturesque grottoes are hidden in the thick groves of fine old trees to be reached by charming paths. If you go to Poo-too, heed this one hint—bring with you R. F. Johnson's *Buddhist China*, and read on the steamer the chapters telling the quaint story of the island's history.

CHAPTER 6

SOUTH CHINA—HONGKONG AND CANTON

WHENCE came the ancestors of the present-day Chinese? Were they migrants from Babylon seeking a promised land? Possibly. That is one of the engaging theories. But whatever their origin, they brought with them their tenacity and cheerful patience. The vanguard, spilling into North China through the mountain passes, found a few widely scattered aboriginal tribes in possession. These the Chinese either expelled or exterminated. Later, considerably later, when the conquering Celestials invaded the plains of South China, the indigenous peoples proved too pugnacious and too numerous to be disposed of in this cavalier fashion. But the Chinese have always known when to compromise. They proceeded to assimilate the occupiers.

This assimilation was not accomplished without its effect on the assimilators. There naturally followed both physical and temperamental modifications. While the professional ethnologists are rather chary about drawing such sharp distinctions as to speak of a "northern type" and a "southern type" of Chinese, the ordinary traveler absorbs a strong impression that there are radical differences. Certainly when one is in Peking and remembers Canton, or is in Canton and remembers Peking, the differences which spring to mind are not alone those of "atmosphere." Until you have been in North China you have probably never imagined that there could be so many Chinese tall of stature, well set up in carriage, and of such prepossessing cast of features. The Chinese scattered round the world as shopkeepers, house servants, gardeners, laundrymen, and chop suey restaurateurs, practically all hail from the two southern provinces of Kwantung and Fukien. The world has taken its ideas of the Chinese from them; and among their number angular, flattened features prevail, with lower foreheads and mouths more Jack-o'-lantern. Their average height seems several inches less than that of the northerners.

These physical differences are obvious to the eye. The mental and temperamental differences are inevitably more elusive. But that they exist and that their existence makes one's visit to China much more interesting than it would be under the uniformity which the Western popular notion ascribes to China and the Chinese needs only a brief experience to prove. Perhaps I have exaggerated the influence of the cross-breeding with the aboriginal peoples in the south. Manifestly, in three thousand years there has been time for many operating forces to have had an influence in modifying customs and habits and ways of thinking. The peculiarities of the deeply indented coast of the south resulted unavoidably in millions upon millions of southern Celestials seeking a seafaring life. There is nothing in the world similar to the boat life of the southern rivers and harbors. Through long centuries piracy was an institution of political and economic importance, difficult to understand until you have observed the stage setting. And there has been the modifying influence of the semitropical climate. But for the difference in mental habits between the north and the south, perhaps the chief cause has been the south's long contact through trade with the outside world and the sharpening of wits which this has engendered.

When one visualizes the glory which was Hangchow's and Nanking's in the golden period of those imperial cities, or thinks of the glory of Peking not yet departed, one's imagination instinctively endows the picture with a society of courtiers, scholars, poets, philosophers, artists—a society of leisured elegance encouraging graceful accomplishments. But to think of the teeming cities of the south is never to think of leisure and not often of elegance. It is a picture of restlessness, of competitive striving, of wealthy merchants, rather than of poets and philosophers. Wherever one happens to be in this world the most interesting things to see are most apt to be those to which the people have dedicated their creative energy. The thrill of Pittsburgh is in its steel mills; in Canterbury, in its cathedral; in New York, in its skyscrapers; in Peking, in its palaces; and in Canton, in the picturesqueness of the bazar streets of the Seventy-two Great Guilds.

It is a more or less commonly held, complaisant notion that,

until the West forced China to open a given number of its ports to foreign trade less than a century ago and the Chinese merchants had a chance to learn from us, the Celestial commercial system had not advanced in development beyond the rudimentary point of localized distribution and petty shopkeeping methods. Also, it seems to be a general idea that until the so-called Opium Wars of 1840 and 1857, which resulted in the opening of the Treaty Ports, China was a hermitage which had never tolerated contact with the outside world. This is quite to ignore South China's long history. What of ancient Zayton, whose vast fleet of merchant junks carried cargoes to Java, Ceylon, and India? For at least twenty-five centuries the commercial wits of the southern Chinese have been sharpened and trained through contact with foreign barbarians of Asiatic persuasion; and for the past four centuries, beginning with the Portuguese and the Dutch, the southern merchants—those of Canton in particular—have had a pretty thorough experience with Europeans and their ways.

Your own experiences may be in flat disagreement with mine. Frankly, my interest in South China concentrates almost exclusively on the astounding and dumbounding turmoil of life and on the hectic vehemence of the competition for existence. But the conventional and standard sights which tourists are supposed to search out, the temples and pagodas and the viceroys' *yamens*, have for me only the most perfunctory interest. When, for instance, one has seen the Summer and Winter Palaces and the Altar of Heaven at Peking, the Confucian Temple at Chufou, or the monasteries in the hills at Hangchow, the decayed and dingy shrines of the southern cities, with but few exceptions, seem to mean little more to the people than a slovenly maintained counteracting influence against evil spirits. The fascinating pictures of the south are those of the busy harbors, the junk crowded rivers, and the teeming, tumultuous streets. The glitter of exotic magnificence and the color and movement of pageantry are to be sought for in the bazars. The real temples are the gorgeous shops, with their fantastically carved gold and red lacquered faces. Of all the memories you take away from the East, none will remain more brilliant or unforgettable than that of the tortuous, mysterious, pungent,

noisy, swarming streets of the southern cities, and of Canton in particular.

Glance at that half of China lying south of the Yangtse Valley and you will see a broad territory dotted by cities and towns, and—if the map before you has some pretension to detail—you will find highways traced, navigable rivers indicated, and a few stubs of railways shown. There is no fault to be found with the accuracy of the map, but it does need interpreting. At this moment of writing the highways are more or less at the mercy of bandits, the rivers have been given over to pirates, and some of the railroads have ceased operating. This picture exaggerates the dangers, it is true. There are foreigners living here and there in the interior towns, mostly missionaries, and they travel about with few misadventures. But they know their China. Even in times of peace and order the inexperienced wanderer, knowing nothing of the language, would be certain to find his path strewn with dismaying experiences, although perhaps not with disasters, if he should attempt a trip away from the regular routes without making elaborate preparations.

The unattainable always has a rosy allure for the imagination; but, in regard to the padlocked areas of South China's map there would be infinite more reason for dissatisfaction if these were the corners which could be easily visited and the present accessible places were the forbidden ones. You have the acme of the picturesque at Canton or Foochow, so why worry about the second best?

While the map is before you, it might be well to identify the itineraries which are feasible and along which you can expect reasonable conditions of comfort. First of all there are the coast cities lying between Shanghai and Hongkong, namely, Foochow, Amoy, and Swatow. The trans-Pacific liners do not touch at these ports, but there are local steamers of a sufficient tonnage and degree of comfort so that these three cities may be declared easily available. And when you reach Hongkong there are the short river steamer runs from there to Canton and to Portuguese Macao. And also, although this can never be promised in advance, there is the almost unknown opportunity

to journey as far up the West River as Wuchow. The round trip takes six days, and is a fascinating voyage. The "West River Country" was absolutely closed to foreigners and to foreign trade until a treaty negotiated in 1897 named Wuchow and certain other of the river towns "open" ports. As a matter of truth, they have been none too "open" since then as far as peace on the river is concerned. However, you can be quite sure that piracy is in check, or that the pirate chiefs are being subsidized to assure safety, if the steamship company announces that it is maintaining its schedules.

The few miles of railway in South China offer few advantages to the usual traveler. The railway from Hongkong to Canton, even when it is in operation, saves only a few hours over the steamer route and cannot pretend to rival in picturesque appeal the river voyage. There are two stub lines projecting out of Canton, one groping toward the north and one to the west, but in their present incompletely completed stage they reach no places of sufficient interest to compensate the traveler. If the railway to the north ever reaches Changsha and so links up the railway chain from Hongkong to Hankow, on the Yangtse, this route will be worth thinking about. But not until then. The one railway line in South China which does reach an interesting region, one not accessible in any other way, is the road which the French have built from Hanoi, in French Indo-China, across the Chinese frontier into the remote southwestern province of Yunnan, terminating at the capital city of Yunnan-fu. But as this trip must start from Indo-China, it is described in its proper place, in the chapter on Indo-China.

Foochow, Amoy, and Swatow

The names of Foochow, Amoy, and Swatow are usually mentioned in the same breath by travelers because, if the effort is made to visit one of these ports little time is lost in visiting all three. In fact, the coasting steamer schedules usually make this inevitable.

These ancient cities became treaty ports open to foreign trade and foreign residence in those exciting middle years of the nineteenth century when China was being importuned by frequent

and forcible arguments to sign "on the dotted line," granting to the West privileges which greatly humiliated the pride of the Dragon Throne. However, there is no space here to go into that long story and, as a matter of fact, it can be said to-day that these three particular ports are more satisfied than dissatisfied to be "open" to the barbarian foreigner. Also, this chapter would have to become a volume if the ancient stories of these towns were to be more than hinted at. I wish some one would write such a book. The chronicles of the saints and the adventurers, the doughty sea-dogs, the pirates and the picaroons, who have held forth on this coast, would make no mean reading. But to come down to the history of these ports since they entered into commercial relations with the West on the West's terms, their several stories read more or less alike. Each enjoyed for many prosperous years, following the arrival of the foreign trading houses, an ever increasing export tea business. This prosperity seemed to promise permanence. Then came the Japanese-Chinese war with the ceding to Japan of the island of Formosa, whose tea had been cured, packed, and shipped from the mainland ports; at about the same time planters in Ceylon and Java and Annam turned their attention to tea growing. The China tea trade declined to comparative insignificance, and gone are the arrogant days when to be one of the "tea kings" of Amoy or Foochow was to be a member of a peerage of august pride and power. Of course, their commercial importance only diminished; it did not disappear.

It so happened that at about this time began the partial desertion, if such it might be called, of these three ports by the tourist world. The harbors of Foochow and Amoy became no less beautiful nor the teeming streets of Swatow less picturesque. But, you see, Forbidden Peking had opened its innermost gates; Hangchow, Soochow, Holy Mount Taishan, the Tomb of Confucius, and a score of other places had been rendered accessible by new railways; comfortable steamers were plying on the Yangtse. It was no longer a question of what one might see in China; there was much to choose from. The inevitable result of these new opportunities has been that most travelers prefer to devote elsewhere the eight or ten days necessary for a visit to Foochow, Amoy, and Swatow.

If you have difficulty in making up your own mind, it might be said that all depends on the amount of time you have, whether you are a good sailor (for these southern waters can be rather nasty), and the season of your visit. If you have no more than five or six weeks for all China, then I do not believe you will feel repaid to hurry elsewhere to gain the necessary days. And as it is a cruise, you will wish only the pleasantest months. These are April, May, and the first part of June, or October, November, and the first half of December.

But let us suppose that conditions are favorable and that you do choose to include these ports. You will probably be unable to learn anything authentic about the sailing schedules of the various steamship companies operating on this coast until you reach either Shanghai or Hongkong. Then go to a tourist agency and decide upon the best available plan. You may wish to "lay over" a steamer at each port, and it is likely in any event that you will have to change steamers at Foochow. But an extra day or so at Foochow is no misadventure.

Foochow

Amid its hills and seen from the river, Foochow is indeed a fair city. The approach from the sea is superb. After your steamer finds the mouth of the Min, it slowly heads upstream, now between green terraced hills, now between beetling rocky cliffs. It proceeds for some twenty-five miles and stops at a point known as Pagoda Anchorage. Here you are ten miles from the ancient walled city. This last stretch, from Pagoda Anchorage to the foreign concession, is covered by fast, modern steam launches, an anachronism to the scene, perhaps, but a too comfortable anachronism to be surrendered for the more picturesque sampan. The foreign concession is across the river from the Chinese city, or, rather, its outskirts, for the walled city was built far back from the river to avoid sudden pirate raids. The concession has its foreign style hotel where you can make yourself reasonably comfortable. Fortunately, it is on a hill somewhat above the noises of the water front, but still more important is its remoteness from the infinity of odors of the fish market.

One of those spectacular ancient bridges, built by the bygone engineers of Cathay with an inspiration for both beauty and substantiality, is your connecting link with the native town. But before you cross it you would better engage a guide. This you can do through the hotel, or through the courtesy of your Consulate. It is customary, particularly among British travelers, to call at one's Consulate and leave cards. But apart from etiquette, it is a wise precaution to secure from your Consul the latest hints about conditions in the city.

No Chinese town could be as old as is Foochow, and at the same time have been so important a provincial capital through so many years, without having been copiously supplied with temples, pagodas, and official buildings of one sort or another. As for these points of conventional pilgrimage, in proportion to your interest, your guide can be trusted to direct your steps. But I doubt if the spell of enthrallment with which this "City of Happiness" will bind you will be very definitely concerned with temples, one of which is very much like another. Two pictures you will never forget—the river swarming with craft of every sort, and the teeming life of the mysterious, crooked, narrow streets within the city walls.

While some of the streets leading to the city gates have in recent years been widened and leveled so that rickshas, and even motor cars, are possible, you cannot get very far in an exploration tour unless you go by sedan chair. When you start forth it is an unalterable convention that your guide will take you first to a hill known as Tai-mieu-sang. This hill is outside the walls and the reason for going there is its panoramic view of the town. On this hill there is also the tomb of a long-departed king to engage your antiquarian interest. The city is best entered by the south gate, and before you become otherwise diverted, I suggest that you forthwith climb another hill so as to have the downward view on the city's roof tops and tortuous streets. This soaring hill is known as U-sioh-sang. But there is a second reason for climbing its steps. By so doing you will establish for yourself much merit in heaven and secure the boon of unquestionable good luck for every minute of the remainder of your stay in Foochow. Every Foochowese will testify to the truth of the foregoing promise. No one

in the city would allow a year to pass without climbing this hill. A certain day in September is known to be particularly auspicious; on that day a complete holiday is declared, and the steps are alive with the throng who, by the precaution of this climb, can be assured that the evil machinations of the spirits of the air will be warded off for the next twelve moons to come.

After you have descended from U-sioh-sang, your guide will take you here and there through the bewildering maze of the city's streets, and, as I have said, if you are interested in the temples and *yamens* you may have a surfeit of them. Without being told, you may be certain that he will lead you to enticing curio shops—for, of course, he will get his honest squeeze for every one of your purchases. The specialty of Foochow is its exquisite lacquer work.

Above the city stand those famous and hoary landmarks, the Black Pagoda and the White Pagoda. Perhaps you will be able to encourage your guide's tongue into repeating some of the tales associated with them, or some of the other legends of the city. Every Chinese town has gathered to itself enough legends to fill a volume, but those of Foochow would fill a dozen. The most celebrated tale of all concerns the tower which you will see at the head of the deep channel where the Min divides itself, not long before the city comes in view. This tower was built by a faithful wife to welcome home her sailor husband who had been for many long months at sea. "But when he saw the strange mark he concluded he had mistaken the estuary, and sailed away never to return."

Should you have an extra day, you may choose to spend it on the river or in making the pilgrimage to the summit of holy Mount Ku-sang.

As for the river, junks and houseboats and, in these modern days, launches, can ascend the Min-kiang for some three or four hundred miles above Foochow. The Chinese of the Fu-Kien Province say that there is no scenery in all the length and breadth of the Flowery Kingdom so superlatively lovely as the uppermost of the Min's upper reaches. Some day I hope to outfit a junk and find out for myself, at some time when I need have no parsimonious regard for the number of days the voyage may take. However, for the nearby stretches of the

river, there are small launches to be hired for a day, and there are public launches making regular runs for a score or so of miles to towns above Foochow.

The pilgrimage to Ku-sang means a rather arduous day in spite of the fact that you can sit in a sedan chair and allow the legs of the tireless chair coolies to conquer the miles of stone-flagged steps which lead to the sacred summit. Ku-sang can be best described by saying that it has all the typical characteristics associated with China's holy mountains. Turn back the pages of this book to the description of Holy Taishan, and read the references to the innumerable shrines, the highly picturesque bridges spanning giddy gorges, the groves of twisted pines, the sparkling springs, and the magnificent prospects. So again at Ku-sang there is the same catalogue; but with different names. At the summit you will find a great group of temple buildings distinctly worth the long climb. In fact, this is one of the few temples in South China worth bothering about.

The translation of the name of this shrine is "The Temple of the Gushing Spring." The date of its founding goes back to the great Tang period, that is, for something more than a thousand years. But this is not very ancient for China; in fact, the story of its founding seems to be almost as fresh in the people's minds as if it had occurred only a generation or so ago. There are several hundred priests living at this monastery, and when they assemble in the vast main hall to chant the Buddhist masses the ceremony and the assemblage are alike memorable.

Before you leave Foochow you should be reminded that the native restaurants of this city are famous among Chinese gastronomes. Those of greatest renown are to be found near the south gate of the city. Let us hope that one of the foreign residents, familiar with the customs of the place and knowing the native names for the most celebrated dishes, will take you to one of these restaurants. There is served, for instance, duck, most lusciously prepared with a dressing of mushrooms, water chestnuts, bean sprouts, bamboo shoots, and cubes of pineapple!

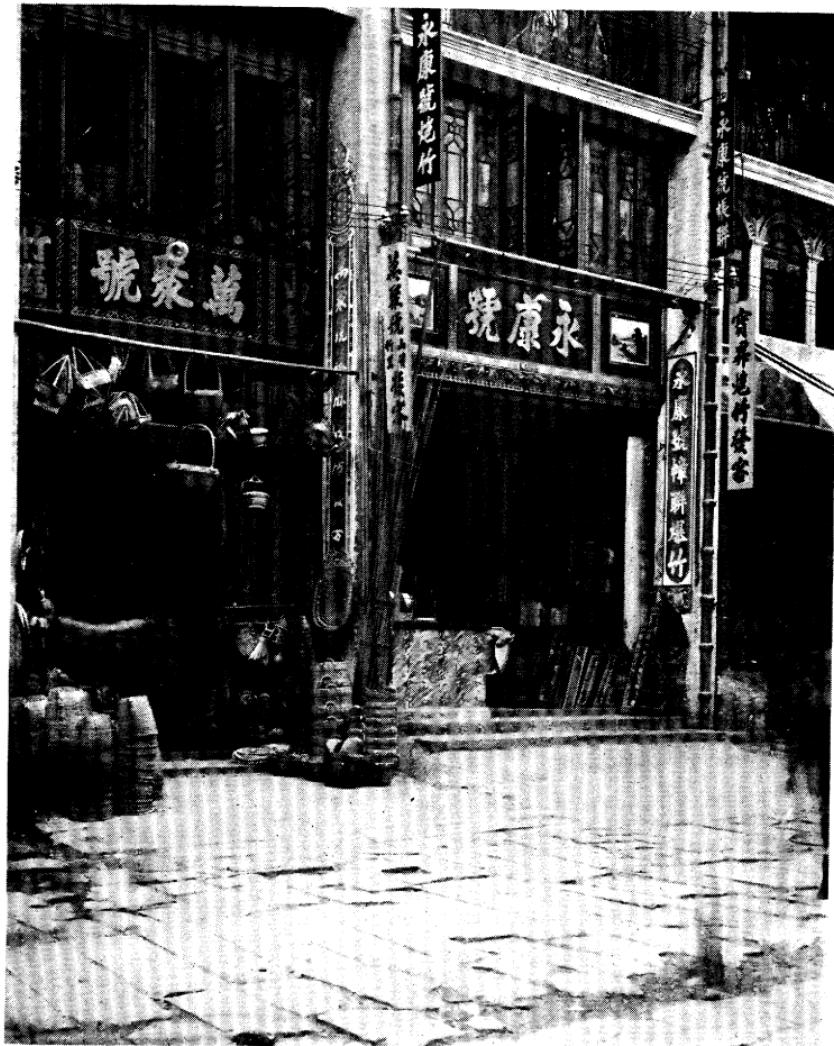
Amoy

Amoy is yet another southern port whose approach from the sea is to be described by no less a word than magnificent.

You will find the foreign concession on its own island, Kolongsu, and an exceedingly pretty island it is. In fact, one thinks of it as a sort of principality, medieval in its seigniorial rights and privileges—but modern in its furnishings. There are charming villas, a golf course, a race track, and comfortable clubs. And a foreign hotel, of course. The tired business man retreats to this island at night, and half a mile of water separates him from the Chinese city of Amoy, which is on another and much larger island.

Few, indeed, are the cities of China which may not be called ancient, but if Amoy is in reality ancient Zayton, then its story goes back into a dim antiquity noteworthy even in this land of archaic traditions. Zayton must have been a city to rival Anuradhapura or Angkor in its display of wealth, as its merchants sent their fleets through all the waters of eastern Asia and as far west as India. But it is to be greatly doubted that Zayton and Amoy should be identified as one and the same. Nevertheless, Amoy can claim an undisputed age which ought to be sufficiently satisfying to the city's pride. For some reason, difficult to determine, its citizens seem always to have had a penchant for espousing lost causes. To Amoy, it was, in the thirteenth century, that the last emperor of the Sung dynasty retreated before the victorious advance of the Mongols. Again, when the Ming dynasty was overthrown by the Manchus, Amoy remained faithful to the old régime and received the last remaining Ming prince to its bosom. That celebrated hero and warrior, the great Koxinga, raised a vast army and collected a great fleet to defend the Ming cause. The fleet was recruited largely from pirate sources, to the incredible number of 8,000 junks. It is said that he demanded of any soldier who sought to be a member of the picked corps of "Tiger Guards" that the applicant prove his strength by picking up a certain stone image, weighing some 600 pounds, and making off with it at breakneck speed. But it so happened that Koxinga's mighty forces never had a chance to prove their might. The Ming prince, for whose sake they were recruited, carelessly allowed himself to be captured by the enemy. There was then no war left to be fought.

Whether in the strange history of Chinese piracy Amoy was



Shops on One of the Streets of the Seventy-two Guilds, Canton



Queen's Road, Hongkong. The Center of Western Commerce
in the East

more sinned against than sinning is one of those debatable points upon which historians disagree. Certainly the city had to protect itself against pirate raids, but at the same time one suspects that it never took much persuasion to induce Amoy's sturdy sailor sons to set sail on corsair cruises when there was promise of loot elsewhere. Also, it is difficult not to suspect that Amoy frequently played the part of "receiver of stolen goods."

I hope that you have a bright day when you sail into the harbor, although it should be said that the beauty of this bay at the mouth of the Dragon River is too "intrinsically sound" to be lost even when the sky is drear and the waters are gray. When the sky is blue and the air is crystal clear the picture is one of ethereal and breath-taking enchantment. In the distance are the crags of the mainland mountains and all about, jutting from the gleaming waters, are countless fantastic islands crowned by pagodas and temples. The city itself becomes rather an anticlimax.

There is a hill—its name is Jih-kuny-giam—on the island of Kolongsu, the foreign concession, which you will wish to climb for its view. When you are ready to go over to the Chinese city, it is better to take a guide with you from the hotel. You would not get lost, probably, but you might. As you approach the ancient town you will see that a low rising hill divides it into halves. Off the water front of the eastern half are anchored thousands of junks. Their number has been diminishing steadily under changed conditions, but the fleet still remains a marvelous picture. Your sampan will probably land you at one of the British wharfs on the other side of the dividing hill. Since the departed days of the tea trade, this quarter of the foreign merchants has taken on an atmosphere something like that of certain old streets at home, whose prosperity has largely passed but which still live on, maintaining hints of their former pride and gentility.

The native streets are rather commonplace. As a sort of fortress retreat, built in the days of the pirates, one corner of the city contains an inner walled enclosure which crowds within its protection various government buildings and a number of temples. The most important temple in the city, however, the

Chwi-seng-keng, stands not far from the waterfront. The supreme shrine of all, Nam-po-to, lies some distance outside the town. Its main hall is lavishly embellished with many images and profuse decorative detail, but its chief charm lies in its quaint garden, a truly idyllic retreat. Back of Amoy rise steep and rocky hills with splendid views of the town and harbor.

Even if you are leaving Amoy on the steamer which brought you, you will have ample time to do everything I have mentioned but not much time to do anything else. There is little else to do, really, unless you have several days in which to go exploring inland. About seventy miles northward from Amoy lies old Chuan-chow, a city which some scholars identify as ancient Zayton. And thirty miles to the west is Chang-chow. Both places are "typical" Chinese towns, and to say "typical" in China is less trite and more meaningful than in almost any other country. It implies that they are as alike in many of their characteristics as peas in a pod. It also implies that if you could turn back five hundred years, you would see that they have changed just about as little as it is possible to conceive. However, the particular point about a visit to either Chuan-chow or Chang-chow is that each town possesses its great stone bridge—probably that of Chang-chow having been built to rival that of Chuan-chow. These two bridges are truly to be listed among "the Wonders of the East." Apparently, no Western engineer has evolved a theory as to how they were, or could have been, built. Their "monumental impossibility" is quite as mysterious as that of the Cheops Pyramid. The natives can tell you nothing except the to-be-expected magical legends. The bridge at Chuan-chow is the more amazing of the two as it has about three times the span of water to cross. It is three thousand and six hundred feet long and fifteen feet wide, and the enormous granite slabs resting on the abutments number one hundred and twenty. The bridge at Chang-chow is one thousand and one hundred feet long. Some one who carefully measured the monoliths which went into its building has reported them to be one hundred and thirteen feet long, six feet wide, and five feet thick, and that they weigh about two hundred tons each. From what quarries did they come? How were they transported? And, above all, how were they handled

and set up? The excursion by steam launch to Chuan-chow and return to Amoy takes three days, while a visit to Chang-chow may be accomplished in a day. Naturally, therefore, Chang-chow is host to the greater number of foreign visitors —perhaps a baker's dozen in a year.

Swatow

When I was a youth I had a friend, an ancient mariner who, in his own youth, had been cabin boy on one of the ships whose business it was to kidnap coolies in the Swatow district and carry them off to virtual slavery on the South American coast and other places. Thus I heard all about Swatow and about this traffic in much detail long before I read about it in books. By the Treaty of Tientsin, Swatow was opened to foreign trade in 1858. But the early Western adventurers who took advantage of this opportunity construed "trade" as meaning any chance whatsoever to turn a penny at the expense of the Heathen Chinee. The opium traffic offered quick and munificent profits, but soon it was discovered that still more opulent returns were to be had by capturing coolies and shipping them to countries wishing cheap labor. At first contracts were entered into with the coolies, but this was a nuisance and took time. It was much simpler and cheaper to raid a village, tie the men together by their pigtails, and march them off to a longboat hidden in a nearby cove. My friend, as I said, was cabin boy on one of the ships which sent its longboats ashore on such errands. On one voyage across to Central America they had unfavorable winds and ran short of food and water. Many of the coolies died in their chains and were promptly thrown overboard. Among the slaves was a boy of his own age for whom the American youngster grew to have an affection. "A gentle feller, he was, with eyes kinda like a deer," he described him to me. One night the American boy had saved part of his own food and a pannikin of water. He crept along the deck among the coolies chained to its planks till he reached his Chinese chum. As they were sitting there whispering, they were discovered. My friend was flogged and the Chinese boy was tossed overboard to the sharks.

You can understand how the enthusiasm of the Chinese in and about Swatow over foreigners in general fell to a rather low ebb. Their hatred became so intense that for long after the kidnaping trade had been discontinued no single foreigner, nor a small group, dared wander into the Chinese city or stroll into the countryside. The foreign concession, however, was continued and, as time went by, Westerners and Western firms began to win the confidence of the natives. And now the old days are apparently completely forgotten. There is even a more cordial relationship here than in most of the other treaty port cities. In truth, you will note that foreigners live here and there in different districts and that there is no definite foreign concession. There are more foreign residences in the quiet suburb of Kia-lat than elsewhere, and it is here that you will find the foreign hotel. Across the mile-wide harbor and at the base of the promontory of Kah-chioh there is another foreign colony.

If you have no particular desire to see China teeming at its teemingest, and if the repute of Swatow's shops does not engage your interest, there is not much reason for going to this city. The curio, silk and brocade, ivory, and jade shops in their contents are more or less to be compared to those of Canton; but as there must be forty times as many tourists in Canton, the visitor who brings to Swatow a moderate skill in bargaining and an eye which knows the good from the mediocre can count upon a cheaper level of prices. But Swatow's *spécialité*, for the foreign shopper, is its grass cloth and drawn work. Table cloths and napkins, lavishly embroidered by skilled and industrious fingers, sell for a ridiculously small number of dollars. Of course, you can buy "Swatow work" at Hongkong or Shanghai, or, for the matter of that, in New York or London; but there is a peculiar satisfaction (snobishness?) which comes only from getting things at the place where they are made.

Swatow's permanent population is estimated to be about 60,000, but often thousands may be added to this number as Swatow still carries on an enormous coolie immigrant business. The crowded streets give the impression of hundreds of thousands. But for still more congested streets take the twenty-

five mile railway journey to neighboring Chao-chow. This ancient town has many times Swatow's population and its narrow, labyrinthine alleys are notorious even among the Chinese.

As your visit is likely to be either in the spring or autumn, there is a fair chance that it may coincide with one of the two yearly festivals by which the people of Chao-chow celebrate the memory of their patron saint, Han Tai-chih. On a nearby hill, named Han-shan, or Han's Mountain, there is a shrine to which they repair, and the ceremonies are of the elaborate and spectacular sort common enough in the South China of half a century ago but which to-day are fast disappearing.

The name of Chao-chow's celebrated hero and saint is also given as Han Wen-kung and Han Yu. Han was China's protesting rationalist of the ninth century. In his character and gifts he might be described as a combination of Erasmus, Abé-lard, and Martin Luther, and with some of the powers of Saint Patrick added. You must not understand that Han was a native of Chao-chow. He was a distinguished courtier at the royal capital of Nanking. In the year 819 the emperor sent a delegation of mandarins to India to bring back a bone of Buddha. Han was then Vice-Minister of Justice. He was also a Confucianist and believed that such idolatry was a menace to the ideals of Chinese civilization. Han addressed a memorial to the emperor which has survived and is still being quoted by the literati as a perfect example of classic style. The translation strikes the Western reader as forceful, at least. "Buddha has been dead a long time," he began, "and here is a Son of Heaven bringing this stinking bone of a dead barbarian into the interior of his palace."

You can imagine Han's popularity with the emperor. However, he was a man with too powerful friends to be sent to the headsman's block. His punishment implied a subtlety in degradation of rank which ought to have broken Han's spirit through "loss of face." He was sent to Chao-chow as provincial governor. In those days Chao-chow was considered a barbarous and uncultured community. But in a mere two or three years Han proved to be so active in introducing the ways of civilization to the Chao-chowans that they became famous for their love of learning, a reputation they still enjoy. He was

soon recalled to the capital and restored to rank, but in this brief period of exile he not only found time to educate his subjects out of their barbarism, but in every way to administer his trust with superefficiency. For instance, the waters of the Han-kiang River, on whose banks stands the city, were infested, and always had been infested, with ferocious crocodiles. Han was appealed to. He promised to do something. He prepared a manuscript, an "ultimatum" to the reptiles, in which he explained to them the enormity of their errors. This literary effort, like the ultimatum to the emperor, has been carefully preserved, and it is considered a model of forceful style and cogent reasoning. He carried it to the river and tossed it in to the crocodiles. The pests forthwith departed, and never again has one of them been seen in the waters of the Han-kiang.

Hongkong

There are indeed many strange facts which the visitor in China is called upon to credit, but not one is so seemingly impossible as that less than a century ago there was no Hongkong. Until a British fleet, having nowhere else to go, here cast anchor—and stayed—this cove of the sea had never known any importance except, perhaps, to serve the pirates of the coast as a temporary nest.

Incidentally this harbor is one of the most beautiful in the world. But you are not asked to suppose that this was the reason why the British stayed. You must look to the depth of its waters and not to the height of its cliffs for the explanation. Let us begin nearer the beginning of the story.

For a long time the Portuguese, at Macao, virtually had the monopoly of Europe's trade with South China. The British became more and more dissatisfied with having to deal through intermediaries. Finally, some British traders managed to establish themselves at Canton and from 1820 to 1840 their prosperity soared. But Britain and China went to war in 1840, and the British community outside Canton's walls had to pick up and run; or, more accurately, they boarded their small fleet and betook themselves to Macao. They were by no means wel-

come, and as their presence threatened to direct Chinese hostility against their hosts, the Britishers again stretched their sails and started out to no place in particular. They looked about for some opportune anchorage where they might be assured of respite from immediate danger and could take council about what to do. Here "British luck" entered. It was by chance, and chance alone, that the fleet dropped anchor in this harbor rather than in any of the other inlets of the Canton estuary. Their shallow draft vessels had no need of the deeper waters of these roads. No one dreamed that within the next half century steam would displace sails and that Hongkong's nine fathoms of water would berth the oceangoing merchantmen of the future while none of the other coves of the estuary would so serve. That the British fleet anchored here, rather than elsewhere, was only the beginning of the luck. They were not intending to establish a permanent colony, and, even if they had been so disposed, this island soon showed itself to be a pestilential spot. Indeed, the place was dubbed "the white man's graveyard," and the settlement was on the point of being abandoned several times. Luckily fate conspired to postpone the evacuation. The war came to an end and by the Treaty of Chuen-pi the Chinese ceded the island of Hongkong to the British Crown "in perpetuity." Hongkong, you must understand, is not a treaty port. It is as absolutely British territory as the acres on which Westminster Abbey stands. The mainland territory across the channel, that is, the two hundred and ninety square miles under British control, was leased by China to Britain in 1898 for a period of ninety-nine years, and comes under a different status.

If you wish to be nicely accurate, you will use the name "Hongkong" for the island only, and not for the town. The official name of the city is "Victoria," but you will not be likely to hear Victoria used in conversation except to distinguish it from the rapidly growing commercial town of Kowloon on the mainland, and immediately across the channel. Kowloon may be reached in a few minutes by ferry, if you have any reason for going there; but, if you have no definite reason, the best way to see this commercial annex is to stand on the Victoria side and look across the intervening mile of water.

As you sail into the harbor, the view of Victoria is alluringly beautiful by day and sheerly magical by night. Once ashore, you find yourself walking through handsome, imposing, and substantial streets, as opposite as might be from romantic elusiveness. None the less there is something likable about this solidity. Victoria is indeed Victorian. A more conservative spot does not exist on the planet. Its very conservatism is likable because so sincere and consistent. It is rather refreshing to step into an office and meet with that chill and cautious atmosphere which was proper to respectable business in the days of quill pens.

The number of your days here will depend, I imagine, not so much on your deliberate choice as on the way your sailing dates work out. Perhaps you will have only one day and, while I do not mean to imply that you will necessarily be satisfied with this ordainment, it may be consoling to know that the island possesses very little which cannot be seen in twenty-four hours. Not, of course, if you wish to identify and inspect all of the schools, hospitals, churches, and other public buildings listed in the Hongkong *Handbook*, to be purchased in the bookshops. This is a remarkable book in many ways. Among its many hints it explains how to keep healthy and happy in the tropics, to wit: You must arise at daybreak, gargle your throat for one full minute with salt water, and then take a two mile walk before breakfast. For the couple of weeks before I secured my copy of the handbook, I had labored under the mistaken idea that the early morning noises arising in the streets were those of revelers homeward, or shipward, bound. And then I realized that they must be coming from throats but recently gargled in salt water, whose owners were taking their before-breakfast constitutionals.

Now there are two things to do at Hongkong which it is not to be supposed that any one ever fails in doing, but that does not mean that they can ever become commonplace. One is to take the "Round the Island Drive," and the other is to take the funicular railway to the top of Victoria Peak.

On the twenty-five mile drive around the island, at one moment you are high up on the rocky cliffside and at the next moment you are down at the waterfront passing through some

picturesque fishing village. If you have forgotten to bring your camera, the circuit will take about two hours. But if you have it, and should you stop for every picture which appeals, there is no guessing how long it will take. Halfway around you come to Repulse Bay with its luxurious hotel. Here, if you wish, and if the same genius of a chef still presides in the kitchen, you may order a luncheon of an epicurean menu. But if you have been long in the East the one item which will stand out as if written in letters of fire is "Guaranteed pure fresh milk from our own dairy."

When you are back again at Victoria plan to take the funicular to the Peak in time to have at least an hour on the summit before sunset. This will give you most of the afternoon for prowling about the town. Should you wish to find your own way to the Chinese streets, it is quite simple to study the map for a few minutes and then to follow Queen's Road from the Hongkong Hotel until you get there. But I imagine you will take a ricksha. If you are traveling eastward around the world and Hongkong is your introduction to China, you may naturally suppose that these rookery streets, in their picturesque flamboyance, are typically Chinese. They certainly are not typical of any other land, and they are far from being typical of China. The secret is that they are unique. They have come into existence under a pressure of circumstances nowhere else exerted. The area of the town is a pocket at the foot of the towering cliffside and is definitely limited in size. Hence the lofty tenements. But an even more forceful evolutionary agency has been the sanitary commands of the British. The Chinese were definitely instructed in what they could not do in the way of building, and the sum of the "could nots" pretty well denied them all of their architectural traditions. The solution by which they managed to conform with ordinances of the foreign barbarians, and yet adapted and adopted almost nothing from the Western examples a few streets distant, is a distinctly interesting study even if architecture is not one of your hobbies. Granted that the decorations and adornments are somewhat gaudy and cheap, still the streets have a gayety and glitter which one doesn't forget. Of course, the aim and object of the shops is to capture the attention of the tourist,

the souvenir buyer. I do not mean that nothing worth while is to be bought in Hongkong, but the trumpery stuff is in vast excess and nine-tenths of the stock displayed is not Chinese at all but comes from Japan's busy factories or from India.

It takes only a few minutes, not more than ten, to walk from the Hongkong Hotel to St. John's Cathedral. I name the Cathedral rather than the station for the funicular as the Cathedral is conspicuous and easy to locate. It takes ten minutes for the cable tramway to hoist you upward for its twelve hundred feet. And for these twelve hundred feet there is a drop in the temperature of twelve or fifteen degrees Fahrenheit. What's more, there is almost always a breeze at the summit. Thus, even in the most unspeakable days of midsummer, it takes but ten minutes to reach comparative comfort.

The uppermost station is not quite at the summit. A winding road leads upward. Down one steep side of the peak you look perpendicularly upon the sheltered pool of the sea in which the British fleet so fortuitously cast anchor just a few years less than a century ago and which has now become one of the world's great harbors. From this distance it is the ships and not the people on them which give the impression of life. For each of the arrogant oceangoing steamers there is a ministering flotilla of tugs, launches, barges, sampans, and square sailed junks. As twilight comes on, and a myriad of lights twinkle into being on the water and in the town, there is new magic. But before that there is the sunset.

To the westward is a panorama of sharply rising rocky islands and of glistening water lanes which is, in my opinion, as glorious and inspiring a seascape as this world holds. All of this broad view was once the undisputed empire of the pirate fleets. Spread beneath your eyes, as if you might be studying a chart, are the secret coves and inlets in which the junks of the pig-tailed picaroons lurked.

Steps lead downward from terrace to terrace, should you wish to walk rather than to take the funicular. Part way down is an attractive little park to which has been given the rather pretentious name of Botanical Gardens.

If you are to be in Hongkong for several days you may wish to go to the hotel on the Peak; but for a day or so only I doubt

whether you will wish to seek such lofty seclusion. It is much more convenient to be down below.

Slumbering Macao

Macao, of the Portuguese, lies some forty miles from Hong-kong, with a morning and an afternoon steamer from which to choose, except on Sunday when there is but one boat. If you take the morning steamer and come back on it in the afternoon, you will have two or three hours ashore. This time is ample for seeing this ancient port. In fact, I should hesitate to recommend a longer stay unless I knew exactly to whom I was making the recommendation. The beauty and elusive charm to be found in the decadence of its one-time grandeur depend much upon one's mood. In chilly, drizzling January or stifling July there is little hint of the idyllic loveliness of Macao on a glorious day in spring or under the autumn's russet sunshine.

The captain of the morning steamer is a canny, gray-haired Scotsman with an appraising and discerning eye. He can tell you exactly the mission which draws each of his passengers. He will point out those who will hurry ashore and proceed forthwith to one of the ornate gambling halls; and those who have business with the opium factories, and so forth, and so forth. You can spot the *bona fide* tourists for yourself, and it requires still less discernment to recognize the honeymoon couples. I hope the captain invites you to a seat on the bridge deck. Then, in his own good time, he may be moved to spin yarns not only concerning Macao but having to do with shipwrecks and pirates. The captain's opinion of the up-and-doing state of efficiency of this ancient settlement of the Portuguese is not one of high commendation. "Nevertheless," he will say, striking a match and puffing at his pipe, "it's the one perfect spot under God's heaven for a honeymoon." And it is.

The Portuguese occupation of this harbor goes back to the middle of the sixteenth century, almost four hundred years. The Portuguese landed here, so the story goes, on the pretext of drying some wet cargo. Portugal's fleet had been aiding the Ming Government in the destruction of an obnoxious nest of pirates. Laboring under a sense of gratitude for this help, the

Chinese at first were loath to suggest that it was taking an abnormally long time to dry the cargo. Later, when feelings had grown less friendly, the Portuguese were too well established to be ousted. The cargo has never been dried. Europe, then as now, was anxious to trade with the Celestials. All of this trade had to go through the hands of the merchant kings of Macao, and you may be certain that their commissions were not executed on a two per cent. basis. It would be interesting to know what was the gross income of this settlement, whose strategic position gave it its unique monopoly for almost three centuries. Finally, the British traders managed to effect the first breach of any consequence by opening direct trade with Canton. This led to the so-called Opium War, the flight of the British merchants from Canton, and the founding of Hongkong. In proportion as Hongkong's prosperity increased, that of Macao dwindled. Its state of activity finally subsided into the somnolent disuse of to-day. Its harbor, never a deep one, has been allowed to silt up until only vessels of the lightest draught can tie up at its docks. Neither this last catastrophe nor those that went before it appears to worry any one in Macao of this generation.

You must not imagine that this colonial outpost of the decayed Portuguese empire resembles a beachcomber, basking in the sun and wondering whence its next penny will come. It knows all about its next penny, and it has plenty in its pockets to jingle at all times. Old Macao, in the days of its halcyon weal, was not only one of the busiest of the ports of the Eastern Seas, it was one of the most riotously and lavishly wicked. Modern Macao has made wonderful use of this reputation and advertising. Why worry whether the harbor is crowded with ships or the go-downs of the merchants bulging with goods? Macao's business world deals mostly in vices of all sorts, varieties, and kinds, with special attention paid to gambling.

No guide is needed to find the fan-tan halls. They begin less than a stone's throw from the steamer landing. How many scores there are, I have no idea. Some are larger and more pretentious than others, but the extra glitter of the "first class" houses is mostly on the outside. If you but show an inclination to enter a particular door, one of the hangers-on will hastily

push it open, and in an instant you will be in the hands of an usher who will lead you not to the common gaming-room but to a gallery above it. You are thus directly above the tables. Tea, sweets, and melon seeds are provided you, and also a basket in which to lower your bets over the railing. The attendants who take in the money, and sometimes pay it out, look even more bored with existence than do the croupiers of Monaco's casino. As for the players, if they have feelings they do not show them in their faces.

This quarter of the fan-tan halls, the opium dens, and the other rendezvous, keeps to itself. When you turn your back on it you are in Old Macao.

If you are leaving by the steamer which brought you, most of your prowling must be by some sort of conveyance. Choose a motor car and not a carriage if you wish to avoid the guilty feeling of being accessory to the lashings which fall to the lot of the horses on the long, steep, and winding road to Camoens' garden. It was in this garden that Camoens wrote many of the verses of the *Lusiads*. Camoens was not only a poet, he was a doughty soldier of fortune. To read the tale of his superadventurous life is to understand how Portugal won its colonial empire, but it makes one wonder the more how Portuguese genius, energy, and daring could have burned with such an incandescent flame for a time and then so suddenly have subsided. Camoens' ardent temperament was constantly getting him into hot water and creating powerful enemies. His presence in Macao was not voluntary. He was sent there in banishment. But it was an exile not without its ameliorations. Certainly this garden, on its high hill and with its enchanting views, was a "prison" many another poet might envy.

Your driver will take you up one long road, and bring you back by another. There will still be time to drive through some of the old streets of the town. The tints of the stucco walls of the mansions were once assertively brilliant, but they have now faded into soft blues, tawny yellows, and deep reds. It takes but a slight effort of the imagination to reconstruct a picture of the arrogance and pretentious display which must have accompanied the life within those spacious *palacios*. The atmosphere which envelops them to-day is one of ghostly

quietude, mildewed peace—a material and spiritual moldering. The dwellers behind those aristocratic doorways bear names which are among the most illustrious on Portugal's roster, but few are the Macaon families which can claim a blood inheritance undiluted by a Chinese strain.

For the most part these mansions are to be found among the streets lying back from the Praia Grande, the long avenue which faces the now almost deserted eastern harbor. On a magic night of spring, the former elegance of this beautiful promenade returns for the moment with the budding of nature. The ghosts of haughty governors and rich merchants are about you. Near its southern end is the Boa Vista Hotel where, if you need not hurry back to modern-day Hongkong, you will find an atmosphere of hospitality of an old-world flavor.

Canton

One wonders whether that beldame, Mother China, isn't herself rather bewildered over having brought into the world two children of such opposite temperaments as Peking and Canton. Certainly she showed precaution in separating them by many long miles. If they had grown up within convenient quarreling distance . . . well, one or the other never would have grown up.

One's epitomized impression of Canton is of a package of exploding firecrackers, while one thinks of Peking as an exquisite bronze vase.

But it is Canton's relationship to Hongkong, not to Peking, which concerns the traveler's plans. There is the river route from Hongkong and the railway; the first taking eight hours and the second four. The railway is hardly to be depended upon as it has periods of despair when it stops operation. Besides, it is more picturesque, more comfortable, and more convenient to go by steamer. There can be no question but that the amenities are far more happily observed if one's introduction to this ancient city is by the river. Thus came ships from ancient Rome, so declare the Cantonese, "bearing tribute." Thus came the Arabs in their feluccas. Thus came Ser Marco Polo, and Friar Odoric. And from the headlands upon which

you look, the captains of the early sailing ships of Portugal, Holland, Spain, and Britain guessed their course through this then uncharted estuary. To-day, despite lighthouses, maps, wireless, and steam, there is still a certain glamor of adventure hanging over this short voyage. The look-out in the crow's nest keeps his binoculars to his eyes watching the coves and inlets, and attention is paid to even the most innocent looking fishing junks. Piracy has not vanished. Nor on the steamer itself is there an atmosphere of blissful trust. Armed guards pace back and forth; and if you start to investigate what sort of quarters are assigned to the native passengers, you will find yourself stopped by steel barred doors. It has not been unknown for pirate gangs to board the steamers in the guise of passengers and at a favorable moment to make themselves masters.

Occasionally there are political "crises" which so seriously disturb the peace of the river that the steamers tie up and cease their schedules until the storm blows itself out. Once upon a time political disputes could be settled by shooting off a tremendous number of firecrackers. The side making the most din was declared the victor. But in these modern days the South China navy joins in the demonstrations. It is capable of a great deal of noise and some very poor shooting.

I have felt it rather a duty to mention these disturbances. They do occur, every once in a while. On the other hand, if you have a yearning for sensation and excitement, please do not interpret this as a promise. You might settle down in Canton for months and the overwhelming chances would be that you would never witness anything more catastrophic than a verbal quarrel between a couple of coolies. It would be an inexcusably false picture to paint Canton as a spot habitually surcharged with dangers. It is normally—and this means most of the time—a place where the foreigner can go his way with much less need to worry about his personal safety than he might conceivably have in many cities of the Western world. Of course, the stage setting of the narrow, tortuous streets is melodramatic. They suggest that anything might happen at any instant. Unless you are used to China and its ways, for the first few moments after you plunge into their mazes, and

find yourself surrounded by the turbulent, teeming crowd, it would be nothing to your discredit if you have some vague doubts.

If you can give but one day to Canton, then the only schedule to consider is to take the night steamer from Hongkong which will arrive at Canton at eight o'clock in the morning. The return sailing is at five in the afternoon and returns you to Hongkong about midnight.

The steamers tie up on the Bund, a minute's walk from the bridge leading to the Island of Shameen, the foreign concession. The railway station is at the other end of the town, about two and a half miles from Shameen. When the trains are running, a telegram sent to the Victoria Hotel brings the hotel launch to the station dock. It is always wise to send a telegram to the hotel even if you are arriving by steamer. If you are to have only one day, you will wish breakfast to be waiting and a guide engaged. There are hotels on the Bund (the river front street of the city) which offer foreign style accommodation, but the Victoria is the only inn on Shameen. And let me emphasize that the foreign concession is an oasis of quietude fully to be appreciated only after you have spent a few hours amid the din of the native streets. The Chinese love noise for its own sake, and Canton is the noisiest city of China. To a Celestial its cacophonous din must be heavenly.

When I first knew Shameen the island was a rather forlorn outpost of the Western world. A dreary little inn of two or three comfortless rooms offered the only hospitality. The foreign concession of a quarter of a century ago would indeed have difficulty in recognizing the Shameen of to-day with its shaded avenues, its green lawns, luxurious homes, comfortable hotel, its clubs, and tennis courts. If you elect to linger longer than the conventional one day, you will be facing no dismaying hardships.

There is only one certainty about this city and that is its fanatical devotion to change. No one can prophesy to-day what to-morrow will bring forth, nor what existing to-day may disappear and be forgotten. But I can tell you of certain things to do which would appeal to me as most worth while for a single day's program.



In Canton, the Strangest, Most Oriental City of the World



A Criminal Exhibited to the People with His Guards and
Placard Telling of His Crime, a Fast Disappearing
Custom of China



The Women of China man Many of the River Boats and
Share the work of Navigation and Loading with the Men

If you take the night boat from Hongkong, make certain that you will be called early enough in the morning to have the three miles of the river scene. The Cantonese call their river the Chu-kiang, while on foreign maps it appears as The Pearl. An extraordinary misnomer, but let that pass. Twenty years ago the ramshackle buildings along the shore were like a weird backdrop to the stage setting. These old piles have been for the most part torn down to be replaced by steel and concrete structures. Happily, it has not been possible for progress to do away with the fantastic marvel of the river picture. Junks, barges, tugs, launches, sampans, steamers, rafts, and every other conceivable variety of craft are pursuing their courses with no more apparent regard for traffic rules than a stampede of water beetles. But for some mysterious reason the wholesale collision which you momentarily expect does not occur. Perhaps the oddest craft are the paddle boats whose motive power is a gang of coolies tramping on the paddle blades. Besides this active flotilla there is the infinite fleet of anchored "flower-boats," rubbing gunwale against gunwale. In these parasitic junks live a population estimated at from two to three hundred thousand, or perhaps a tenth of the city's total numbers. The flower-boats do not take their name from their showy gorgeousness—although some, indeed, are sufficiently ornate—but from the frail flowers of humanity for whom they serve as a gilded prison.

The point on the Bund where your steamer ties up is about a ten minutes' walk from the hotel. You will find breakfast waiting, and, if you have telegraphed to that effect, a guide. Perhaps you will be a member of a conducted party or of a world cruise, but I should still suggest, in the case of Canton, that it would be worth your while to make your own independent arrangements for a personal guide. For the phenomenon of the modern boulevards this would not apply. But do not start forth on an exploration of the ancient and unspoiled quarter of the Seventy-two Guilds in a group of more than four. Amid the twisting, narrow alleyways of old Canton the only transportation is by sedan chair, and a cavalcade of five chairs (the fifth for your guide) is almost too unwieldy. When a longer procession gets under way, it takes a

heroic effort to stop it. You resign yourself into passing by the most alluring corners. And when it comes to shopping—and does it ever not come to shopping in Canton?—I promise you that madness lies in the folly of trying to share an interpreter with a dozen or more other importunate treasure hunters.

Unless your guide has suggestions which appeal as more feasible, let me offer the hint that you give a short morning to modern Canton and a long afternoon to old Canton. While you are comfortably seated at breakfast we might discuss for a moment the phenomenon of modern Canton.

By the date of your visit the new boulevards will undoubtedly have reached a more finished stage than when I last saw them. But I cannot imagine that the shoddy pretentiousness of most of the Western style buildings which border them will offer a less wretched picture. Why, then, bother with this picture at all? Because whatever this city does, it cannot help doing it in an amazing way. Canton is, and always has been, "China's factory for new ideas." Its years may be ancient but it has never outgrown the boisterous arrogance of youth. Elsewhere in this most conservative of lands the acme of pious endeavor is to serve and preserve ancient traditions. When the citizens of other cities point to the nimble-witted Cantonese as the originators of every change, it is with a holy shudder. But the Cantonese care not a fig. For two thousand years they have held to no tradition except that all traditions need smashing. And never, in these twenty centuries, has there been a generation so ruthlessly radical as the present one.

In the days of the Dragon Throne, Canton was always an unruly child. Let an Imperial Viceroy sent to rule over them attempt to curb their turbulently independent ways, and the Cantonese soon contrived to bring about his loss of face. As one would suspect, the plotting of the Revolution against the Manchu emperors, which broke out in 1911, originated in this city of the south. When the Republic was eventually proclaimed, the Cantonese soon found it a dull rôle to give up the part of *enfant terrible* and to be nothing more than a supporting contributor. In a short time Canton was in open rebellion against the Republic. The next inspiration was the "Republic

of South China," and Canton naturally became the seat of government.

With Canton now become a modern capital, it needed a modern constitution. The statesmen drafted a utopian document and then with the utmost rapidity wrote out laws which were to bring about perfection. Universal education was announced; equality was declared between the sexes; gambling was forever prohibited; the thousands upon thousands of singing-song girls of the flower-boats were ordered to sin no more; squeeze and corruption were abolished. The end of medievalism was thus promulgated, but when the leaders took time to look up from the council table they observed that they were still living in a medieval town. The massive wall, with its seventeen gates, was a product of the Ming era; the chief public buildings, such as the viceroy's *yamen*, the Examination Halls, and even the temples, all bespoke a past that was dead.

Obviously, this would never do. What was needed was a city brand new and modern in every respect, a faultless capital of a faultless state. Let a worthy city arise. *Tsik hak!* Orders were forthwith issued to tear down the old walls and on their site to build broad boulevards. You must not imagine that this command was a gesture. Soon a dust cloud hung over the city, rising high above the Flowery Pagoda. It was the dust from the thousands of houses which were being torn down to give elbow room for tearing down the walls.

Happily the advice of the most zealous of the reformers was not listened to, namely, to tear down the entire city at once and be through with that half of the job before the rebuilding was started. Destruction did sweep a long and wide area, but another broad section was spared—except, indeed, that a few straight streets were driven through it.

After breakfast walk back to the Bund and continue on that street for the short distance until you arrive at Canton's proudest skyscraper, the Sun Building. An elevator will lift you to the roof garden, and from its tower you may have a view of the town and the river which formerly belonged only to the birds of the air.

When you have come down from this eyrie, if you wish the

maddest motor car ride the world has to offer, it awaits your acceptance. Motor cars stand ready for hire near the Shameen bridge. Before the momentous year of 1919 there was not a street in the city more than five or six feet wide. Now you have six miles or so of boulevard where once stood the wall. The boulevard, as a learned member of the foreign colony explained, might be called a "pragmatic speedway," that is, "it becomes one because your Chinese driver makes it one." He opens wide the throttle and heads for the maelstrom of traffic, hewing to the line and letting the chips fall where they may. The chips are rickshas, sedan chairs, wheelbarrows, horse-carts, pushcarts, bicycles, motor-cycles, pedestrians, or other motor cars. For some reason, as mysterious as that which obtains on the river, the casualties are negligible.

The time taken for the Sun Building tower and the boulevard drive will be a short two hours. Thus, if you have taken the precaution to ask for an early tiffin at the hotel, the sun will hardly be past the meridian when you are seated in a sedan chair and your coolies swing into their quick pace headed for the quarter of the city untouched and unspoiled by reforming zeal.

Within a minute after you cross the British bridge you are in the glittering streets of the bazars. There is a logical reason why these streets should have a quality of gorgeous show surpassing that of rival cities. The wealth of the merchants of Canton's Seventy-two Guilds is enormous, and this wealth is not a matter of to-day or yesterday. As early as the ninth century the fame of the lavish ornativeness of Canton's bazars had spread through all Asia. And for a thousand years there has been no other city which could afford such richly gilded wood carvings, such display of gold and red lacquer. Shops of the same kind are in one group. Thus there is Jade Street, Silk Street, Embroidery Street, Ivory Street, and Fan Street.

Twenty years ago Canton was a city of many famous temples. Several had been founded as early as the sixth century, during that period of great faith when the city was visited by Buddhist saints from India, including the great Bodhidharma. While Canton's temples twenty years ago were famous—including "The Temple of the Five Hundred Buddhas," "The Temple

of the Horrors of Hell," and "The Temple of the Five Rams"—they had been growing dingier and dingier, and more deserted year by year. Apparently the fervor of faith and devotion had been slowly oozing out of the hearts of the people. And when the energy of the reformers was turned upon "superstition" and the people were told that the authority of the priests was at an end, that the temples were either going to be torn down and the ground sold or else that they were to be put to some useful purpose, such as turning them into schools, the Cantonese did not reply with a mighty *No!* There may have been some uncomfortable shudders, but there were few protests when temple after temple suffered demolition. You must not expect that the wrecking gangs were directed to the tearing down of only the less famous or the poorly endowed temples. On the contrary—and there have been some observers so cynically inclined as to impute a subtle connection—the richer the temple the earlier came its demise.

At this moment of writing the nine-storied Flowery Pagoda is still standing; the ancient Temple of Medicine and the modern Chan Family Ancestral Temple have also escaped so far. The Flowery Pagoda is a relic of the great building era of the sixth century. It has had repairs in its fourteen hundred years, but the soundness of the original materials which went into its construction must have been a matter of special care. It has always had the reputation of looking as if it had been completed within the hour, and so it looks to-day. The modernity of the Chan Ancestral Temple is to me the most interesting thing about it. It was completed in 1890 and its costliness is obvious. Almost every one is impressed, so I must be lacking in imagination when I find its imposingness rather sterile.

A pilgrimage which no one used to omit, but which to-day has completely lost its savor, was to the massive Five-storied Pagoda standing as the northern outpost of the city. The guides of twenty years ago were saturated with tales and legends about it, and a nod of encouragement would start their tongues. As for the people of the city, they still held the tower in veneration as their indispensable *feng-shui* protection against the evil demons of the air. On my last visit to Canton I decided to revisit the spot. The dapper and sophisticated youth

who was serving us as interpreter showed that he was distinctly bored by the proposal. He was quite unable to conceal his vexation at being associated with any one so old-fashioned and "mid-Victorian" as to have an interest in the superstitious past. But go we did, and found the ancient tower absolutely deserted. As if it felt its own "lost face" and realized its uselessness, it was crumbling into rapid decay. I asked our cicerone what he thought about it. "I have been trying to estimate," he said, "how much material its bricks will furnish for the new road which is to be built here."

If you should linger beyond the conventional one day, you will not be at a loss for things to do. A fascinating excursion into the countryside is to Pok-wan-shan, or White Cloud Mountain. On the road you will pass the "Seventy-two Heroes Monument," erected to the memory of those Cantonese who were executed by Manchu troops following their unsuccessful assault against the Viceroy's *yamen* in an outbreak which anticipated the Revolution by a few months. The symbolism of the monument is that New China will draw upon the whole world for its ideas. In its design it brings together selections ranging from an Egyptian obelisk to a replica of the Statue of Liberty.

You will find it interesting to pay a visit to Canton Christian College, lying some distance up the river from the city. The college launch comes to Shameen once or twice a day. Whether you believe or disbelieve that the West is qualified to be a teacher of the Ancient East, you will find in progress at this college an exceedingly interesting experiment. The policy is not to foist our academic theories upon the Chinese. By far the most important course in the curriculum is that devoted to scientific agriculture. The college has naturally had some unpleasant experiences during crises when antiforeign feeling has run high; but the thinking Chinese of Canton and the Province of Kwantung seem to have decided that in these bewildering days of transition the ideals of the college are something to be trusted in. They have contributed liberally to its support.

CHAPTER 7

MANILA AND THE ISLES OF THE PHILIPPINES

ABOUT the year 1790 there was published in London a huge book of 990 folio pages entitled *A Universal Geography, Antient and Modern*. The author was the Reverend Thomas Bankes, Vicar of Dixton. This date, as you see, was shortly after the close of America's War of Independence. His pages on the Orient, and particularly those on the Philippines, are absorbingly interesting to read to-day, revealing as they do virtually the sum total of the knowledge which the West then had about the East. Let me quote from the chapter on the Isles of the Philippines.

"In general the Philippine Islands abound with every delicacy, and the soil is inconceivably fertile; but their excessive heat; the innumerable noxious insects, and venomous reptiles; the dreadful earthquakes, and the frequent eruptions from many of their mountains, which are volcanos; the great number of poisonous herbs and flowers, from which the most pernicious vapors exhale; and the terrible storms of thunder, lightning, and rain, which spread shocking devastation around, combine to render them neither safe nor desirable. In fine, this cluster of islands resembles a fair person with a foul temper.

"Beauties can thus enchanting smiles impart,
While secret malice lurks within the heart,
'Til lost in tears the hapless lover drowns,
Martyr'd by falsehoods, sacrific'd by frowns."

Imagine the incredulity of the author if some one had prophesied that just a century later the United States, grown somewhat out of its swaddling clothes, would be sending a fleet of warships across the Pacific and that proud Manila would surrender to its guns? Despite anything which has happened in the intervening years, would the import of Thomas Bankes's

description have to be changed one tittle to bring it into accord with the nebulous idea of most Americans concerning those faraway islands? Isn't it the general opinion that America has been doing her best to coddle into a state of modern civilization and progress an ungrateful set of natives who live in an uninspiring and dolorous land?

No moving picture producer would ever send a company to film a picture in the "romantic and picturesque" isles of the Philippines. It would be a wasted business venture if they should. No moviegoer would read the advertisements and believe that the scene could be either romantic or picturesque.

It is true that some few Americans feel morally bound to include Manila in their itinerary, to "see what America is doing for its wards." But most wanderers shrug their shoulders and are content to save all their hours for lands which they deem more worthy of their visit.

This traditional pessimism among Americans as to the dolefulness of the islands can be easily traced to its origin. Immediately following the American occupation, and before any preparations were made to receive them, came the army of school-teachers and civil administrators to take up the white man's burden. Idealism inspired those crusaders, and the glory of their effort and labor is not to be dimmed. Their disillusionment was prompt and complete. The majority of them were sent to remote posts, to find their quarters in native huts whose moldy nipa walls were the rendezvous for a variety of crawling and creeping life, whose thatched roofs leaked miserably through unending rainy days and nights. The crusaders learned a great deal about tropical fevers, stark loneliness, and the gastronomic unattractiveness of tinned rations. If, in the beginning, they did see beauty in the landscape, is it any wonder that the memory of early thrills had long since faded when eventually they returned to America's comfortable bosom? Is it any wonder that their tales of disillusion spread and impressed upon popular opinion a belief in the misery of the Philippines?

The map shows that the cluster extends north and south for a distance of a thousand miles or more; and the number of the islands runs into the thousands as well. Of these about four

hundred are inhabited. Amazement results when one begins to discover the unbelievable number of tribes gathered together in this group. It is almost impossible to imagine human beings differing more radically from one another than, for example, the adroit and adaptable Christianized Tagalogs of Manila, the primitive, pagan Igorots of the Baguio hills, and those haughty, fierce-tempered ex-corsairs of the southern islands, the Mohammedan Moros. Still more difficult is it for the imagination to explain why these antipathetic tribes became neighbors. If, with the exception of the aboriginal Negritos, their stock goes back to a common Malay origin, why have they developed so contrastingly in temperament, personality, and ways of life?

This matter of bewildering contrasts does not end with the peoples. Nowhere in the tropics does Nature show a greater variety of moods. The tranquil beauty of equable Luzon, lying among the northern islands of the archipelago, differs from that of equatorial Mindanao, in the far south, quite as definitely as does England's countryside differ from that of Italy. The distances are almost the same.

Of course, if the lure which draws you to the East is concerned solely with the art and culture of the ancient civilizations of Asia, then of a certainty the Philippines are not for you. But if the beauties of Nature draw you, if you have that variety of curiosity which is interested in a diverse picture of strange peoples, then your quest might well lead you to these islands.

To a modern Pacific liner the six hundred odd miles lying between Hongkong and Manila mean less than forty-eight hours' sail. Many of the steamers remain for two days or more in port. It is thus possible to arrive and depart on the same vessel, to explore Manila and to see something of the countryside which lies immediately beyond the city. But if you stay over for the few days until the next steamer, you can see almost all of Luzon's most interesting places. A cruise among the other islands will require an additional three weeks.

Manila and the Island of Luzon

If you visit Manila in the winter, you will leave Hongkong bundled up to your ears in your ulster, and that night you will

beg your room-boy to "go catch one piece more blanket." But, towards morning, off will go the blankets, and at breakfast you will see every one in white. You have come to the real tropics. In Manila, from November until April, the cool season means one delightful week following another.

When you sail into Manila Bay you are likely to find a thin mist hanging over the water, so diaphanous that the softest breeze opens rifts in the curtain and reveals vistas of a distant palmgirt shore. Doubtless it was upon just such a hushed and tranquil morning that the galleons of Spain shattered the peaceful serenity of the scene when, under Juan of Salcedo in the memorable year of 1570, they appeared and demanded the submission of the petty sultan, who here had his capital.

The seaward face of the city which Admiral Dewey saw, in 1898, presented the medieval aspect of a massive wall with imposing bastions, picturesque gates, and a deep moat. This was the town wall which the Spanish Governor Dasmarinas had built some three centuries before; and, although in the intervening years it had been several times extensively repaired, the picture from the sea remained almost unchanged. But this is not the scene you will look upon as your boat is slowly towed toward one of the great jutting steel piers which the American engineers have built. The old walled town to-day is almost concealed by the row of vast warehouses which have arisen on land reclaimed from the harbor. Also, on this new sea front, half hidden by palms, stand white walled palaces—the clubs and hotels of the *Americanos*. The broad moat you will not see at all, as it has been filled in, seeded, and transformed into a golf course.

When you step onto the concrete floor of the steel pier, a customs official will inquire with engaging courtesy whether you have anything dutiable to declare. You have merely to reassure him that you have not, and you can entrust your luggage to the hotel porter. Then take the first vehicle to be engaged and drive to the hotel to make certain of your reservations. I think you will prefer the new Manila—the white walled palace which you saw from afar; but should you desire local color (and *pesos* are to be saved thereby, as well), there is the Hotel

de France on the Plaza Goiti. This inn is not particularly ancient, as things go in Manila, but it possesses an atmosphere redolent of the days when the Spanish hidalgos dined on *jamon en dulce*, washed down by good *vino tinto*, or sat at the little tables along the sidewalk while they drank their *café solo* and perused their *periódicos*. However, I think you will choose the hotel of the Americans, which has an exotic atmosphere of its own, not to mention a greater liberality in the way of *los baños*. I am one of those travelers who can put up with very meager comforts when necessary, but have no hankering to do so habitually. I have a warm remembrance of the comforts and hospitality of many inns in various parts of the world, and I have a partiality for this particular hotel at Manila. The Oriental sun seems to have turned all the starch of commercial exploitation into the sugar of a sincerely genial welcome, and there is a delightful blending of the amenities of both East and West. Even an early morning misanthrope would have to acknowledge some delight in a breakfast wherein the partaker is served with iced papaya, given tang by a squeeze of lime juice, the most fragrant of coffee, and griddle cakes sprinkled with an abundance of Vermont maple sugar. Surely a perfect combination of strange and familiar delicacies!

Manila, like ancient Gaul, is divided into three parts. There is the Spanish walled town, almost always spoken of as *Intramuros*, whose picturesque corners and medieval streets are best explored by a prowling walk or in a horse-drawn *calesa*; and for which the morning is the better half of the day. Outside the walls is the native quarter which grew up in later Spanish days. It sprawls on both sides of the Pasig River, and here you will find the markets, many small shops, and the old-fashioned counting houses, as they were called, of the Spanish and other foreign business firms; and in the back alleys of the streets along the Pasig you will find scenes quite as primitive as in the villages of the countryside. The third part is the area of streets which has sprung into being under the city planning of American directors. This new city has gained part of its space by encroaching upon the older streets and part by occupying territory of its own preemption. If your time is limited, take a

motor car for the streets outside the walls. You can then see as much in three or four hours as you could from a *calesa* in as many half-days.

In three or four hours you can see almost every place that is really of interest, and you can escape the mediocre stretches. Choose the afternoon and start about three o'clock. You may thus include the afternoon "retreat" at Bilibid and will have the sunset view across the bay when you reach the Cavite drive.

In a moment after leaving the hotel, you will be driving along the *Calle P. Burgos*, a shady avenue swinging around the walled city. This will take you to the Santa Cruz Bridge, the *Plaza Goiti* and the *Escolta*. The *Escolta* is the busiest and most imposing of all the business streets of the American city. It is Broadway, Wall Street, and Fifth Avenue combined, which means that it is Manila's "Main Street." Here are the banks, the steamship offices, the principal shops, and the moving picture palaces. But the *Escolta's* glory is its American drug stores—not chemist shops, or pharmacies, but *drug stores!* Places where you can find all the necessities of civilized life from ice-cream sodas to picture post-cards and pay telephones; and, possibly, they keep drugs. Then, after your soda, the driver will speed to Bilibid by way of the *Calle Rosario*, the *Calle Reina Regente*, and the broad *Calle Ascarraga*. Any one of the streets of this extensive northern district of the city is very much like the others; the houses evidence the comfortable prosperity of their owners, and there is a trim orderliness and cleanliness unquestionably worthy of commendation—but to the unregenerate searcher for the picturesque a glimpse is as good as a feast.

Have I said that Bilibid is a prison? It is. It is a bridewell of Spanish origin. But the builders did not copy the grim, romantic architecture of any of the famous medieval dungeons of Castile. Bilibid is a nondescript pile; it might be a factory. Why give it a moment's attention? Do I imagine that you have a penchant for visiting prisons? No, but I do believe that you will find this place interesting in its own peculiar way. It is not easy to analyze why Bilibid's "four o'clock retreat" should so stir one's emotions. But it does.

From prison to palace. A mile of highway takes you to

Malacanan, sitting on the bank of the Pasig and surrounded by broad grounds and a luxuriant garden. Malacanan is the residence of the American Governor-General of the Islands. The gardens and some of the rooms of the palace are open to visitors, should you wish to enter the gates. Then if you say to your driver "Paco Cemetery," he will drive you there by way of the Ayala Bridge, with its quaint view up and down the river. Of all the strange inheritances from the days of Spain, Paco is the oddest. The crumbling, circular walls which surround it have acquired through doddering age that mysterious beauty which moldering, moss covered stones do so strangely attain. The inner surface of the wall is lined with two thousand niches for the reception of caskets. The old-time custom was that a niche could be rented for a period of five years. At the end of that time, if the lease was not renewed—and they rarely were—the bones were summarily removed, and the niche was again on the market. This practice meant a lucrative business, but it is no longer permitted and presumably the latest tenants will remain in their niches as long as the walls stand.

Near the Paco Cemetery is another famous landmark, the Tabacalera. Here maidens, to whom tradition assigns a gay and mischievous beauty, endlessly roll Manila cigars. I had my disillusionment many years ago and have not returned for another. Nowadays, I believe, the doors are open to visitors only in the mornings. From Paco it is but a half moment to Taft Boulevard, foremost among the new streets of the aristocratic Ermita quarter. From your motor car you have a glimpse of the University's new buildings. By following Taft Boulevard as far as Harrison Park and then returning to the hotel by way of the Cavite Boulevard, a drive along the shore of the bay, you ought to have at this hour one of Manila's incomparable sunsets in its fullest glory of coloring.

The hotel faces Burnham Green, named for the landscape architect who planned the streets of New Manila and who outlined the plan of development for Baguio. On one side of the Green is the old Luneta; on the other, the new Luneta. The old Luneta is still a name to conjure with, albeit its romantic days belong altogether to the past. When the haughty dons of

Spain ruled here, the Luneta was aristocratically restricted to the white caste. On pleasant afternoons, when the sun was sinking low, it was a great sight to behold the carriages driving slowly around this palm bordered oval. In the carriages sat disdainful Spanish beauties with, of course, their inevitable duennas beside them. The men strolled on the paths and stared at the arrogant *señoras* and *señoritas*. This elegant exclusiveness did not appeal to the *Americanos*. Why should the little brown brothers be snubbed and debarred? A *pronunciamiento* opened the patrician park to one and all. The Filipinos came like a cloud. The daughters of Spain stayed at home. And that was the end of that chapter of the Luneta's history.

If some Spanish Rip Van Winkle who had fallen into a siesta back in the 1890's had slumbered peacefully until the very day upon which you take the above drive, and was then awakened and given a seat in the motor car beside you, everything would be as unfamiliar to him as to yourself. But if you should invite him to wander with you through *Intramuros*, he could become your guide. He would find changes, but not bewildering ones, and in some of the streets he would scarce be able to detect a new nail in the walls or a replaced cobblestone in the pavement. I wish you might have some such guide, some one familiar with the history and legends, knowing all of the turnings of the crooked, narrow streets, where to find the most charming patios, and sure of not passing by the monastery cloisters. Strange, but Manila has no professional guides. A pathfinder is not actually needed in this diminutive walled town, but he would be useful to answer questions. Your own prowling steps are to be trusted to lead you on, and a map, to be had at the hotel desk, can be slipped into your pocket to identify the turnings. If you do not care to walk, a *calesa* is by no means a bad compromise. One of these two-wheeled, horse-drawn affairs has much the same informal suitability for prowling as has a ricksha.

Unless you instruct your driver otherwise, he will enter by the way of the Santa Lucia Gate and leave by the Real Gate. While the order is not of major importance, a better sequence is obtained by reversing the program. The bastion of the Real Gate to-day does duty as an aquarium, with glass tanks lining

the walls. Here are gleaming tiny fishes which flash through the water like rubies; others might be sapphires. In some of the tanks are strange, unbelievable monstrosities netted from the waters of these islands. To complete the nightmare mood which these creatures inspire, there are a couple of thick barred cages housing huge, somnolent pythons captured in the deep jungle swamps of the southern islands.

In a general way the streets which lie in the shadow of the wall are more quaintly picturesque than those in the center of the town; if you keep your right shoulder toward the wall after you enter the Real Gate and fairly close to it as you make the circle, you will come upon all of the old churches and most of the oddest corners. Eventually you will arrive at Fort Santiago, which has been semimodernized to serve as the Headquarters of the American Army, and in the process has lost most of its medieval picturesqueness. From here you turn back on the straight street which leads to the Plaza McKinley. In the streets surrounding this square and between here and the Santa Lucia Gate you might indeed imagine that you are in Old Spain. In fact, should you be unable to give an entire morning to *Intramuros*, take a *calesa* to Fort Santiago and, after driving through its grounds, devote such time as you may have to the old churches and cloisters of this quarter. Most of these churches were built in the latter part of the sixteenth century, but there have been earthquakes and other disasters, which have necessitated repairing and rebuilding. But much of the ancient charm has been preserved. The great Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception is huge and imposing, and the Augustinian Church and the Church of San Ignacio are always conventionally to be seen. But to me the place of preeminent charm is the cloister and garden of the monastery of the Dominican Church. A serene and august tranquillity blesses its quadrangle.

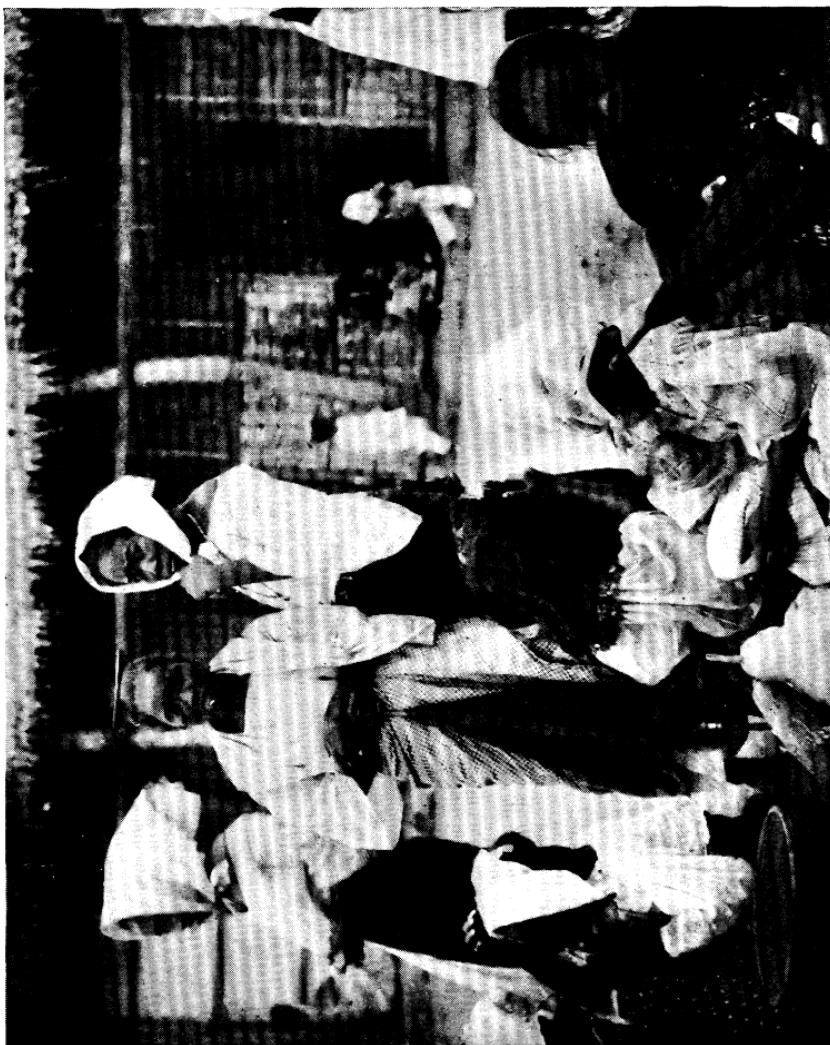
Beyond Manila

Manila is . . . well, just Manila. In many ways it is a fascinating place, surely a pleasant one—but it is certainly not the Philippines. Tens of thousands of Filipinos live there,

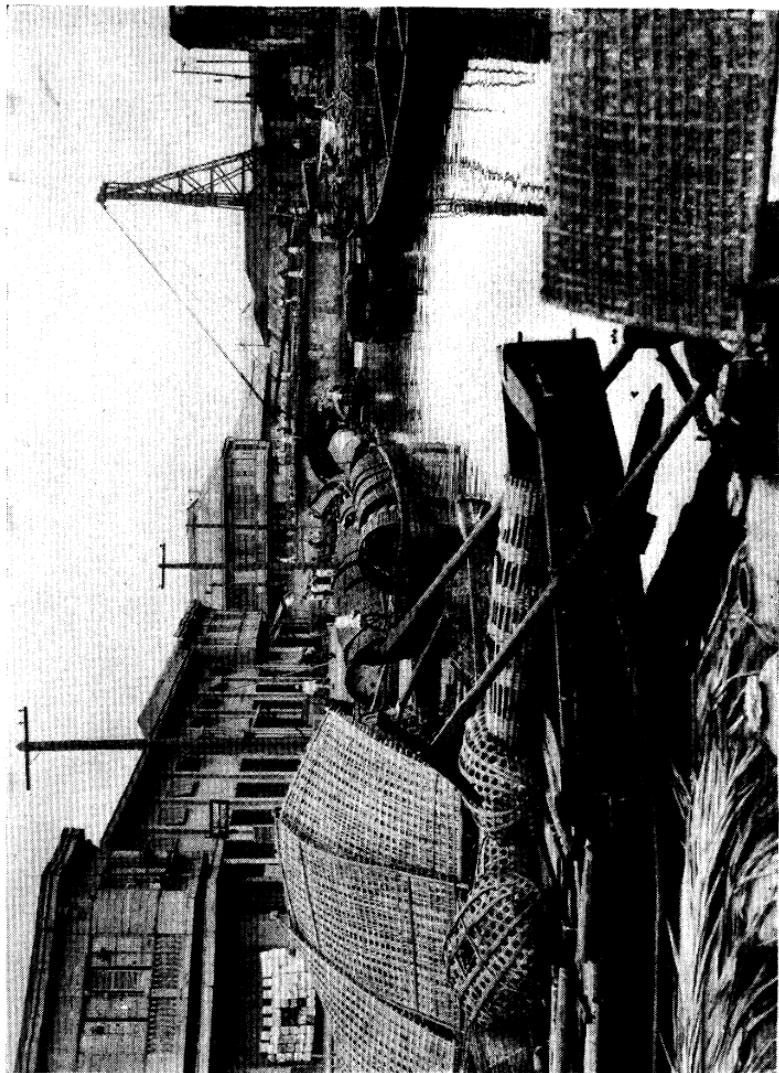
but their presence does not make it a Filipino city. If you are interested in the sophisticated minority of native society—the intelligentsia, the politicians, and the propertied folk—then you must stay in Manila. But should you wish to see the people, you must go into the countryside.

The designation “Filipino” is used accurately only when it refers to some member of the Christian tribes of the archipelago. The Christian population is about nine times that of the non-Christian. There are seven chief Christian tribes, and of these the Tagalogs, the Ilocanos, the Bicols, and the Pangasinians live on the island of Luzon. In the non-Christian population are listed the Mohammedan Moros and the twenty-five or more pagan tribes. Of the total pagan numbers probably a majority live on Luzon; and among the tribes to be found are the Igorots, the Kalingas, and the Ifugios. In fact, of the total population of the islands, Christian and non-Christian, Luzon claims almost one-half. You do not have to leave this island, then, to gain a diverse and variegated picture of the native life.

The present census-takers list all of the Christian tribes as “civilized,” and certain of the non-Christian as well. Historians have described the social state of the more advanced tribes at the time of the Spanish arrival, such as that of the Tagalogs of Luzon and the Visayans of Cebu and Panay, as semibarbaric. Spanish influence, in the three centuries of occupation, never did reach nor affect the lives of the primitive tribes of the remote mountain valleys and of the deep jungles, like the Igorots or Negritos. Among the tribes which became Christian and fell under the rays of Spanish influence (and recently under American high-pressure tutelage), the effect of the Western mold in changing their lives can be described from certain standpoints as extremely revolutionary. The rulers of their one-time petty kingdoms have departed and been forgot; it has been so long since they abjured the gods which they worshiped three centuries ago that they do not even know that they have not always been Christians; the recollection that they once had their own indigenous arts and culture atrophied when they began feeding on the crumbs from the Spanish table. I am speaking of the knowledge of themselves of the masses of the common folk. The educated Filipinos can turn to the



Market Day in the Philippines



On the Canal at Manila

historical story which the Spaniards recorded; but the acceptance of Christianity has made the cleavage from the ancient past so final that it is impossible to think that the Filipino spirit of nationalism, no matter how fervid it may become, will ever turn backward to look for its inspiration, as has the nationalism of Ireland or of India, for example.

Everything I have just said is true; but it is truth of a most misleading sort. For the masses of the people, these changes which sound so revolutionary are not one-tenth as important in their lives as the "un-changes" which they have unconsciously clung to from generation to generation. If you enter their homes you will find things no whit different from what Magellan saw, from the piles upon which they perch to the laying of their leaf thatched roofs. You will scarce find a custom of the daily domestic routine of their lives changed. They worship the Christian God and the Christian saints; but when they are busy with their domestic duties, certain indigenous spirits and sprites are much nearer to their imagination. Villages within a half hour's motor drive from Manila are as primitive in every essential as you might have seen if you had stood on the same spots three hundred years ago. If this is true of Christian villages, what of the pagan villages in the faraway valleys? Except that they have perforce abandoned the thrilling diversion of head-hunting, you can find villages uncorrupted (or should I say unrefined?) by any alien notions whatsoever.

If your visit is a short one, see Manila on one day and take the motor trip to Antipolo and Montalban on another. Should you have three days, include the beautiful drive to Pagsanjan where you may discover one of the loveliest spots in all the tropical world, the Pagsanjan Gorge. Only if you can give at least three days to the visit to Baguio will you feel repaid for the long and expensive motor journey. You can go to either Pagsanjan or Baguio by railway; but motor cars are so universal, and the railways so seldom considered by the white residents, that one hardly remembers their existence.

The drive to the Montalban Gorge takes four or five hours, and should you include the highly picturesque town of Antipolo, you will need another hour.

The road to Montalban follows for a time the bank of the ever picturesque Pasig River and leads through the ancient towns of Pasig and San Mateo, with their old churches and arched stone bridges. Also, you will pass the mighty ruins of the great Convent of Guadalupe. The Montalban Gorge is the source of the Mariquina River, and its walls have been made to serve as a reservoir. To walk up the trails beyond the dam, you must have a pass from the Engineers' Office at the City Hall in Manila. But it is not a serious deprivation to forgo the walk. Either going or returning you can drive through the Fort William McKinley military reserve.

If you are planning to include Antipolo, it is better to make this digression (the turn from the main road is at Rosario) when outward bound; that is, if you choose the afternoon, so as to have more light for the church. This town, clinging to its hillside, is quaintly picturesque in itself; but it is the famous image of "Our Lady of Peace and Prosperous Voyages" which has brought unstinted renown to the spot. The robes of the Madonna have been adorned by so many precious jewels that one instinctively remembers the gem-covered images of the temples of Southern India. But no one has ever heard of any of the Hindu idols taking such personal and active interest in the welfare of their followers as does Our Lady of Antipolo. The statue was brought to the Philippines from Mexico, three hundred years ago, by one of the Spanish governors.

The drive to Montalban will give you an idea of the beauty of the countryside immediately surrounding Manila; but do not be satisfied with this morsel. Drive to Pagsanjan. I have found this the most engaging road on the island, although it has no such spectacular mountain views as has the highway to Baguio. The expense is less to go by train; but the difference in cost of a motor car is many times exceeded by its rewards. Besides, the railway schedule is inconvenient. The ideal plan is to motor to Pagsanjan in the afternoon; spend the night at one of the comfortable little inns there; have the early morning for the canoe trip through the gorge; and be back at Manila for tiffin.

I have been asking myself whether I am not too enthusiastic about the loveliness of Pagsanjan's miniature gorge. In the

isles of the South Seas there may be vales no less romantically beautiful, but I have never been there to find out. I do know that in the early morning Pagsanjan has an elusive, fragile beauty that takes one's breath. You must surely rise just as the morning is breaking. Dressing means putting on your bathing suit, and donning the sandals and great coolie straw hat furnished by the inn. Better take your raincoat also, as guard against sunburn.

The air at this hour is indescribably fragrant. It is intoxicating. A hasty cup of coffee, and then the path to the river shore. Your *banca*, a native dugout canoe, waits, together with its two smiling boatmen. It dances with cork-like grace on the surface of the water. You step in gingerly. Now begins a two hours' battle against the rushing current of the rapids, which does not cease until the narrow gorge itself ends at a misty, beautiful cascade which comes tumbling down the high cliff. Under this waterfall is a deep, crystal clear basin in the rocks which might well be the famed bathing pool of the naiads. No spot could be more enchanting.

Then comes the breathless downstream dash. The sun, by this time, is creeping lower into the gorge and is changing the greenish-purple haze of the shadows into golden amber. The entire picture has changed. Suddenly the voyage is over. You step ashore; thank the boatmen; turn toward the inn . . . and realize that you are consumed by a Gargantuan appetite. The inn has known all about this from the beginning, and a monstrous breakfast is on the table—papayas, mangosteens, caldrons of coffee, thousands of hot muffins, great platters of bacon and eggs, mountain high stacks of buckwheat cakes!

Baguio and Its Mountains

The motor highway from Manila to the doorway of the Pines Inn at Baguio traverses one hundred and eighty miles of plains and mountain country. A long day's journey. And should you top it off on the following day by returning to Manila—as not a few hurried travelers do—then you must be an ardent motoring devotee to have your enthusiasm survive your fatigue. There is nothing distinctly different in the scenery of

this highway from that of the countryside nearer Manila, except the mountain views when the Benguet Road is zigzagging dizzily upward. But despite Benguet's thrills—it climbs five thousand feet in twenty-two miles—I cannot understand why any one should wish to take this long ride if one extra day cannot be given to Baguio.

The railroad offers a considerable economy for one traveler but not for a party of two or three, and the ride is an all day affair. Also, the railway does not climb into the hills. The spectacular mountain miles are covered by a motor bus service, included in the price of the ticket and in the time schedule of the six o'clock arrival.

Do not imagine that the millions of *pesos* which went into the building of the Benguet Road, nor the millions which have gone into the development of Baguio, were spent to deliver the occasional tourist into the mountain country of Luzon's picturesque pagan tribes. The idea was to provide a retreat for the white residents of the islands during the hot season, and at all times a sanatorium. Solely considered as a hill station, there is no mountain resort in the East which can compare with Baguio except Nuwara Eliya in Ceylon. To supplement the perfection of its climate, it allows the utmost elbow room. If you have seen Simla or Darjeeling, in India, you will remember how every level terraced inch is priceless.

It is quite impossible to-day to realize how remote Baguio was at the time of the American occupation. It was so inaccessible that the Spaniards knew little or nothing about these high meadows and pine groves. They were in the full possession of the head-hunting, independent Igorots and other primitive, pagan tribes. Strangely enough, this "region of pines and oaks, blessed by a perpetual temperate climate" was known, years before the Spanish-American war, to a certain American explorer and scientist, Dean Worcester. Following the American occupation, Worcester was appointed Secretary of the Interior for the Philippine Government. He arrived to take up his duties at the moment when the officers of the American forces were despairingly demanding some resort in the hills to serve as a recuperation station. Worcester's story seemed fabulous, but an expedition was promptly sent to verify it. The report

fulfilled every statement and every hope. This was in 1900. Two years later Baguio was in use as a sanatorium. In 1904 D. H. Burnham, the landscape architect who had been called to Manila to outline a plan for the development of the capital, was asked to go to Baguio. He submitted a development program which included an area of two hundred and sixteen square miles. This area he separated into units so that the growth could be systematic and coordinated. His comprehensive scheme has been followed, and you will find that a pleasing harmony has been preserved between the superb beauty of the hills and the human intrusions. Among the units which have been completed are the Mansion House, with its broad gardens, for the Summer Residence of the Governor-General; Camp John Hay, with its officers' houses and mess hall; the cottage section where bungalows may be rented, completely furnished, from the Government by non-official applicants; the picturesquely conceived natural amphitheater, terraced so as to seat an audience of four thousand, and having the extraordinary quality that a whisper can be heard from rim to rim. Of course, there is a country club with a golf course.

Baguio, as a hill station, can be seen by a couple of hours of motoring over its winding roads. But this picture is by no means complete. Trails penetrate to scenic fastnesses where are to be found the primitive villages of the Igorots, Ifugios, Bontocs, Benguets, and Lepantos. Now that the stranger's head is no longer coveted by every youth as the most resplendent trophy he could possibly present to the coy maiden of his heart in the process of wooing, visitors can wander wherever they please and be confident of their safety and of a hospitable welcome. You must understand that there was never any animosity in head-hunting. It was a sport.

Dame Fashion, among these tribes, is extremely lenient in the matter of clothes; but as word has gone forth from the squeamish white folk that when the tribespeople come to the great market at Baguio they must appear in something, a bright colored rag and a few ornaments are donned for the occasion. The Baguio market is nothing less than an extraordinary institution. It means for one thing that even if you can not go into the mountainside to see the natives at home, you are not

deprived of seeing them at all. They come every morning in scores, but on Sunday mornings they come in hundreds. They come from extraordinary distances. It is one of the most amazing gatherings of all the amazing East. Sometimes they bring curios of recent or ancient fabrication. They have learned that these bits of jewelry or pieces of wood carving are salable. Some of the old wood carving is extremely good; but you are more likely to find these better pieces at one of the shops of the town. The shopkeepers are collecting at all times, while you, at the market, see only the haphazard collection of a single day.

Should you be interested in what civilization is going to do to these picturesque pagans, you should next visit the Industrial School for Girls at Teachers' Camp, or one of the other schools. At the girls' school you will see a bevy of native maids dressed in conventional Western style from the ribbons of their bobbed hair to their shoes and stockings. To all outward appearances they have taken the hurdle from barbarism to civilization without showing any effect from the jump. Can it be true? One wonders what they themselves think about it all. And one wonders still more what's in store for these girls when they return to their villages.

Some of the mountain trails are motor roads for their first few miles, after that they become paths which are available only to the horseman or the trumper. If you have only a day or so, any deep exploring is out of the question. But if you are staying on for a week or more and like mountain tramping, it will interest you to know that the trails are maintained by the Government and that there are resthouses at convenient distances. Telephones connect the resthouses so that one may be sure at the end of a day's hike—the local term for a tramp—to find accommodations and a dinner worthy of the appetite the mountain air and exercise have created. The nights are chilly and your dinner is spread before a roaring log fire. Some day—alas! so it is promised—the motor roads will be extended farther and farther until they have eaten up the foot trails. The grandeur of these hills and the quaint primitiveness of the villages will then fall within taxi-cab range of a between tiffin and tea survey. But not yet.

Whether you have one day at Baguio or many days, you must drive to Mirador toward the end of the afternoon and climb the steps to the Jesuit Observatory perched on the very summit. The view of the broad mountain panorama and of the far off glistening sea, under the fiery colors of the sunset, is one of awesome glory.

Cruising Amid the Southern Islands

In a week's time you can comfortably see Manila and the most interesting corners of Luzon; but if you plan to embark upon an interisland cruise, you must allow three weeks. It is well to consider whether three weeks of cruising in small steamers, whose accommodations are rather Spartan, is really your sort of adventure. If you have a party of eight or more, a coast guard cutter may be chartered from the Bureau of Public Works, at Manila, at an inclusive price per day of from \$125.00 to \$150.00 gold. In this temporary private yacht, the tour of the islands can be made in two weeks or less, with no need to worry about accommodations, reservations, or connections. But if you must content yourself with the conventional facilities, do not try to puzzle out an itinerary. Go to some seasoned expert. At the office of the American Express Company you will find some one with the experience and the power of divination necessary to determine the inner truth of the notices published by the steamship companies. Your progress will then depend upon the available steamer connections.

Of the three thousand islands of the Philippines, about four hundred are inhabited. To reveal the most interesting of these four hundred possibilities a tour need concern itself with touching at only a half dozen ports. These ports have hotels, an item of considerable importance. Like the steamers, their accommodations are rather Spartan. What you will discover is a universal and spontaneous hospitality upon the part of the American residents everywhere.

Nowhere in the East are guide-book directions less necessary—or less likely to be followed. It is the tropical loveliness which one remembers. When you have seen one sugar plantation, you have seen them all; one cocoanut grove duplicates an-

other; if you miss taking some particular motor drive, there are others to follow. This does not mean that the scenes are boresome. One starry night is very much like another, but starry nights do not necessarily lose their romance on that account.

For a three weeks' cruise, I should confine my ambition to visiting the islands of Panay, Cebu, Mindanao, and Sulu.

Panay is one of the larger islands, and one of the most prosperous of all. Your good ship lands you at Iloilo, where there is an hotel to bed and board you, but I imagine that you will spend your extra hours in the hospitable atmosphere of the Panay Club. Iloilo is a pleasant white and green tropical town but with no mysteries that are not explorable in twenty minutes. Both railway tracks and well-kept motor roads traverse the island, and I suppose that a thoroughgoing sightseer could spend three or four intensive days in pilgrimages here and there; but Panay's secret is that the acme of its fertile lands and garden beauty, together with its most picturesque towns, lies in the corner of the island which immediately surrounds Iloilo. Thus, by a three hours' motor ride you can see the best of all that might be seen in as many days. The most picturesque of the towns are Jaro, Molo, and Oton. Each has its beautiful Spanish church. If you approach the doorway of any one of the nipa walled huts of the people with a smile you will be welcomed. Almost every one of them has its domestic hand loom busily weaving pina cloth from pineapple fiber; not to be worn by the inmates, however, but as an aristocratic textile to be sold to the belles of the fashionable world of Iloilo or Manila.

I hope for the sake of climax that you see Panay before you visit Cebu. Cebu's port and chief city, also named Cebu, is an ancient and far more picturesque town than Iloilo. It was a place of importance four centuries ago when it welcomed Magellan. That adventurous, but pious, circumnavigator promptly converted the wife of the local chieftain to the Christian faith. He gave her an image, now known as the "Holy Child of Cebu," to keep and preserve after his departure. Unfortunately the Ranee backslid from her conversion and returned to the gods of her ancestors, but she preserved

the image. You may see it to-day at the Augustinian Church. The Spaniards discovered it when they returned to Cebu in 1565 to make this town their first permanent settlement in the Philippines. This time they converted all of the people, en masse, by baptizing them and telling them with sufficient emphasis that they were Christians. Perhaps you are beginning to suspect from its history that Cebu must possess many quaintly medieval corners. It has. There is the San Pedro fort through which to wander, and there are the churches. Search also for the *Calle Colon*, the oldest of all the Spanish streets. Here again, as at Panay, you will find that the most picturesque of the villages and small towns lie within a short motoring distance of the port. Motor car charges are so agreeably cheap as to encourage their most extravagant use. It is fortunate that this is true, as one of the most enchanting roads you will ever find is the white coral ribbon which engirdles this Eden.

The people on Panay and Cebu are for the most part Visayans. When you sail for the great island of Mindanao, you will be headed for a world more akin to Borneo or the Celebes. Mindanao's tribesfolk are for the most part Moros and Zamboangenos. The Moros take their faith from the Prophet. They are an unusually energetic, fierce fighting, adventurous race. These qualities were indeed valuable to their possessors and a terror to every one else in the days when the Moros conducted the pirate business in this part of the world. The Zamboangenos, of mixed Filipino stock, are Christians. These two races have lived as hereditary enemies for centuries, and their love for each other to-day is not overly manifest. Under American influence they are not so frequently at each other's throats as of yore, but the periods of peace are never unduly long. There is some dramatic quality of personality about the Moros which automatically enlivens the atmosphere. The Moro costumes (not costume) are equally bewildering in the brilliancy of their colors and in the diversity of their modes. This is true not only for the men but for the women. They clothe their wives and daughters in gorgeous silks and barbaric jewels. This inspiration for diversity probably was born in the days of piracy when abundant looting furnished the materials. Further to enliven the exotic scene, members of the

hill tribes occasionally come down to the coast in their own spectacular dress. In the bazars of Zamboango you may see visitors from all of the islands of Oceania, and Orientals of every breed from the Asiatic mainland. Why they come to Zamboango is something of a mystery; but they do add to the gayety of the picture. The city itself does its best to afford a suitable background of riotous color. Everywhere are flowers and flowering trees. A certain atmosphere of sophistication naturally has come in recent years from the intrusion of modern, Western style streets, but step into a ricksha—they are drawn by stalwart Moros—and go into the bazars and pawnshops for bargains in curios, brasses, and pearls, and the Orient encompasses you. Or, follow the coast road beyond the Spanish fort and you will come upon inordinately picturesque Moro fishing villages.

You might stay here for a season and not exhaust the drives which can be taken into the hills or along the coast. And there are sea excursions to magic coral islands; islands of white beaches and sheltering palms, and in the quiet waters protected by their barrier reefs are unbelievable marine gardens.

It is difficult to imagine that after Zamboango there can be a final scene even more picturesque than anything which has gone before; but to be convinced you have only to step aboard the little steamer which plies to the island of Jolo.

Jolo is no longer actually the capital of the Sultan of Sulu. He has been gracefully retired so far as royal power is concerned, but he enjoys—very much *enjoys*, as you will discover if you are granted an audience—a pension which the Government of the Philippines and the British Government of North Borneo have united to bestow upon this descendant of the gallant despots who never bowed the knee to Spain.

Jolo is the smallest walled city in the world. Its walls, as a matter of fact, are less than a mile in circumference. There may be five thousand inhabitants in this doll's house of a city, but the population is extravagantly mixed. The liveliest place to witness this mixture of races is at the so-called Chinese Pier. Just why it was necessary, with the shore at hand, to crowd the bazars of the town on to this fantastic, jutting, wooden pier,

grown to a half mile in length, you must ask some Joloan.

On your return to Zamboango, you may be so fortunate as to catch one of the Australian liners which makes Zamboango a port of call and then speed directly to Manila and Hongkong. However, if you are planning to proceed from the Philippines to Singapore, you will be interested to know that it is unnecessary to return to Manila. A steamer line plies between Zamboango and Singapore, calling first at Jolo, then at Sandakan on the coast of British North Borneo. This route would save you many hundreds of miles and many days.

CHAPTER 8

FRENCH INDO-CHINA—ANGKOR

WHETHER they order this or that better in French Indo-China, they certainly order it differently.

How often does the world hear mention that France has a colonial empire in the Far East, a land of a quarter million square miles with twenty millions of population? Can you recall ever having read in the newspapers a press despatch from Indo-China? Is there never political discontent nor unrest in that land? Is there never famine, flood, nor calamity? The outside world is never invited to mull over any details, explanations, or justifications. When British India has a seizure of seething, or the Filipino politicians sit sulking in their tents, we are so informed in the morning papers. Yes, they order this and that matter differently in Indo-China; and at times this reticence must be exceedingly convenient.

There's a mystery about this land, a silence, far beyond any accounting for. Think of the countless travel books about other Eastern lands. The Ainus of primitive Yezo have a bibliography of some three hundred odd volumes! Here, amid the Cambodian jungles, stand the mighty ruins of one of the most magnificent and superlatively beautiful cities that the people of any country ever built. And yet, until the year 1924, not one English work describing Angkor had appeared. In that year were published *Angkor*, by P. Jeannerat De Beerski, and *Angkor, The Magnificent*, by Helen C. Candee. About the provinces of Indo-China other than Cambodia, the traveler who does not read French has no information.

Under French rule are Cochin-China, eastern Laos, Annam, Cambodia, and Tongking. These latter three territories are designated protectorates. These provinces were all at one time a part of the Chinese Empire; a glance at the map will show you that this peninsula, also including Siam, directly borders China's southern frontier and that its shores are washed by the

China Sea. However, when the French arrived on the scene many long centuries had passed since China had claimed suzerainty over any of these states except Tongking, and Tongking's vassalage was of an exceedingly shadowy description.

The beginning of French influence in this part of the world is to be traced to the missionary efforts started as early as the seventeenth century. Then followed French traders, French soldiers of fortune, and French advisers to the native princes. But the French Revolution and the succeeding troublous years at home halted the progression, and it was not until the middle period of the nineteenth century—contemporary with the opening of the treaty ports in China—that the French declared themselves masters of Cochinchina and Cambodia. It then became evident that the French intended to acquire all of the territory eastward of the Mekong River. Little by little this was brought about, the last crumbs being gathered in following the Japanese-Chinese war. That part of old Cambodia which includes Angkor was acquired from Siam in 1907 when a treaty was negotiated to rectify the frontier.

French power and authority are as absolute as any one might care to demand, but the hand of administration wears a velvet glove. There is the Governor-General, and for the protectorates of Annam, Cambodia, Tongking, and Laos there are the Resident Superiors. But the kings of these protectorates have not been deposed. To all outward appearances these potentates administer the laws and manage affairs in the same seeming fashion as in the days of their independence. However, a nod from a resident superior is not only as good as a word—it is as good as if he spoke with a pistol in each hand and an army at his back.

In the year 1885 the French announced an ambitious program of development for the country, and this has been carried through with fair success. When one remembers the absolutely diabolical character of the climate through nine months of the year, the progress of less than a half century is really remarkable. Two imposingly splendid cities have been built—Saigon in the south, and Hanoi in the north. The railway program has been to build sections here and there with the eventual plan of linking these into a system which will cover the provinces.

But until the projected main line north and south is completed, the traveler who wishes to include Hanoi in the north, Hué in central Indo-China, Saigon and ruined Angkor in the south, will find that he must embark upon three distinct ventures separated by coasting steamer voyages. Perhaps I should say "most travelers." The wanderer who has plenty of time and a heavy purse may be interested in the fact that during the past decade several thousand miles of metaled roads have been built and that it is possible to-day to travel by motor car over the thousand miles from Saigon to Hanoi. Hué is about midway. This great road also connects Saigon with Pnom-Penh and Sisophon in the west. Perhaps at the time of your visit it will be extended to connect with the Royal Siamese Highway at the frontier and will proceed uninterruptedly to Bangkok. It will only be a question of time before Bangkok is connected by motor highway with Penang and Singapore. Imagine that for a motor flight—from Hanoi to Singapore! at a rough guess, some three thousand miles.

If the Western world can be said to hold any popular notion whatever about Indo-China, it is that this land is singularly remote and difficult of access. There is truth in this notion, but not in terms of actual time consumed or distance covered. Indo-China's ports are by no means inaccessible from the other ports you will certainly visit. The comfortable boats of the Messageries Maritime Co., maintaining a service every other week between Marseilles and Yokohama, include Singapore, Saigon, and Hongkong as ports of call, and thus Saigon becomes available by these mail steamers from either Singapore or Hongkong. There are also local steamer services between Singapore and Saigon, taking about two and one-half days; and between Hongkong and Saigon, taking about three and one-half days. Between Hongkong and Hai-phong, Hanoi's port, there are three lines from which to choose.

No, Indo-China is not remote as far as steamer accessibility is concerned. But for the would-be visitor there are other peculiar limitations which cannot be ignored and which, for the majority of round the world travelers, place this land in the category of the unavailable if not actually in that of the unattainable. I have already hinted at the diabolical character

of the climate throughout most of the year. The only sensible, moderately comfortable, and comparatively safe period for a visit is the brief cool season. The wet monsoon is over with in October. Although the dry monsoon continues into April, the available weeks are practically confined to November, December, and the first part of January. A thousand miles lie between the north and the south. Thus, for the north you can add another six weeks of "winter" to the above limitation. These few weeks of the cool season are those same precious days which the traveler must hoard and parsimoniously distribute among other countries of the heat belt as well. A single week only in Burma, Southern India, Siam, or Java brings its worth while rewards, but seven days will get you nowhere in Indo-China. Under exceedingly favorable circumstances it would be possible to land at Saigon, hurry to Angkor without a pause, have a brief glance at its splendors, return to Saigon, and sail away again with an expenditure of just nine days. There may be travelers who could endure such a schedule with its tantalizing compromises and still survive in equanimity and vigor, but I am sure I should expire from a compound fracture of inhibited desires. I should prefer to sail by Saigon, gambling on the chance of returning sometime with more leisure. With favorable steamer connections and allowing a comfortable and satisfying number of days, not less than two weeks should be counted upon as a minimum for the trip to Angkor, and you should be fully prepared to have these two weeks extend themselves into three. These two to three weeks include only the visit to Saigon, Pnom-Penh, and Angkor. A visit to Hué, the capital of the Annamite kings, will take another ten days, not mentioning Hanoi at all to the ears of any but the most unhurried travelers. Of course, Angkor is the supreme destination, and there is no place in Indo-China which cannot be safely sacrificed for Angkor. In fact, it is so undebatably one of the superlative marvels of the East that in planning your itinerary it becomes worth while to consider almost any surgery which will gain the necessary days for its visit.

I have gone into a rather extended explanation about the seasons and the length of time required for a minimum visit

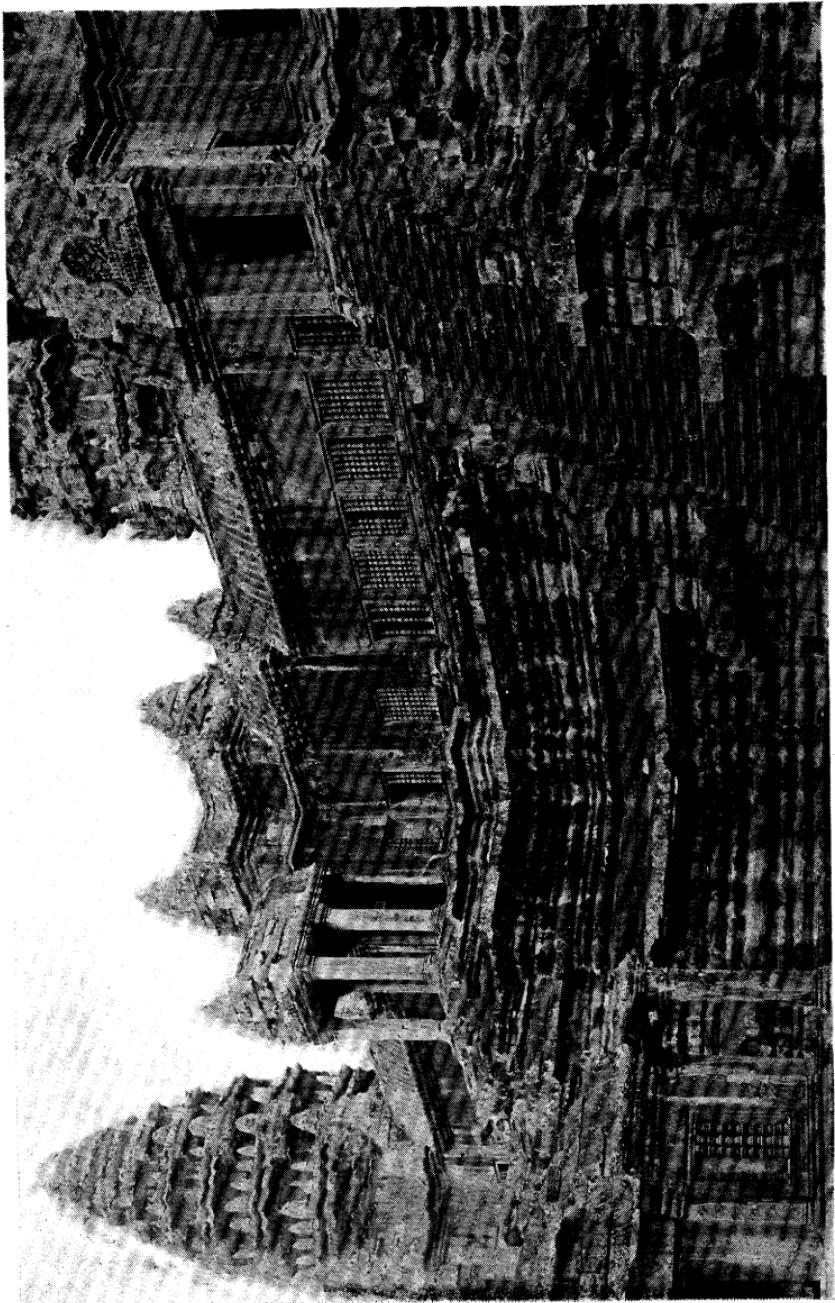
because so little information is at hand about Indo-China for any one planning an itinerary. While on the subject of itineraries, let me add that once in two weeks there is a steamer service between Saigon and Bangkok, the voyage taking from three to four days. By boarding this steamer you can have a glimpse at Siam's capital and then take the railway to Penang on the Malay coast, arriving there with virtually no loss of time over the sea route from Saigon to Penang via Singapore beyond the actual days spent in Bangkok.

Saigon and the Visit to Angkor

You may expect to be surprised by Saigon, and still be surprised. Your fellow passengers will impress upon you by excessive praise that you will find Saigon "the Paris of the East." But no forewarning can take away the thrill when you see the café tables on the sidewalks of the boulevards.

Saigon is a splendid city, with its stately thoroughfares, impressive buildings, luxurious homes, and innumerable gardens. It seems impossible that a half century ago, when the French decided to make Saigon the chief port of their colonial empire, here sprawled one of the most unprepossessing towns of all the East. The contemporary reports declare that this pestilential and wretched spot could never be made liveable nor presentable. Then plans were drawn and approved; the builders were handed the blue prints for the government buildings; the engineers were told to construct a series of giant docks greater than any which France herself could boast. They were told to transform this pestilential site into a sanitary and healthful spot where Europeans might live. Millions of francs were appropriated and—to-day you will see what you will see.

Whatever you may think about the huge docks, the imposing government edifices, the great Arsenal, or such impressive buildings as the Governor's Residence, the Cathedral, the Théâtre Municipale, or about the parks and the gardens, your major wonderment will surely be reserved for the Gallic achievement of having transplanted to this faraway corner of the torrid East the inimitable atmosphere of the Paris boulevards. The Latin, as a colonizer, permeates his surroundings



The Great Ruins of Angkor Vat



A Buddhist Temple in Angkor Vat

in a way which the Anglo-Saxon would be too self-conscious ever to effect. The Frenchman ameliorates colonial exile by augmenting the little comedies of daily existence; the Englishman finds his amelioration largely in keeping brightly polished the furbishings of his dignity and position.

Your steamer will likely arrive in the middle of the morning, and after the customs examination has been passed you will be driven to your hotel. Of these there are several, all in the same quarter, on or near the Rue Catinat, and all of them reasonably comfortable. By this time, about eleven o'clock, the business houses and banks are closing their doors until two in the afternoon. Soon the streets are deserted of Europeans. The sidewalk tables of the cafés are stacked one upon another and the chairs are empty. Can this be the gay Saigon of which you have heard? In sheer ennui you will follow the universal example and indulge in a lengthy siesta. When you awake the brassy sun will be well down in the western sky. You step into the boulevards. *Voila!* All the world has awakened. The cafés are crowded. You see friends greeting each other with excitement and pleasure. They saw each other yesterday and they will see each other to-morrow; but it heightens the comedy of existence to make of each day an event. They gather together at the tables. They stroll up and down the pavement.

Saigon is the sort of city which you can survey from your carriage or ricksha seat, taking pleasure in looking at imposing buildings, at handsome streets, at luxurious mansions half hidden by the leafage of luxuriant gardens, but without taking much bother over a definite program. You may wish to inspect the stately rooms within the Governor's palace, or you may be content with the exterior. In either case you will wish to see the marvelous orchids and the unbelievably brilliant plumage of the birds at the Botanical Gardens. On Sunday afternoons the gardens are thronged; and this is true as well of the *Jardin de la Ville*, where football is an invariable weekly diversion. Also there are the Sunday races. Likely enough you will be interested in the Cham sculptures in the Museum on the Rue Lagrandière. It will be more interesting, however, to compare the art of the Chams with that of the Khmers after you

have returned from Angkor. There are charming drives in the countryside, especially beyond the eastern outskirts of the city. And certainly on some evening you must go to the opera.

Whatever you may choose to do or not do, take ample time to complete your preparations for the trip to Angkor. There is the Tourist Office, on the Boulevard Norodom, bearing the name "Syndicat d'Initiative de L'Indo-Chine." It is well to seek the aid of this courteous office, although you can go directly to the offices of the Messageries Fluviales Co., to purchase your tickets and to make your reservations. Few travelers choose to travel to Angkor "independently," as it is so much simpler to purchase a circular excursion ticket including all the expenses of the journey from elephants to *vin ordinaire*. The quickest trip at the present time is one of six days, which allows a day only at Angkor. A trip taking ten or twelve days is infinitely to be preferred, and the expense is but little more. The twelve day trip will give six days at Angkor and a full day at Pnom-Penh. The steamers are scheduled to run from some time in July until February, but the cooler days of the dry season are not to be hoped for until November, and the waters of the Mekong and of the Grand Lac often become too shallow for navigation by the middle of January. When the motor road from Pnom-Penh to the north of the Grand Lac is completed, there will be a modification of schedules, and Angkor will be accessible throughout the year—for salamanders. As for practical details, the Tourist Bureau at Saigon will give you the latest hints. A moderate amount of luggage saves much bother; do not fail to include a rug or a warm wrap for the evenings, and, if you are particular about having sheets on your bed, these must be taken with you.

I have, so far, made no mention of the obvious fact that French is the language of this land. At Saigon English is spoken at the hotels, and in general the language problem cannot be said to present many difficulties, although a smattering of French is helpful. But after you leave Saigon you need not hope to find English understood along the way, except on the part of some of your fellow voyagers. In spite of this, English and American travelers do make the excursion to Angkor

without encountering serious dilemmas. If you wish the luxury of taking your own guide or a servant who can act as intermediary, then you must bestir yourself at Saigon. Your hotel, your Consulate, or the Tourist Bureau may be able to offer recommendations, but this is not to be promised.

Whether or not you will find the steamer voyage on the Mekong monotonous and tiresome, I make no attempt to predict, but if you have taken the precaution to visit one of the Saigon bookshops, you will now have ample hours to read about the Khmers and their great capital. The departure hour of the steamers from Saigon is at nine in the evening. By leaving on Thursday night, for example, you will arrive at Pnom-Penh on Saturday morning. After a day there you will take another steamer and will arrive at Angkor Monday afternoon or evening. The downstream voyage to Saigon takes but two days.

Pnom-Penh is the capital city of his sacred Majesty, the King of Cambodia. Everything is done in the name of the King, after a fashion more or less like that of the Dutch policy in Netherlands India. That this amazing fiction can go merrily on to the apparent satisfaction of every one concerned, and in the eyes of the natives presumably without being considered a fiction, is simply astounding. In the name of the King, then, the city has in the past couple of decades pretty well divested itself of its Oriental garb and has become decidedly European. Nevertheless, there is here a much better opportunity to see something of native life than in Saigon. In temperament and character you will find the native peoples of South Indo-China mild-tempered, kindly, and hospitable. The climate does not encourage them to energetic habits. They are agriculturists by tradition and instinct. They dislike trading, and are content that the business of the bazars should pass into the hands of the Chinese. In this mixed town there are about 35,000 Cambodians, about 20,000 Annamese and a like number of Chinese, and less than a thousand Europeans. But the first aspect is of another French city. It may be extremely out of place to regret the passing of the old unsanitary streets, so I shall not flaunt my own eccentric preferences for the picturesque rather than for the efficient. Above all, do not anticipate that a day at Pnom-Penh will be stupidly uninteresting. Quite the con-

trary. And if, by chance, you arrive on some festival day when there is to be an exhibition of Cambodian dancing at the Palace, you will record this date on your calendar as of the brightest red.

The Palace stands in the so-called citadel district of the capital. Distinguished visitors are admitted, and all Europeans are distinguished visitors. You drive to the proper office, near the gate to the Palace enclosure, and ask for a permit. This is readily forthcoming, and a guide is assigned. The Palace is a bit gaudy, somewhat shabby, but despite this it has a barbaric splendor belonging only to the remote East. I do not know whether Siamese architecture inherited its forms from ancient Cambodia, or whether Cambodia borrowed from Siam; but we do know that when King Norodom built this palace he imitated Bangkok's Royal Palace to the extent of his ability and his pocketbook,—both of which had their limitations. Here you will find a vast display of treasures and bullion wealth. One spacious hall is paved with pure silver; there are images of gold inset with a hailstorm supply of diamonds, and there are the crown and the crown jewels. The King has his own jewel factory, to which you will be admitted and where you may make purchases. Near this is the new dancing hall. A chapter might be devoted to the story of Cambodian dancing, the traditions of which go back for at least twenty centuries. The dancing girls, who are chosen from the families of the aristocracy, must show both beauty and grace to be accepted, and their training begins in early childhood. The last event of this conventional round of the palace is the visit to the stables of the white elephants, but their whiteness is to be taken in a Pickwickian sense.

After quitting the Palace, climb the hill known as Le Pnom. At its summit is a temple, and at the foot of the broad stairway leading to the temple you will see your first "Naga" design and decoration, a form with which you will become extremely familiar at Angkor. This ancient Naga design is a mythical seven-headed cobra whose seven hoods, upraised, are spread in the conventional shape of a fan; a pair of these Nagas almost always serve as the pedestal decorations of Khmer balustrades.

Not far from the Palace is the Museum of Khmer art. The devoted work of its curator, George Groslier, has made this museum famous in the art world. If you fear that your pleasure in museums when in Indo-China may become exhausted, then omit the museum at Saigon and save all of your interest for this extraordinary collection. Its visit is a preparation for Angkor, a stepping stone, or, as one writer has called it, "an opening wedge to the European brain."

I hope that instead of arriving at the Angkor bungalow in the afternoon, as the steamer schedule promises, you will arrive at night. Then in the morning you will have the overwhelming surprise and bewilderment of your first view of Angkor-Vat. Should you live for a thousand years, you will never have another such experience.

Who were the Khmers who built this magical pile? There are conventional explanations; but all guesses as to whence the Khmers came or where they went are but flimsy theories.

It can be pretty safely granted from the evidence left behind in their sculptures that the original Khmers were of Hindu origin. One theory is that they had a strong admixture of Chinese blood, another adds a strain of Malay. Possibly they invaded Cambodia by way of Burma. They were evidently accomplished in war, and they must have brought with them a strong infusion of the rich culture of India. The date generally ascribed to this occupation is the first century of the Christian era, but it may have been several centuries earlier. One of the strange chapters of their story is that hundreds of years went by during which the Khmers, living in the forests and cultivating their rice fields, showed no advance evidences of their flaming genius in civilization. And then, abruptly and mysteriously, began their resplendent flowering which was to create that superb city of stone, Angkor-Thom. "The Khmers," says one writer, "faithfully transferred the skill they had acquired as master wood-carvers . . . to the difficult medium of stone. For six hundred years, from the sixth to the twelfth century, they built, scattering palaces and temples with amazing prodigality. . . ."

It was in the ninth century that Jayavaram, the Great, founded a new dynasty, and under this dynasty of gifted kings

Khmer genius and greatness reached its zenith. The French scholar, E. Aymonier, gives the date of the founding of the capital at Angkor-Thom as 860 A.D. At Angkor-Thom are to be found the stupendous ruins of the royal palace and of the temple of Bayon. But our unrivaled inheritance, both in its beauty and in its state of preservation, is the temple of Angkor-Vat. This temple was probably begun during the first half of the twelfth century. There was no continuance of this mighty building following its completion. The strength and resources of the Khmers had more and more to be called upon to maintain their incessant warfare with the Chams, and later with the Siamese and the Annamese. Whether the Siamese or the Annamese eventually captured and sacked Angkor-Thom is another debatable point. The downfall probably came at the beginning of the fifteenth century. And the ruins give evidence of an orgy of pillage. Was there also one of the greatest massacres in the world's history? Were the million or more inhabitants of the capital so disposed of? Above all, why was this most magnificent of cities utterly abandoned by both victor and vanquished and handed over to the jungle and the wild beasts? There are no answers. That the jungle did close in upon Angkor-Thom and Angkor-Vat we do know. And the kingdom of the Khmers became as forgot as if it had never existed.

This is all too amazing, too impossible, too preposterous. And yet the mighty ruins stand there as indisputable evidence.

For half a century French savants have been working industriously and enthusiastically to uncover every source of material about the civilization and history of the Khmers. Virtually the only contemporary account—aside from the lost story as it may be traced through the stone carved pictures on the palace walls—is contained in the note-book of a Chinese envoy who visited the capital of the Khmers during the height of its prestige. This diary was discovered in China's archives. Tcheow-ta-Kouan presents a gorgeous picture of pomp and luxury which reads like the invention of a crazed imagination. But it must all have been true.

The bungalow which the French government has built for the comfortable accommodation of foreign visitors stands facing mighty Angkor-Vat. A guide will lead you if you wish, but

you may choose to be alone as you wander for the first time through the silence of the long galleries and mighty halls, a silence broken only by the echoes of your own steps and the flapping wings of the great bats which your presence disturbs. Reverie recreates the scene of a worldly magnificence rivaling the pomp of the Pharaohs. One's wonderment is at first concerned with the vast scale upon which the Khmer architects conceived this temple. And then this wonderment gives place to amazement over the infinite detail of the endless carvings. The Khmers indeed carved "their stones into tapestry," as Gertrude Emerson has written. "Chains of sacred dancing girls, bands of heavenly maidens, little praying anchorites in flowery niches, looked out gravely from the wall shadows. Medallions of conventionalized flowers and birds, like embroidery, were appliquéd upon all the window-frames and the doorways. Everywhere a microscopic pattern of tendril and leaf, symbolizing the ever present background of the Cambodian jungle, had magically been evoked, in low relief, from the hard gray sandstone."

To know the uttermost of Angkor's enchantment you must return to these galleries when the moonlight falls between their columns.

But Angkor-Vat is only one chapter of the story. Angkor-Thom, the capital of the Khmer kingdom, lies a mile distant in the jungle. Perhaps for your first visit you will choose one of the wise old elephants of the bungalow; although now there are motor cars as well. The jungle road is one of flowers of heavy perfume, of strange birds. Then, suddenly, you come upon a great gate so imposingly magnificent as to make you catch your breath. This is one of the five great portals of the city. Four of them mark the points of the compass and through them pass thoroughfares which converge at the mighty temple of Bayon. The fifth gate, in the eastern wall, was for the convenience of the palace. Beyond the north gate of the city walls are the ruins of Prah Khan, a temple built four centuries earlier than Angkor-Vat and one which must have been almost as stupendous. Here, however, the jungle has been more ruthless in its conquest.

No one can predict how another person will wish to dispose

of his days amid these ruins. But this much can be said without fear of dispute—the hours of a brief week pass all too quickly.

Annam and Tongking

There are artists in words who, by a mere hint or suggestion, can convey to the reader the beauty of some surpassing scene. But I have had to use all the superlatives I own in trying to show you some of the wonderment and mystery of Angkor. Now we can again talk of spots about which adjectives can be used in an ordinary and discriminatory way.

One of the main reasons for considering Annam and Tongking is that those provinces are so little known to the tourist world. There is a certain satisfaction in arriving at destinations where an innumerable vanguard has not rubbed off all the naïve strangeness. Hanoi, the capital of Tongking and of Indo-China as well, is a European city, and its only appeal—other than the excursion to the Bay of Along—is that it is the portal to remote and otherwise isolated southwestern China. With Hué, the capital of the Annamite kings, it is quite a different story. Should your wanderings be so unhurried as to afford the week or ten days which Hué's visit demands, the invitation is not to be curtly dismissed.

Just why the French slighted Saigon and chose Hanoi as the capital of their empire in the Far East is not entirely clear. Having done so, French genius and determination have been busily building on its site another imposing city. In the winter the climate might be called respectable; in the summer it is even more atrocious than that of Saigon. Hanoi's interest lies in the fact that it is one end of the railway whose other terminus is Yunnan-fu, the capital city of the Chinese province of Yunnan. This railway was built by French engineers at a tremendous cost. If the talked-of line from Canton to Yunnan-fu ever materializes, this line's reason for existence will suddenly cease. At the present time, should you wish to reach Yunnan-fu through China, such a journey would mean weeks of travel. By going to Hanoi, it can be made in three days. This opportunity means nothing to nine hundred and ninety-nine travelers

in a thousand; but for those few who look lightly upon minor discomforts and need not consider the passing days, there is meat in the nut. Yunnan-fu itself differs in no extraordinary way from a host of other Chinese cities; but, when the country-side of southwestern China enjoys tranquillity and order, marvelously fascinating cross-country wanderings are to be taken with Yunnan-fu as a base. In the foreign settlement there is a foreign inn and the consulates of various Western countries. At Hanoi, the Tourist Bureau, or *Syndicat d'Initiative du Nord Indochinois*, will aid the traveler in securing a Chinese passport for Yunnan-fu and other details of preparation for the railway journey.

Hanoi receives its visitors with a somewhat deferred welcome. Oceangoing steamers cannot ascend the shallow Red River but must berth at Hai-phong, a port some eighty miles from the capital. Their passengers are transferred to the train which reaches Hanoi in three hours. No one lingers in Hai-phong for Hai-phong's sake, but the traveler gains prestige from having been there. He may then talk of having seen the only place in the world which has but one tide in twenty-four hours, a phenomenon which no one has so far been able to explain.

While there is nothing to interest one at Hai-phong itself, a small steamer starts from here every day, at noon, bound for Hongay on the famous Bay of Along. The boat arrives at the end of the afternoon and there is a comfortable inn awaiting. Mine host will engage a sailing sampan for the following day. Not so long ago this fantastic bay was the home of the pirate fleets of this coast. Here, among the countless islands, the junks could disappear and lurk in safety and then sally forth again. It is a bewildering sheet of water, and is to be compared with no place else in the world because there is no place else like it. The weird islands are rocks which have been worn into their unimaginable shapes by the winds and waters of tens of thousands of years. Some of them are burrowed by the most extraordinary grottoes. The bay has been called a "public garden of the sea," but no title can convey a picture of the strangeness and beauty of the ever changing scenes.

At Hué it is the native city which is supreme, with the French

quarter lying outside the walls of this capital of the Annamite kings. There have been some European intrusions to modify the aspect of the capital which the great Gia-long built, but it is possible to be oblivious of their presence to quite a satisfactory degree.

Hué lies about halfway up the Indo-China coast. Once a week there is a steamer from Saigon to the port of Tourane. From here Hué is to be reached by rail in four hours. Those visitors who can afford to engage a motor car at Saigon for a week or ten days, can now make the visit over the "Mandarin Road." The most beautiful stretch of the entire highway is between Tourane and Hué, through the *Col des Nuages*, or Pass of Clouds, and this is to be had if you arrive by steamer and then take a motor car for these miles alone.

Tourane itself is a place of no importance. But on a fair day, it is an unforgettable experience to sail in a sampan down the few miles of coast to the marble grottoes where centuries ago pious Buddhists carved innumerable sacred sculptures on the cave walls.

The brief distance between Tourane and Hué leaves the modern world behind. Somnolent Hué has always been concerned with the task of being a royal capital and with little else. There is a foreign quarter for the French officials, and conveniently this means a foreign hotel. Visitors are few, and it is a matter of proscribed courtesy as well as of expediency to call at the French Residency. Because tourists are so rare they are treated with unusual distinction. You may always expect courtesy and kindly aid from the French officials in this land, but at Hué the attentions become notable. At the Residency you will be furnished with the needed permits for visiting the Royal Palace and the royal tombs, and a companion will be furnished you, a native official of aristocratic rank.

The royal tombs are all to be found along the Hué River, but their sites are rather widely separated. Your own enthusiasm in these imposing mausoleums and their treasures will dictate how extensively you will wish to pursue their study, but if you do not aim at an elaborate thoroughness make this point clear to your accompanying Mandarin so that he will choose one or two of the most famous and interesting. They are simi-

lar in their main features. The tomb of Gia-long, the greatest of the Annamese kings, is naturally the most famous. Although you may not agree with those critics who declare that these tombs have a splendor superior to the Ming Tombs at Peking, I am certain that you will acknowledge their impressive grandeur.

The sumptuousness of the tombs inspires a mood of interest in the Annamite Kings and, should you visit the tombs first, your feet will press rather eagerly forward to the royal gateway to discover in what luxury these departed monarchs held forth while in the flesh. A considerable pomp surrounds everything which has to do with the palace enclosure, and the special privilege which is granted to the foreign visitor to pass the guards is never bestowed upon Asiatics except those of the very highest rank. The taste of the recent kings has been in the direction of modernization, and you will not find an unmixed picture of Oriental gorgeousness. On the other hand, you need not fear that you will be entirely disappointed. The guide who will join you at the outer gate will show you many treasures decidedly worth the seeing. There is the famous "tree of gold," or "jade tree." These arbored extravagances are a prodigality of the Oriental jeweler-craftsman's imagination beyond anything of which their Occidental compeers have dreamed. The growth of these trees reaches a height of from six to twelve inches; their trunks are of coral, sometimes of jade; their branches are of jade; the leaves are of gold, set with pearls or diamonds; and the fruits and blossoms are pendants of single precious stones or clusters of them.

The Annamese were originally a Tibetan people and they brought with them to this peninsula a religion of mystery and strange sacrifices. They have had a long exposure to the influence of China's culture, and it is a rather interesting study to try to determine where the Chinese layers begin and where they leave off. In the palace enclosure are several temples; if you should be so fortunate as to be admitted to their precincts during one of the great festivals in which the King takes an active part, you would behold a pageantry and a manifestation of ancient sacrificial customs not duplicated elsewhere. You are much more likely, however, to be admitted to witness some

display of pomp of a purely court character. The throne room is a hall of brilliantly gleaming red and gold lacquer, and here are held from time to time royal fêtes and audiences of glittering pageantry. There is also a special building, lavishly furnished in European style, designed to receive distinguished foreigners. Visitors to Hué, who come armed with weighty recommendations to the French Resident Superior, have their names suggested to the Chancellor of the Imperial Household with the result that they are given a royal audience and are dined in the spacious banqueting room of this palace building.

Within the city's walls, and surrounded in turn by its own walls, but not within the palace enclosure, is the King's hunting preserve, the *Jardin d'Ete*. Here His Majesty may shoot deer in primeval forests, while just over the walls are the streets of the town.

So far I have mentioned only the royal tombs and the royal palace and have not dropped a hint that there may be streets where common people live and swarm. There are—and, what is more, they are extremely picturesque. If you wish a diverting picture, arise early in the morning and engage a sampan to take you for a drifting voyage through the Phu-cam canal.

CHAPTER 9

SIAM, THE LAND OF THE YELLOW ROBE

THERE is an ancient trail leading over the high mountain passes from Kashmir, through Ladakh, into Tibet. It is divided into "stages" of about sixteen miles each, a stage meaning a one day's march; and it may be supposed without much question that this trail and its defined marches have known no change through at least three thousand years. I was encamped along this trail one night in a meadow just under the last out-reaching fingers of a magnificent glacier. Sitting by a fire of blazing twigs, I spun a tale for the coolies about railways, motor cars, airplanes, and skyscrapers. After I had rolled up in my blankets I heard them talking far into the night. I am sure they decided that the most consummate liar in the world was in their midst. Now, had I told them that I had seen the fabulous Indian rope trick, wherein a conjurer throws a coil into the air and a small boy climbs upward until he disappears into the blue sky, they would have nodded their heads and believed; but when I said that we have railway trains which run so fast that they cover the distance of a "stage" every fifteen minutes, then I was proved to be a Munchhausen.

As a matter of fact, what could be called more magical than the performance of the engineers who have built the railway from Penang, on the Malay coast, through the jungle to Bangkok? Before the days of this railway Siam was so remote that the usual tourist considered it inaccessible. There were then—as there are to-day—steamers plying to Bangkok from both Hongkong and Singapore; but the costliness in days made the visit prohibitive for any except the most leisurely wayfarers. The traveler of to-day finds that to all intents and purposes Siam has been bodily lifted from its remote setting and transposed to a location so near to the main highway of the seas that its visit may be encompassed in the days of a single week.

Should you read these pages in your own home, where there

are twelve months in the year, you may think that I am arbitrarily setting values upon places and scenes in terms of the number of days which it takes to reach them. You must remember that in the tropics, from the standpoint of the traveler, the year is only as long as the cool season. When you begin to plan your itinerary, you will realize the despotic dictatorship of the time element.

The annihilation of Siam's one-time inaccessibility has been accomplished by a train schedule of thirty-four hours. A train de luxe, with sleeping coaches and a dining-car, leaves Penang every Thursday morning and arrives at Bangkok in the evening of the following day. The return express leaves Bangkok on Tuesday morning and reaches Penang on Wednesday evening. Under this arrangement there are three days at Siam's capital; or, if you have two weeks, there can be ten full days. There are also ordinary trains which run every week day, but they are a few hours slower and are less luxuriously maintained. As Penang is on the main highway of the Eastern seas, it is almost certain that you will touch there without having specially to plan so to do. Perhaps by that time the schedule will have been revised to your advantage. The railway development of both Siam and the Malay states is proceeding at a pace to confound the most reckless prophet.

From the train window the picture of the jungle scene is one of unceasing fascination. It ruthlessly demands a constant speculation as to what must have been the adventures of the engineers who conquered this tropic wilderness. Their every moment must have been one of melodrama, sometimes ludicrous, oftentimes perilous. In the rainy season there were mighty tempests with thunderbolts to frighten Jove himself, and floods to submerge the landscape in a moment. At all seasons inquisitive pythons, disputatious bull elephants, malevolent buffaloes, and the great striped cats generously lent their aid to banish monotony. The insects and ants, however, were the master villains.

Siam is a land almost without highways. Except for the few railway lines all travel is by water, as there is a network of rivers and streams. Only at Bangkok are there European style hotels, although at some of the more important places on the

railways comfortable restrooms are attached to the stations. Thus the usual visit to Siam is virtually limited to Bangkok and the countryside of the lower Menam valley. The contemplation of a wandering river trip to remote villages in the deep jungle country has a romantic allure, and for an adventurous soul there are no particular difficulties involved in making the arrangements at Bangkok for such an exploration. It is well to remember, however, that Siam's climate is never wholeheartedly saintly, even in the cool, dry season. Throughout the remainder of the year it is diabolically wicked.

When Bangkok is approached by way of the Menam river, the traveler's first sight is the glamorous view of the temple island of Koh-si-chang, an outpost sentinel of the exotic. The dream-like beauty of this island, seen through the haze, suggests crossing the horizon's edge and entering a strange and mysterious world, as indeed you are.

Soon after your ship passes Koh-si-chang, it finds itself surrounded by the waterway life of amphibious Siam. Not only are the people equally at home in both elements; the fish are as well. The carp of the Menam dislike exceedingly to be in the water when rain is falling. Accordingly, in times of showers, they betake themselves to shore and proceed into the jungle. They sometimes wander for miles, and a string of fish for one's dinner may be conveniently captured in one's own garden or bamboo grove.

The early impression, gained as one steams up the Menam, that the Siamese prefer to ignore terra firma as much as possible becomes stronger and stronger. Houses, nonchalantly balanced on two boats, come floating by. You notice that those few inhabitants who do not live on boats plant their dwellings on piles above the water. The market places are aquatic pandemoniums. You begin to wonder if it is not high time for the foreign hotel to come drifting down the river to greet you. In this you are wrong—the hotel stands on dry land.

Whether you come by train or by river, there will be very little of the day left. On the following morning, the first thing to do is to drive to your Legation. Special permits are needed to visit certain of the palaces and temples, and these will be secured for you through the courtesy of your Legation office.

Of equal, or even greater, importance, is to ask both at your hotel and your Legation what special ceremonies, festivals, festivities, weddings, or funerals may be pending.

If one of Siam's typically gorgeous festivals or ceremonies can be seen, you need bother about nothing else. I cannot hope to explain how sumptuous they are. A wedding, when there is rank and wealth, is prodigally resplendent and is celebrated with elaborate theatrical spectacles. A funeral is even more glittering in its amazing display. Upon the occasion of a royal funeral, there is no more lavish scene to be found in the wide world. But at the funeral of any man of importance, a large proportion of his fortune is spent in providing orchestras, choruses, theatricals, and fireworks. You must understand that the ghost of the departed gains consolation from the merriment of his friends.

A likely chance exists that during your visit there will occur some colorful celebration of the above variety, but unfortunately most of the national holidays fall in those months of the year which are shunned by the traveler. One of the greatest of all the established pageants, however, comes just at the beginning of the cool season. The rains cease in October when the trade wind changes. Nature observes no exact date for its last deluge, and thus no definite date may be given for this ceremony which starts a few days after the skies clear and continues for two weeks. It is a royal festival during which the King makes a round of visits to the principal Buddhist temples of Bangkok. The royal barge, with its lofty prow and stern and its banks of three score sweeps, resembles one of the triremes of ancient Greece. Of similar splendor, though of smaller size, are the other boats of the fleet. In these sit the royal princes and high officials. You can imagine the spectacle when the boats draw up at some landing place and the disembarkation takes place. As the procession starts through the streets toward the temple to be visited, the people prostrate themselves and there is utter stillness, broken only by the tramp of the feet of the bearers of the royal litters.

Aside from their pageants and festivals, at all seasons of the year you will find the people diligently amusing themselves.



A Siamese Prince Making an Official Call in Bangkok



The Streets of Modern Bangkok Are Broad, Inviting, But Yet Most Oriental in Aspect

Certainly you will not fail to visit one of the theaters, and above all you must not miss seeing the art of the Siamese dancers. Perhaps in another generation this spontaneity and reliance upon their own traditions for amusement and merry-making will surrender to some such drab standardization as going to moving pictures. Films from America are even now becoming ubiquitous, but complete surrender is as yet a long way off. The secret of this carefree attitude lies in the fact that life presents a very simple problem. Nature has freely offered the necessities of life, and with no struggle for existence there remains an abundance of time for pleasure. The affairs which matter most to a Siamese are the festivals connected with the ceremonial side of his existence—his coming of age, his marriage, his burial.

Despite the fact that its distances are somewhat appalling, Bangkok nods to the arriving stranger an intimately friendly welcome. The only fallacy lurking in this hospitable invitation is the implication that you might choose to go strolling. That would be an innovation. No one with a ten *satang* piece in his pocket to pay for a ricksha ever walks. And the Menam always stands ready to show you your way. This bending river cuts the city in half. Along its left bank for five miles runs the famous Charun Krung, or, as foreigners call it, the New Road. The modern streets are on this left side of the river. About midway along the Charun Krung is to be found the Oriental Hotel, a quite comfortable place in which to establish your temporary home. In this neighborhood are the foreign legations, consulates, banks, clubs, churches, and most of the foreign residences. At the far end of the Charun Krung stands the Royal Palace.

On your first morning, following the call at your Legation, you may elect to drive through the imposing streets and squares of the modernized quarter of the city which surrounds the Royal Palace. Almost everywhere in the Orient when "modernism" has come in at the door, picturesqueness has flown out of the window. I am not asking you to believe that the Siamese have managed to achieve the impossible; that they have saved what was unusually picturesque and at the same time have re-

built the streets of the royal quarter so as to make them into a "modern capital." But these new streets have attained an impressiveness on their own account.

If you are interested to learn something about the functioning of the government, your Legation will help you to obtain interviews. It is a most enlightening experience to talk with an educated Siamese about his country and its ambitions. The secret of Siam's remarkable development in these recent years has been leadership; and should you be interested in observing the training of the present generation for its future responsibilities, visit one of the schools. There are different schools for the different services, and you would probably find the Royal Pages' College as interesting as any.

For this ride through the modern streets a motor car seems in no way unsuitable. In a few minutes you will arrive at the gates of the great enclosure in which stands the Royal Palace, given the preface of "the" to distinguish it from the several others which are at the command of the King.

Near the Palace is the Royal Museum. The collection of Siamese art is maintained in a wing by itself so that, fortunately, you need not bother with anything else. Even if you have forsaken all museums by the time you reach Bangkok, you would do well to swear on again for a half hour. Our Western collections contain so few examples of Siamese art that it comes as a great surprise to discover the talent and genius of the native artists and craftsmen. Now that the ruins of Angkor have revealed the astounding magnificence of the art of the lost Khmers, the theory has been advanced that the art traditions of Siam are in reality an unbroken "handing down" of the skill which obtained in ancient Cambodia. It is an engaging surmise, and perhaps it is true.

The great park known as "Premane Ground" lies just north of the palace enclosure. It serves a host of public purposes. Here are held the kite-flying contests; here are paraded the sacred white elephants; here, during the festival periods, may be seen ceremonies whose origin goes back to the hoary centuries of antiquity; and here may be seen the Siamese Boy Scouts earnestly drilling, or football games being played between native and European teams. From Premane Ground

the broad Damnern Road leads to the Dusit Gardens, another park of many acres.

Although it would be more interesting to see Bangkok as it stood four or five decades ago than to drive through these new boulevards, this does not prevent one's seeing in their existence a veritable romance. For they are the visible manifestation of the magic tale of how Siam lifted itself by its own boot straps out of a slough of degeneracy and heat-belt inertia. A picture of Siam as it was discovered by those early and adventurous navigators of the era of Captain Cook is given in a great book compiled from their reports by the Reverend Thomas Banks and entitled *A Universal Geography*. As this somewhat rare work may not be available, let me quote the description of the royal duties of the Siamese court of those days:

"The King of Siam passes several months of the year at Louvo, for the sake of having more freedom than in the metropolis, where he is obliged to be shut up, that his subjects may not lose that profound respect which they entertain for him, by seeing him too often; for solitude and indolence are the chief characteristics of his dignity.

"Upon a couch of down in these abodes,
Supine, with folded arms, he thoughtless nods:
No passions interrupt his easy reign;
No problems puzzle his lethargic brain;
But dull oblivion guards his peaceful bed,
And lazy fogs bedew his gracious head:
Thus at full length such pampered monarchs lay,
Basking at ease, and slumbering life away."

Whether or not the author of the above lines was unduly severe in his delineation of Siam's potentate, it was none the less true that of all the slumbering lands of the tropics at that time none seemed more hopelessly lacking in leadership than Siam, or more likely soon to fall under the domination of some Western power. It so happened that in this particular corner of the East it was the petty kingdoms of Malaya and the chaotic small states of Indo-China upon which fell the prior attention of the acquisitive West. Britain, busily engaged in

absorbing Malaya, and France, no less actively interested in extending her protection over Indo-China, were both content that Siam should call herself independent for the time being and serve in the precarious capacity of a buffer state. Siam was then no whit less backward or less ineffective than those adjacent states to her left and right. She possessed tempting resources and abundant labor. It seemed only a matter of time before the taking up of the white man's burden on the banks of the Menam would be announced as a *fait accompli*. Just how the division would be arranged constituted the only doubtful point.

It seemed that only a miracle could save Siam from the fate of her neighbors. The miracle came in the genius of the Emperor. He refused to play the traditional rôle of resting supine on a couch of down; the problems of his country puzzled his brain. His determination upon the only program which could save his country and the execution of it can only be explained by the word genius. His intelligence was of the kind which moves with extraordinary directness and he possessed a tireless capacity for work. The throne was absolute, and the people thought of the King as sacrosanct. Such a combination of power can become extremely useful in the way of accomplishing miracles. King Chulalong Korn launched the program of "modernization and reform from within." He defied traditions and prejudices by sending his son Rama to Europe to be educated in the knowledge of the West.

The miracle which was begun by the father was continued even more dazzlingly by the son. The late King Rama the Sixth came to the throne in 1910. Geniuses are rare at any time, but for a country to have two successive monarchs at a most critical period would seem to be an interposition of the gods. King Rama found in existence treaties recognizing Siam's independence, but he did not rest content with such fragile guarantees. He pursued the policy of modernization from within with the same relentless vigor his father had shown and added the weight of his practical training and education. Consider the paradox of the chief radical agitator of the land seated on the throne. He prodded his lieutenants; he prodded his people. He defied taboos and waged war against back-

wardness with the powerful weapons of progressive policies, liberal ideas, education, and Western science. The seductive pleasures of the palace in which the potentates of the heat-belt are supposed to find their solace were grievously neglected. The King's hours were divided between the royal roll-top desk and his native and foreign experts and advisers.

The ancient history of the Siamese people as it was recorded by the court historians in the bygone days and handed down to posterity is indeed a heroic story. Present-day scholars have pieced out an account somewhat different, and one having less to do with semidivine heroes. If the myths gave to the Siamese brave and gifted ancestors, so also do the scholars. The Siamese blood inheritance probably came largely from the Lao-Thais, a people talented in both war and peace, who invaded these lands from Southwest China some twenty centuries ago. The language comes largely from this Lao-Thai source, also, and most of the everyday customs. Later there were contact and interfusion with the Khmers, and it is now supposed that the cultural and artistic traditions were thus strongly influenced. And to the inspiriting influence of the Buddhist faith must be ascribed the direction taken by their civilization. Missionaries came to Siam from India, perhaps as early as the second century A.D. Buddhism was soon established in the hearts of the people and became the state religion. Now that both Burma and Ceylon are no longer independent states, the King of Siam stands in the eyes of the Buddhist world as the "defender of the faith."

His religion influences the life of the Siamese at every turn. It enters minutely into the abundant ceremonial side of his existence; he owes to the priests his education; and every Siamese must spend a period of his life under monastic discipline in some one of the ten thousand monasteries of the land. You can easily imagine that a people of such pious devotion, possessing as well a creative artistic instinct and a delight in splendor, would inevitably build for themselves imposingly beautiful temples adorned with precious gifts. The countless numbers of the temples can hardly be imagined. Standing upon some summit overlooking the city of Bangkok, one would behold no less than five hundred golden pagoda spires.

Whatever the number you may choose to visit, I think you will prefer the river and the picturesque canals as the highway for your pilgrimages. It is a half minute's walk from the door of the hotel to the Menam, and you can there appraise the array of launches and barges and determine upon a choice. The maze of canals will take you almost everywhere.

Your guide will undoubtedly tell you that your first temple should be the Wat Sa Ket; and nothing can be said against the excellence of this advice. This commanding shrine stands on a hill, and from this summit the spire of the pagoda rises some two hundred and fifty feet. You may climb to its pinnacle from which you can see the gleaming spires of tens of scores of other *wats*, and you will have the city spread out before your eyes like a living map. If you began your exploration of the city by a motor drive through the modern quarter, then you saw this pagoda when you were riding along the Racha Damnern Road. And you also saw, and perhaps visited, the two great temples of Wat Phra Keo and Wat Po. The former stands within the walls of the palace enclosure, and the latter is not far beyond the gates.

At the Wat Phra Keo the Emperor worships. For this reason a special pass—obtainable through your Legation—is required. Only on the Siamese New Year's Day, which falls in April, may any native of the kingdom, except those of the highest rank, ever pass within its carved teakwood portals. There are treasures upon treasures in this marvelous building; but greatest of all is the famous and ultraholy Emerald Buddha. This image is not carved from emerald quartz but from green jade. Siam's national hero, Phya Tak, brought it from Laos to Bangkok. It is supposed to be the selfsame Emerald Buddha which adorned the inner shrine of the great temple of the Khmers at Angkor-Vat. It cannot be very distinctly seen as it is enthroned high on a sumptuous altar and is clothed in garments of diamonds and precious stones.

This Emerald Buddha is perhaps twelve inches in height. Thus, when you walk from Wat Phra Keo to Wat Po, there is indeed the element of contrast in having these two great temples so close together. For the supreme image of Wat Po is the Golden Recumbent Buddha, an idol some one hundred and

sixty feet in length. It might be one of the gods of Gulliver's Brobdingnaga. Its inner anatomy is said to be of bricks, but its surface has been covered with pure leaf gold to such a thickness that it gives the effect of solid metal. You will remember the legend that wherever the feet of the gentle Buddha touched the earth, gardens of flowers and orchards of fruit trees came into existence. In suggestion of this tradition, the soles of the feet of this Sleeping Buddha are set with pearls in conventionally decorative fruit and flower designs.

There are hundreds upon hundreds of smaller images in this immense hall, and the building is only one of the many of this temple group. In another hall is an image of brass some sixty feet high, and so faultlessly cast as to be a technical triumph.

Across the river from Wat Po you will see rising the mighty height of Wat Chang. The glory of this distant view is more effective than that of a closer inspection, but it is worth your crossing the river to walk through the temple gardens. There is another especially famous temple near the Dusit Gardens. These five are perhaps to be accounted the supreme shrines of the city, but of the others there is not one which does not possess a beauty worthy of discovery.

Palaces and temples and canal scenes are by no means the only allurements. There are the bazaars to take your hours and the contents of your purse. Here are silverware, jewelry, textiles, brasses, lacquer, and curios. Perhaps you will go to the animal bazar and bring away with you a *bona fide* Siamese cat. I have spoken of the theaters and the dancing. I hope you will be so fortunate as to see the ballet troupe of the royal palace. And if you come with letters of introduction to any member of the hospitable foreign colony, there will be teas at the Tennis Club, motor spins into the country, dinners and dances.

Even though you have but three days for your visit, I think you ought to give one day to the river trip to ancient Ayuthia. The journey can be made by train in two hours, but you should go at least one way by water. The launches take seven hours upstream, and five for the return journey. The water route means a sunrise start, but in this case there is ample recompense.

Ayuthia was Siam's capital before the birth of Bangkok.

The Ayuthian dynasty was founded by a hero chief of the Lao-Thais who captured Ayuthia from the Cambodian Khmers and made this island town his capital. The date was the fourteenth century, and Siam's authentic history may be said to begin with this period. This dynasty lasted until 1767. For four hundred stormy years there were constant wars, fought with neighbors on every side, but particularly did the feud wax bitter with the Burmese.

Ayuthia became a mighty city, renowned for its wealth. But wealth, as not infrequently follows, brought decadence. Finally an invading Burmese army, meeting with only scant resistance at the border, became so bold as to march upon the Siamese capital. Probably as much to the surprise of the Burmans as to any one, the gates fell before their onslaught. Rich was the booty and great was the pillage. In the midst of the sacking the palace was fired and partially burned. While this was going on, an Ayuthian general, the hero, Phya Tak, was fighting in Cambodia. He returned with his troops and sought the country of the lower Menam. Here he gathered together the scattered remnants of the defeated Siamese army and established a military camp on the site where now stands Bangkok. Later he succeeded in driving the Burmese from Ayuthia, but he continued to maintain Bangkok as his headquarters during the years when he was restoring order and prosperity to the country. It was not Phya Tak, however, who founded the present royal dynasty. He died without declaring himself Emperor, and the leadership fell to Cha Phya Chakkri, who was crowned Emperor in 1782.

While Bangkok's site is a beautiful one, and while there can be no question but that its location, many miles nearer the mouth of the Menam, makes it a far more practical port than Ayuthia, it is impossible not to regret the desertion of the old capital. Even now, after a century and a half of tropical rain, relentless sun, and jungle growth, the crumbling pagodas and the ruined palaces evidence Ayuthia's one-time grandeur. True, the desertion was absolute only for those quarters of the city where wealth and luxury had their palaces. The quarter of the city where the common people lived continued to function. Of late years the population has been increasing and prosperity has

been returning. The teeming life of the canals of this island city is even more amazingly picturesque than that of Bangkok.

The delta country of the Menam has been called the richest garden of all the world. Its miles are but a fractional glimpse of the entire country, but their loveliness is the quintessence of all that might be seen no matter how extensively you might wander. There is one adventure by railway which I should mention; not because there is a thousandth chance that you will actually take it, but because the idea is a fascinating one. I mean the railway journey to remote Chienmai, the northern capital. If you should go, inform your Legation so that notification in proper form may be presented to the Department of Communications. A foreign passenger is a notable rarity, and special notice must be sent ahead so that accommodations may be prepared at those stations where the trains stop for the night. It takes three traveling days to reach Chienmai—the first night being spent at Pitsanoluke, the second at Lampang. Both are ancient towns. At Pitsanoluke is the famous Wat Chinnaraj, one of the most revered of all the temples of the land and one of the most overwhelmingly magnificent of all Asia. At Lampang you are in the heart of the teak forests. The people of the town are of Lao-Siamese stock and are markedly different from the natives of the lower Menam. But Lampang is not a place of one pattern in its races. Go to the quarter where the caravans arrive from the Burmese Shan States and from the interior country of the western Chinese provinces, and you will come upon the most amazing scenes.

The people at Chienmai are also largely of Lao-Siamese stock. The city is ancient in years and in importance, as is attested by its imposing wall and its many beautiful temples, both Laos and Burmese. At this remote spot you may be surprised at the size of the European quarter. The explanation is not far to seek. The teak trade is largely controlled by Western firms who have their managers here, and Chienmai is also the "missionary capital" of Northern Siam. Few strangers come, and it is doubtful whether you will be allowed to test the accommodations of the resthouse which the railway has recently built.

CHAPTER 10

MALAYA—TOWNS AND JUNGLE

L IKE a banyan tendril, the Malayan peninsula dangles from the Asian mainland into the seas of Oceania. Its length is more than a thousand miles. It dominates the Straits of Malacca, the Gulf of Siam, and the China Sea. A glance at the map ought to be sufficient to prove that this territory must have been coveted and struggled for by ambitious races throughout history. And when one has journeyed there and has seen the amazing fertility of its soil and has known its mild and equitable climate, no further evidence could be asked.

Unfortunately for such an “invincible” guess, it doesn’t happen to be true. Actual record reveals that Malaya has played an exceedingly insignificant part in the drama of Eastern history. Its jungles hide no ruins of great cities of past Empires. There never has been an era of proud distinction. Java to the south; Cambodia to the east; Burma to the north; Ceylon to the west . . . each of these lands has nourished great civilizations. But Malaya has dreamed away the centuries.

No one explanation can cover Malaya’s unheroic past, but a very important contributing cause has been the “blighting curse” of this land’s too abundant blessings. There has never been spur to ambition.

About forty years ago a young Englishman, Hugh Clifford, buried himself in the Malayan jungles and became an intimate friend of the natives of the villages. His mission was to prepare the way for British suzerainty, but that is too long a story to go into. Perhaps no white man has ever learned to know the natives of an Eastern tropical land “through and through” as did this Britisher. His gifts were extraordinary, and included the genius of putting his intimate knowledge into words. There are no other books about the East like those he wrote. Let me quote you this page from *The Further Side of Silence*:

"Nature has been very lavish to the Malay, and has provided him with a soil that produces a maximum of food in return for a minimum of grudging labor; but, rightly viewed, he has suffered from her hands an eternal defeat. . . . The cool, moist fruit groves of Malaya woo men to the lazy enjoyment of their ease during the parching hours of midday, and the native, who long ago has retired from the fight with Nature, and now is quite content to subsist upon her bounty, has caught the spirit of her surroundings, and is very much what environment and circumstances have combined to make him. Those of us who cry shame upon the peoples of the tropics for their inertia would do well to ponder these things, and should realize that energy is to the natives of the heat-belt at once a disturbing and a disgusting quality. It is disturbing because it runs counter to the order of Nature which these people have accepted. It is disgusting because it is opposed to every tenet of their philosophy."

There are no ancient cities or monuments of any sort inherited from antiquity. Nature has been supreme—not man. On the other hand, if the mystery, the beauty, and the silence of the jungle draw you, then Malaya awaits. It is not likely that you will be inclined to penetrate the jungle's domain. It is not uncommon to feel its enigmatic call, but it is most uncommon to respond. Any suggested itinerary would probably not at all suit the exploring instinct of any one who has determined upon an intimate acquaintanceship with the rayless trails of the deep forests. But there is one unique opportunity to forsake the beaten trail requiring such a minimum of preparation, or experience, that it is not debarred to any one who has the necessary week to give to the adventure. Nor is it remote from the railway. I mean the trip, by native houseboat, down the Perak River from Kuala Kangsar to Teluk Anson. Later in the chapter I shall explain more about the details.

Almost every visitor to Malaya is content with a program which includes seeing Singapore and Penang and taking the railway journey through the jungle world which lies between these cities. Unless the voyage on the Perak would enthrall you, and unless your wayfaring in the East can be unusually

leisurely, you will probably not care to spend many more days in Malaya than the conventional itinerary demands.

This program will reveal more of the white man's Malaya than of the Malay's Malaya. From the railway you must of necessity see to a large extent that portion of the country which the white race's initiative and energy have vastly altered in the past quarter century. Singapore and Penang are Eastern cities, but they are not Malayan cities. And as for the broad countryside of the jungle, the ever increasing plantation area under the white man's directorship is abundant evidence that Nature's autocracy is no longer undisputed. Year by year the virgin forest is yielding ground before the axes of the planters.

The white man has also taken control of harbors where, until his arrival, only petty fishing villages existed, and has magically built great ports. Both politically and commercially the country has been extraordinarily plastic under Western direction. The people have no traditions of their own past glory to imbue them with a spirit of opposition to alien dominance.

If you are traveling around the world, or between China and India, a visit to Malaya inevitably includes itself in your itinerary. In fact, it would be difficult for you to avoid Singapore, "the Cross-roads of the East." No ship sails through these waters without paying its call. Almost every passenger ship calls also at Penang. Thus, if you are a through passenger, it is a very simple matter to disembark at one of these ports, journey by rail to the other, and rejoin your ship.

Singapore

In the commerce of the Eastern Seas, Singapore has a unique and august position. Its trade figures are available in any annual almanac, and can be read in your own library. What you gain by coming to the actual spot is the exotic picture of its beautiful harbor, and the fascination of its infinite variety of shipping. Should you stroll along the waterfront, you will see sailor faces from every maritime country of the world.

The population of the city is an equally amazing conglomerate of races. This diverse assembly, living more or less amicably together under British rule, has not been exhorted, so far as I

know, by sociologists to become "one hundred per cent." Singaporeans. No "melting pot" process is urged. What has happened is that each group has brought along, and preserves, its own customs, habits, religion, and peculiarities of costume. Many of the groups have come in teeming numbers. At one moment you might well imagine that you are in a Chinese city; then the scene shifts to an Indian, then to a Japanese city. You have come to Singapore. But these cities are rather tawdry and mean, most of them. Only have the Europeans and the Chinese surrounded themselves with quarters other than slums. If it were not for their perpetual diversity, the street scenes would not be particularly vivid. New York has its Italian streets, its Hungarian streets, its Czech streets, and a stroll through them is a picturesque adventure upon occasion; but no one can say that these have the beauty of Florence, or Buda-Pest, or Prague. So it is with Singapore. When the amazement of your first few hours begins to fade, and your eyes become analytical, you are on the point of finding out for yourself the secret that Singapore is obvious. And at this point you may say to yourself that you have seen everything; not because you have traversed every by-street, but because there is no mystery, and very little surprise, left.

Singapore, indeed, is a kaleidoscope. There are always and forever the changing combinations. But there is not one single, particular spot in this "Cross-roads of the East" which *must* be seen. It is an album of views, whose pictures have a way of dissolving into one general impression.

The trade routes of Asia are dominated by the "key" ports of Aden, Bombay, Calcutta, Colombo, Rangoon, Hongkong, and Singapore. Over one and all flies the British flag. The strangest part of each of their stories is that, with the debatable exception of Bombay, not one of these harbors was recognized as having any importance, strategic or otherwise, until the British came and saw.

Singapore literally went begging for ownership until it fell under the eye of the redoubtable Sir Thomas Raffles—that gifted and indomitable British Empire builder. He alone of all who had sailed through the Malacca Straits had the vision to realize its incomparable setting. Over and again the various

Sultans of Johore, a petty kingdom of this southern tip of the peninsula, had offered the Island of Singapore to likely buyers. No one was interested.

You will find Sir Thomas honored by a statue, and by streets, squares, and hotels named for him. It's a pity a few honors could not have been conferred when he was living: instead, he received an inordinate number of rebuffs. His short life was so brilliant and Singapore's prosperity was so preeminently his creation, that a summary of his achievements may not be amiss. His father was a sea captain and, as was the custom in those days, his mother accompanied his father on a long voyage. Raffles was born at sea—this was the year 1781—in a small boat and in a violent storm, off the coast of Jamaica. When he was fourteen years of age he was pronounced "grown up," and was indentured to the East India Company in London. At twenty-four he sailed to Penang where that company was engaged in business. The junior secretary soon displayed an amazing genius for languages and a still greater genius for intuitively understanding the workings of the Oriental mind. In a few months he had mastered several of the Malay dialects. About that time war was declared with the Dutch. Raffles was appointed Vice-governor of Java, which the British had captured and which they held from 1811 to 1816. His memory has by no means died away among the Dutchmen of that island. You may still hear them talking about the extraordinary young Englishman who, in five years, created a far more effective colonial administrative system than their own governors had achieved in two centuries. Raffles found time, as well, to take an interest in the antiquities of Java and to write the first adequate history of the country, a work which still ranks as authoritative. When Java was returned to the Dutch, Raffles determined in his mind that there must be a British port on the lower Malacca Straits. His major difficulty was to persuade the British Government to listen to his arguments and to give him backing to carry out his vision. Eventually he concluded a treaty with the Raja of Johore. The Island of Singapore was ceded in perpetuity to the British Crown. "Empire builders" are frequently credited with being impetuous souls whose practical usefulness is over when the objective of hoist-

ing their country's flag over new territory is attained. But Raffles' contribution to Singapore's future greatness included his establishment of an economic policy of "free immigration and free trade," based on ideas which were an innovation a century ago but whose genius of conception has been amply proved by Singapore's prosperity over its rivals.

It makes rather an engaging speculation to try to surmise the comments which Sir Thomas might make if he could see the port and city as it stands to-day. Imagine sitting beside him in a motor car, and speeding from the steamer landing to the hotel quarter along the harbor front road. What may particularly interest you, but which would be an old story to him, is the intense, limpid brilliance of the tropical sunshine. Nowhere else in the world can the sunshine be so clear, so pitiless, nor fall upon a landscape quite so green.

By this time you have been initiated into the secrets of tropical hotel life, but the hotels of Singapore are so ultratypical that acquaintance with them might be called a thirty-third degree ceremonial. There is no sybaritic luxury about their furnishings and furniture. Theirs is a Spartan plainness of comfort. It is the pervasive and seductive ingratiation of the servants which wins one's excessive affection. If you wish to be outrageously pampered, go to Singapore.

Linger for a half hour in your hotel lobby and you will decide that a Congress of Nations is forgathering. The expectant guides, who lurk like spiders in corners ready to pounce out upon possible patrons, are cicerones of diverse parts, as I think you may acknowledge from the professional card of one of them:

"Dry Cleaning, Curiosities, Ladies & Gentlemen Tailors, Paradise Birds, plumes, Chinese and Indian silks, Live ponhors & sights seeings, etc."

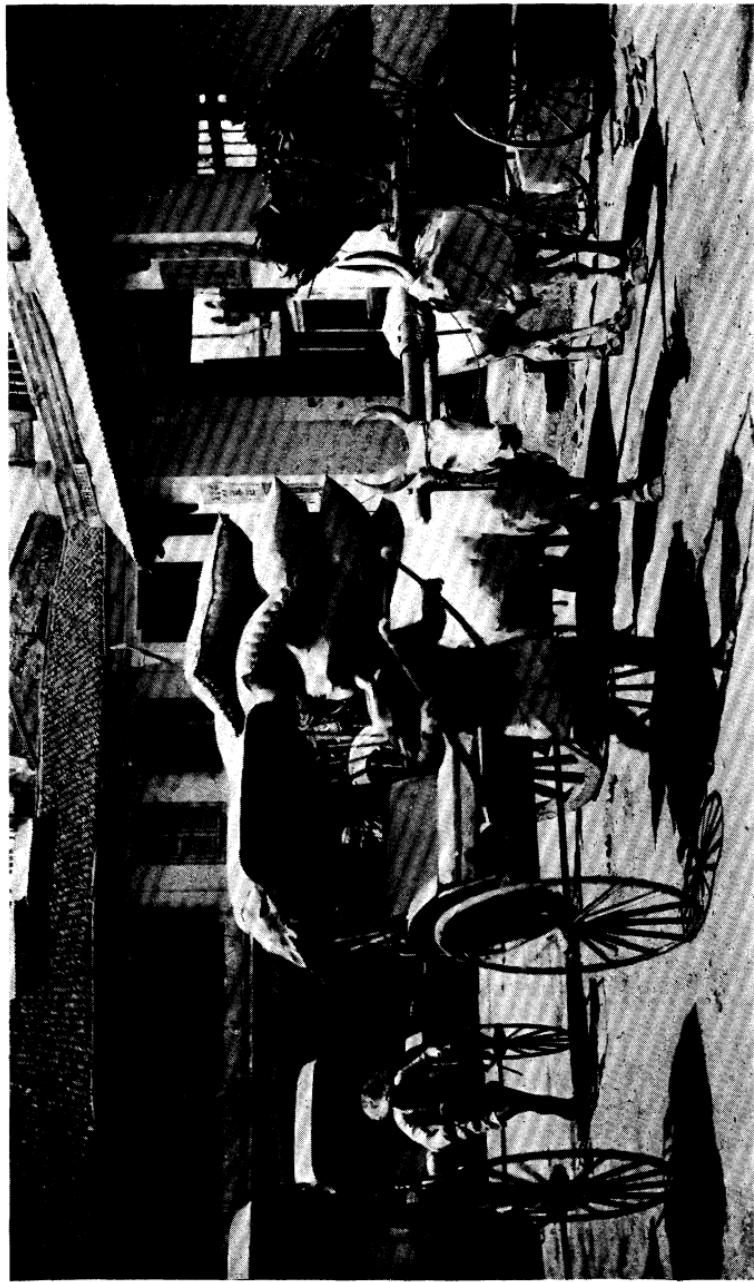
I have never engaged a member of the guild to discover whether he had any "sights seeings" which are not the obvious ones. Perhaps I made a mistake. But such experience as I have had compels me to repeat that I know of no better way.

to see Singapore than to take a "hit or miss" drive. Prowling rickshas have their place, if you are to be here several days; but if you have only one day, a carriage or a motor car is imperative. If you are starting from the Raffles Plain, tell your driver to go out past the race course and Government House Hill. Should you be interested in strange markets, stop at Rochore Road to see the birds, animals, and reptiles of tropical pedigree which are there for sale. Do you wish a tiger cub, or a water buffalo calf? Here is your chance. Or you may determine upon a python, or a virulently poisonous krait. But be prepared to encounter odors something worse than a circus menagerie in July.

There's a view of the city from Government Hill, if you wish to make the climb. A walk through the Botanical Gardens can be recommended as an adventure less perspiration inducing. But when you come to the Raffles Museum, I offer no advice whatsoever. I have a lack of interest in stuffed animals and in reptiles bottled in alcohol.

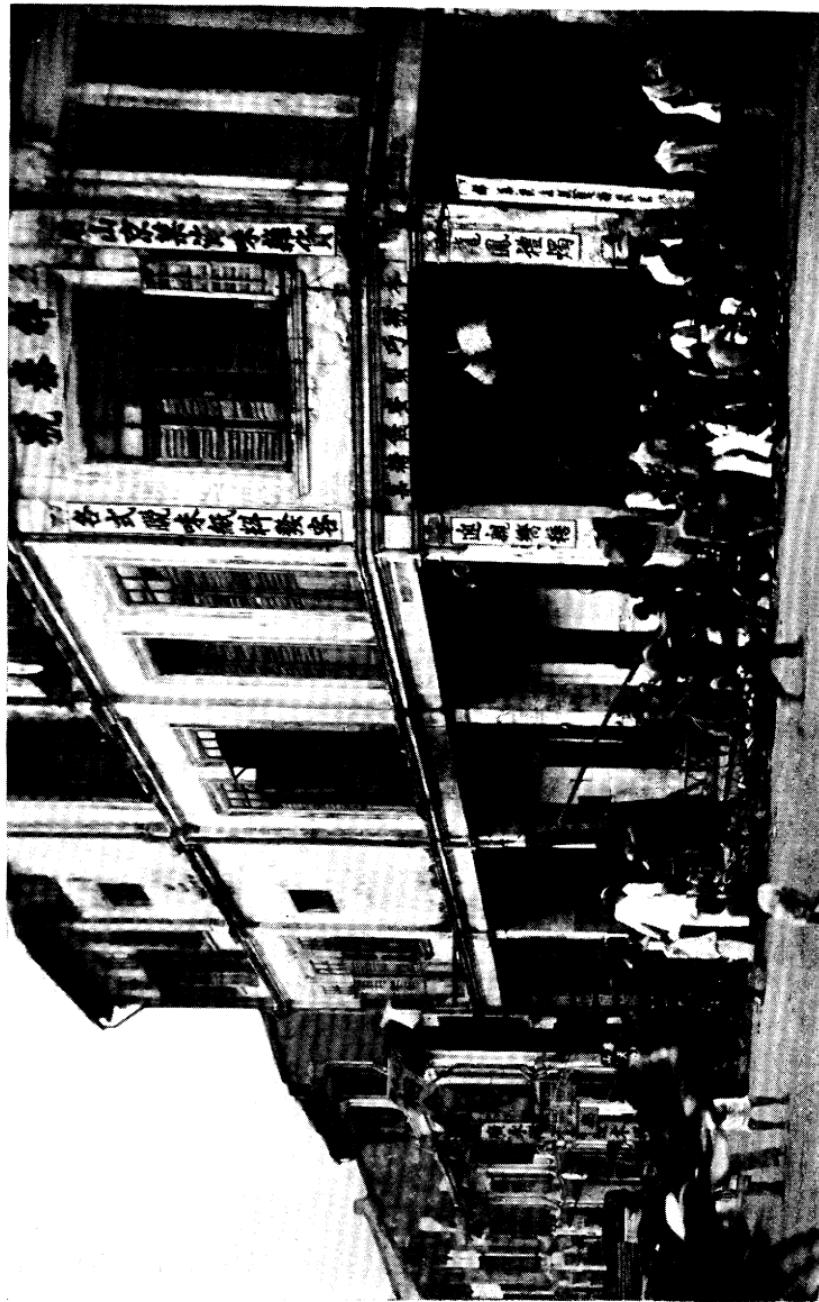
Should you have acquaintances living here, they will probably invite you to the Cricket Club for tea. A pleasant place it is to see the world. And later, starting about an hour before sunset, they will take you motoring to admire the "Round the Gap" drive. If you haven't acquaintances, then the initiative for this sunset drive should be your own. Let me retract my error in saying that there is no one particular thing which you must do in Singapore. The "Round the Gap" drive is the exception. Here you find the tropics in their most romantic aspect.

Only if you have a second day is it worth while to journey to the mainland to visit Johore Bharu, the capital of His Majesty, the Sultan of Johore. This new town is about seventeen miles from Singapore by railway and ferry. The Sultan has many acquaintances in Singapore's European circles, and if you stay here for any length of time, an invitation to inspect the palace is virtually a certainty. What you see without an invitation is the distant view of its walls, and distance lends a glamor which is somewhat dissipated by a nearer prospect. Johore Bharu is not as world famous a gambling place as



A Commercial Street in Singapore

Singapore, the Cross Roads of the East



Macao, but these towns greatly resemble each other in the rarity with which an Occidental departs a winner. Needless to say, the management of the gambling houses is Chinese.

Anything which I write to-day about the journey between Singapore and Penang is all too likely to be antiquated to-morrow. Between closing your eyes and opening them again, some change takes place in Malaya. If you are leaving your steamer at one of these ports and rejoining it at the other, you will have just sufficient margin to make the through journey, but with no stops. The train ride takes twenty-four hours, and the express leaves Singapore in the evening, arriving at Kuala Lumpur early on the following morning. Here you must change to the day train for Penang. According to the present schedule, a few minutes over an hour is allowed. This gives time for a bite of breakfast and also for a motor ride. You will discover that the city is cut in half by the Klang River. On one side is the European quarter; on the other the Native Town. The "Asiatic side" is indeed picturesque, but the roads winding through the low hills of the European quarter offer such enchantingly beautiful views of this "Garden City" that I doubt whether you will wish to devote more than a brief glance at the scenes across the river. Kuala Lumpur is the capital of the Federated Malay States, and the new government buildings are in excellent taste for their tropical setting.

When you are again on the train, you may settle down in your seat for a fascinating all day's inspection of the jungle world. When the monotony of the wilderness of green forest begins to be boresome, it is broken by views of plantations, or by glimpses of picturesque native villages. The tin mines you see are supplying more than half of the world's market. You will arrive at Penang at the end of the afternoon, and you will probably have the following morning for a drive about the island before your boat sails.

If your steamer sailing allows you several days, then you can be more or less thorough in seeing the towns along the railway route between Singapore and Penang. Malacca is a picturesque town on the coast, with its old Dutch fort and churches. Its drive to Tanjong Kling is another one of the

countless beautiful drives of Malaya. There are other towns, with rest-houses where you can be fairly comfortable, such as Ipoh, Kuala Kangsar, and Taiping. But my own inclination, with the possible exception of Malacca, would be to have a longer time at Kuala Lumpur and Penang, and to take motor drives from those towns into their countryside.

At Kuala Lumpur it makes little difference toward what point of the compass your motor excursion heads. The tropical beauty is everywhere equally magical. Two conventional destinations are the Batu Caves and Port Swettenham, both of which may be reached by train as well as by motor.

You are in the heart of the rubber country here at Kuala Lumpur, and you will undoubtedly wish to visit one plantation. But as one grove of rubber trees is very much like all the rest, your inquisitiveness will probably be satisfied by one such inspection. The climate of the Malay Peninsula is almost perfect for rubber growing, being neither too hot nor too cold at any season of the year. But the rubber trees were not indigenous. The seeds had to be brought from South America, from the upper reaches of the Amazon. The story of their transportation is a rather curious one. Rubber seeds rapidly lose their germinating power, and thus they had to travel by "easy stages." First they were carried to the London Kew Gardens, where they were planted and a second generation of seeds obtained. This generation was hurried to Ceylon, and the same process repeated. Then followed the last stage of the journey, to Malaya.

While I have said that there is very little reason for going to Kuala Kangsar to see Kuala Kangsar itself, there is every reason for going there if you decide upon the unique adventure of floating down the Perak River in a houseboat. Volumes have been written about experiences not half so fascinating or varied. Such an adventure is not fascinating to every one, nor would many travelers feel like adapting themselves to the rather primitive conditions. Let me give you some idea of what the experience involves. In the first place, it is best to send a letter in advance of your arrival to the office of the British High Commissioner at Kuala Kangsar. This is the capital city of the Sultan of Perak, and it takes three imposing palaces

to serve his royal domestic needs. The British Commissioner is content with a villa, but you must not be so naïve as to be in any doubt as to who holds the strings of government. To reach Kuala Kangsar, you leave the main line train at Taiping and change to the branch road. This is a deviation of only an hour. You can take up comfortable quarters in the government rest-house pending your consultation with the Resident and while completing arrangements for your houseboat. Naturally you will not expect a craft as luxurious as the houseboats of Shanghai or Kashmir. But you do not fare so badly. You will have "saloon accommodations" for two passengers. The crew of eight disposes of itself in its own fo'c'sle. The steward's pantry is a charcoal fire with a few pots and pans, but the culinary results are rather a triumph nevertheless. Somebody from the Resident's office will help you with the details. You must lay in all of your provisions at Kuala Kangsar. The destination of this voyage is Teluk Anson, seventy miles down the river. The trip may be accomplished in three days, but your enthralment will likely extend the schedule by a day or so. The days are marvelous, but the quintessence of the river's beauty is at night under the flooding moonlight of the tropics. At Teluk Anson you come upon the railway again. You board the train and are back at Taiping in about five hours. From Taiping the ride to Penang takes three hours. In the meantime you have lived through an experience as remote from the modern world of railways as can be possibly imagined. You will have had a picture of the luxuriant tropics as primordial as if you were the first white explorer ever to have drifted down the waters of the great Perak.

As the north port of the Malacca Straits and as an important railway center, Penang has a busy business quarter with imposing mercantile houses. But I find it difficult to remember that Penang is a place of weighty consequence in the world's commerce. I think of it as a somnolent, lotus-eating spot—an island preeminently created so that wayfarers might tarry here to recover their energy, while indulging in unconscionable laziness. The soft, balmy air inspires indolence. There are rickshas at every turn to defeat any idea of walking. The hotels pamper one into being a highly contented drone. For diversion

there are golf and tennis, and also there is delightful sea-bathing at Tanjong Bunga. Motor rides in the surrounding countryside are to be indulged in to the limit of your purse. But if you are a one day visitor your drive will probably limit itself to the Chinese Temple at Ayer Itam and to Waterfall Garden.

CHAPTER 11

THE DUTCH EAST INDIES—JAVA AND FABULOUS BALI

UNTIL recently the attitude of the Colonial Government of the vast island empire of Netherlands India was something more than indifferent to tourists. It was definitely discouraging. There had been published in Anglo-Saxon countries highly barbed criticism of the methods of Dutch plantation owners in dealing with the native populations of Sumatra and Java. Some of this criticism was undoubtedly based on reliable information; some of it was slanderous. The Dutch did not relish criticism, and they retorted by adopting a policy of shutting the door against travelers as tightly as possible. Those who did gain admittance found their movements circumscribed by exasperating regulations. If you read any of the travel books on Java written two decades ago, you will find many indignant comments on these irritating restrictions. This policy has now been consigned to the limbo of "forgive and forget." To-day, the transient traveler finds no hindrances in his path. A visible sign of this new grace is the Official Tourist Bureau which exists to welcome the visitor and to lend him helpful aid.

A visit to the Dutch Indies usually means a visit to Java alone. The Dutch have been established in Java for three centuries. They have had ostensible title to most of the other islands for about as long a time, but it has taken until the present day to prove this fact to the obdurate natives. The conditions to be found in these other islands belong to the primitive and pioneer order; and the traveler who plans to visit Sumatra, Celebes, Borneo, or New Guinea will need special and detailed information of a sort lying completely outside the province of this volume.

The conventional way to reach Java is to take one of the express boats from Singapore to Batavia, which make the voyage in forty-eight hours. There are other sea routes of

approach, however, and if you are traveling leisurely one of these may be found to offer an interesting chance to visit unusual ports along the way. The Dutch mail boats from Holland to Batavia make Colombo a port of call. Travelers from Ceylon, or from British India via Ceylon, may reach Java by this direct route without having to go to Singapore. Before arriving in Batavia these boats stop at the port of Padang, on the Island of Sumatra. There are occasional boats from Hongkong to Soerabaja, *via* the Philippines, but these steamers are not very commodious.

How many days does Java demand? A six days' program is possible. This would mean landing at Batavia and having one day there, one day at the Botanical Gardens in Buitenzorg, one day for Djokja and the Boroboedoer, and then hastening back to Batavia to sail on the sixth day. This program is sometimes recommended, but let me warn you that a salamander would wilt under such an ordeal. Beneath the equatorial sun one must proceed at a more or less dignified pace. Then everything is likely to go tolerably well. But as soon as this well-ordered pace is accelerated, mysterious resistances appear. If you can take twelve days or two weeks for your visit, then your pleasure, comfort, and appreciation of the island will be increased fiftyfold; and you will have seen all of the worth while places instead of only two or three. I am speaking for the ordinary traveler. If you wish to make an intensive study of native customs, or if you are a botanist, or if you are more than casually interested in Java's antiquities, there can be no definite answer concerning the number of days which must go by before your curiosity is appeased.

Quite aside from the fascination of the purely exotic scene, you will be interested in learning how the Dutchman has adapted himself to life in the tropics. Throughout most of Asia one finds that Anglo-Saxon customs and the English language have been imposed for the "common" benefit of Occidental travelers. You may have taken it for granted that this Anglo-Saxon dictation of what's what exists on account of its inherently superior characteristics. The Dutchman has not been so impressed. He has worked out his own system from A to Z. He believes that his own mode of living is more com-

fortable and more scientific for the white man in the tropics. To explain why this has come about the argument is offered that the Hollander "settles" in the East expecting to live there for the rest of his life, while the Englishman or American always looks upon himself as a temporary sojourner. The Dutchman believes that he has built the most comfortable hotels east of Suez. He believes . . . But I shall not continue the list. You will decide from your own experiences. One noteworthy feature is of direct and important interest to the tourist. The visitor will find that the hotels and railways offer accommodation and service which make it unnecessary to travel with an English speaking native servant. In British India a "bearer" is an absolute necessity. The hotels in Java provide bedding, towels, etc., and a staff of servants. Carriages and porters from the hotels meet the trains. On the railway there is no night travel at all. The express trains carry restaurant cars. Thus your traveling kit may be cut down to a minimum. As for the language difficulty, this has little existence. Virtually every Dutchman speaks English; and every one is willing to aid the stranger. Dutch hospitality does not stop at small favors; it goes to unusual lengths to be of assistance. The colonists are pleased with their island home and they wish you to carry away a favorable memory. The Englishman in India often impresses the traveler as being subnormal in his enthusiasm for the picturesque sights round and about him. When the Englishman does recommend your visiting some particular place, it may be taken for granted that that spot is distinctly unusual. The Dutchman, on the contrary, is inclined to bestow indiscriminate praise upon Java's sights and to tell you of many places which you *must* see, but which in reality are of little interest. The "travel literature" recommends a protracted program and encourages a thoroughness which you soon learn to discount. This indiscrimination is especially bewildering and discouraging for the traveler who has a limited time and cannot afford to learn by experience. To know Java's charms, the best program is to restrict your itinerary to the few really important places. Java possesses three brilliant facets of attraction—its luxuriant tropical flora; its picturesque people; and its magnificent antiquities. Where are these attractions

best revealed? The tour which I am about to describe visits the "supreme places," and eliminates the others. This tour can be made in ten days, but of course extra days would mean a more leisurely, comfortable progress.

Batavia and Weltevreden

The new, deep water harbor for Batavia, at Tandjong Priok, presents an array of modern piers and warehouses which give an impression of efficient activity, but neither that impression nor any other which is offered by the immediate landscape suggests that you have arrived at "The Garden of the East." Neither the magnificence of the mountains nor the beauty of the jungle comes down to the sea to greet you. The highway which takes you to Weltevreden traverses for its first few miles a sinister swamp land. It was on this pestilential fringe of coast that the early Dutch colonists, with incredible persistency, tried to establish their homes. At old Batavia they built a city of quaint Delft-pattern houses. Batavia means "Fair Meadows," but no spot on earth ever received such a sardonic baptism. The population died off as rapidly as ships could bring new recruits from Holland, and the town became known throughout the East as "The graveyard of Europeans." To-day when one ventures into old Batavia from the new town of Weltevreden, and wanders about amid the old Dutch houses, the air seems crowded with the ghosts of that appalling sacrifice.

Your hotel is, of course, in the new town of Weltevreden, which means "Well Content." The few miles which separate the two towns make the difference between a fairly healthful tropical city and a death trap. In this new town the burghers have built vast porticoed mansions with windows open to the four winds. The atmosphere of the town itself is one of solid and conservative permanence. Its society has here settled itself in sedate perpetuity; generation succeeds generation. The sons and daughters of these mansions go to Holland for their education, but Weltevreden is their home. There is no other city of Java with quite such an atmosphere of permanence, and certainly no city built by Europeans in any other country

of Asia remotely approaches this atmosphere. The city is the official capital of the Dutch East Indies, but the Governor-General spends little time in the Residency on the Koningsplein. When he is not traveling through the islands, he is better content to spend his time at beautiful Buitenzorg in the hills. After a day and a night of the damp and depressing heat of Weltevreden (which endures yesterday, to-day, and forever) you are quite prepared to follow his excellent example.

In fact, there is small reason for lingering in Weltevreden beyond a day or two. A short morning will show you old Batavia, which is still the seat for most of the business houses of the port and for the banks, although no Europeans live there. At sunset the European clerks hasten back to Weltevreden. Most of the business houses are on the picturesque street known as the Kali Besar. The old Stadhuis stands as it was built, but most of the old Dutch mansions and counting rooms have been considerably altered to open them up to a freer movement of the air, and the old wall, which helped so valiantly to confine the miasmic vapors, has been torn down. The canals, which the original Hollanders built through habit, have become the home for a diverse flotilla of native craft. The canals and the streets are crowded with a throng of Malayans, Chinese, and Arabs.

You can see all of Weltevreden from the seat of a carriage or motor car—except the museum. This small, but world famous, treasure house of surprising wonders and beautiful objects faces the huge, dismally unrelieved square known as the Koningsplein. A visit to the museum is Weltevreden's incomparable gift to the traveler. The arrangement of the exhibits has been accomplished with sheer genius. Java, Sumatra, the Celebes, Borneo, and New Guinea have their rooms. You wander from cases glittering with the gorgeousness of jeweled krisses to cases resplendent with gold embroidered textiles. But a catalogue is only a catalogue. There is, as well, a supreme collection of Buddhistic antiquities from the buried ruins of Central Java, treasures which lay hidden and forgotten in the jungle for centuries.

Before leaving Weltevreden you should pay a visit to the Official Tourist Bureau. You will be given an armful of maps

and time-tables. This Bureau will lend its friendly aid in countless ways. You may wish to engage a servant-interpreter for your tour; or you may wish to motor through the island. The Bureau will lend you its advice. The charge for a car for touring is based on the mileage and not on the number of days consumed. It is true that an intimacy with the countryside is gained through motor touring which cannot be had from a railway carriage seat. But the advantages of a motor car are not so overwhelming as might at first be thought. During a tropical storm in the mountains a railway carriage is much to be preferred, for example. Wherever you may be it is always possible to engage a motor for local touring. This is fully as convenient as having your permanent car, and is far less expensive.

Buitenzorg and the Botanical Gardens

The trains of Java do not run at night. The original idea of this system of daylight travel only was based on a doubt of the efficiency of the native employees under the strain of the blackness of the night. Consequently, the trains have to start at a most uncomfortable hour in the morning. The morning express from Weltevreden to Buitenzorg is no exception. You arise from your perspiration soaked pallet in the dim light of dawn, when your hotel room-boy brings a small cruet of cold coffee extract and a none too munificent jug of hot milk. You mix these together, but the resulting beverage does not serve to make life seem less abysmally depressing. Your carriage is at the door. With Dutch thoroughness the hotel porter makes sure that you are on the train a half hour before starting time. You stare at the other passengers and they stare at you. Every one displays symptoms of murderous irritability. When the train does eventually start it soon begins to climb into the foothills. A refreshing breeze blows through the car. Its magic tonic quickly charms the passengers and train crew into amiability. Buitenzorg is reached in a little over an hour, and the steaming coast is forgot in the presence of paradise.

I dare venture no prediction as to how long you will *wish* to linger in Buitenzorg. As a matter of fact you can see the

famous Botanical Gardens in half a day, and the town in the remaining half. But Buitenzorg is an elysium, a place where hurry seems an appalling *gaucherie*. Perhaps I should include for your information that there are visitors who think that Providence created the mountain landscape around Buitenzorg to afford them the chance to scramble up the lava ribbed and jungle choked slopes. If you have such a restless urge, the opportunity is at hand. But in Buitenzorg I prefer to exalt remorseless laziness, and to gaze up at the summits of the mountains, not to climb them.

The Gardens have now passed their centenary. The simplicity of the story is that a succession of devoted, learned and practical botanists have directed the work, and have enlisted for success the services of a tropical sun, a fertile soil, a daily rain, a beneficent altitude, and a spot which rarely knows a devastating storm. All of the planting is minutely classified, but this does not mean that landscape beauty has been sacrificed to scientific arrangement.

In the neighborhood of Buitenzorg are many tea and rubber plantations which are to be reached by motor roads. They resemble feudal principalities. Cards of introduction to the plantation managers may be obtained through the hotel. If you must choose only one from the many drives, take that which leads to Kota Batoe.

Garoet

Travelers going by motor car from Buitenzorg to Garoet usually spend the night at Bandoeng, a pleasant, healthful, and prosperous modern town. The Dutch are very proud of its well-ordered, cottage lined streets. But the train traveler can ignore Bandoeng, beyond gathering in an impression from the railway carriage window.

Garoet has an elevation of about 2,500 feet. This means a delightful daytime temperature, with nights that are actually cold. There are several comfortable hotels in the town, but the Sanatorium Hotel, which stands on the hillslope high above the city, has both a view of the broad plain and of the smoking peaks of the volcanoes.

For the residents of West Java, Garoet is a pleasure and health resort. For the traveler it is a place to be seen for itself—or as the base for many spectacular drives and excursions. Between Tjibatoe and Garoet the train windows look down upon a vast plain of field and forest. It has become conventional to declare that this plain presents the "finest garden scenery of the island." To me this far-reaching view is by no means as enchanting as a nearer view of a smaller area, and if you wish to know the supreme beauty of the jungle you must follow a trail leading through its silence. But I am forgetting Garoet itself and its own particular panoramic view, which comes abruptly as an amazing surprise unless you have been told that the town's dramatic climax is its horizon circle of angry volcanoes. You have come to the heart of a countryside of volcanoes. Craters here, craters there. As you stroll in the jungle forest you may find pygmy specimens which could hide under your sun helmet. Giant Papandajan, however, is not so modest.

In other countries which capitalize their mountain scenery, a visitor must scale a peak every so often or be prepared to be shunned as a slacker. The Dutch, hailing from the meadows of Holland, have no such tradition. No one at your Garoet hotel will knock at your door to inquire whether you have climbed your daily mountain. But if you do wish to make the trip to the crater of mighty Papandajan, the hotel manager will assist your preparations. The best plan is to motor to the foot of the mountain on the afternoon before the climb and to spend the night at Tjiseroepan. Then by starting early in the morning, you can make the ascent and be back in Garoet by evening. There is no doubt that Papandajan is very much alive, although it has made no great demonstration since 1772. At that time its convulsions shook the entire island and destroyed utterly some forty towns. It first blew off its top and then proceeded to swallow a hundred square miles of its own mountainside. The present fiery crater lies gashed out of the slope and does not crown the peak. Its uneasy rumbling suggests the possibility that the digestion of those hundred square miles has not been going on very satisfactorily.

A much simpler and far less strenuous trip will take you to

Kawah Kamodjan. Here you will find dwarfed craters bubbling sulphureously in the heart of the jungle. The forest scenery along the way is a miracle of the tropics. For either Papandajan or Kamodjan, horses or sedan chairs are necessary. A carriage, or motor, however, will take you to the lovely lakes, near Garoet, whose names are Bagendit and Leles.

Djokjakarta

From Garoet to Djokja it is a half day's train ride, involving the usual early start. When you reach Djokja you are again at sea level, but for some mysterious reason this city does not suffer from the depressing heat which makes Batavia and Soerabaja so unbearable.

Once upon a time Djokja was one of the most picturesque and fascinating spots of the Polynesian-Malayan world. The repute that Djokja is a city of gorgeous streets and an imposing royal display still persists. But I fear you will be disappointed. The native ruler—heavily subsidized by the Dutch government—has retired to his new walled-in tawdry palace. His power is to-day merely a gesture.

Considerable formality attends obtaining the privilege of entering the palace grounds. Permits are applied for through the Dutch Resident, and visitors are received only one day in the week. Possibly once or twice a year, at those times when the Sultan holds a public audience or the court dancers appear, a visit to this palace would be a privilege. On ordinary days all that is to be found is a dilapidated throne room heaped with European gilt furniture. To guard this maudlin rococo salon of the Sultan, there is a royal army. These troops wander about barefooted and bedraggled. The place is a burlesque—but not intentionally so. It is said that the people still look upon their Sultan as divine. This belief originated when the haughty kingdom of Mataram ruled all Central Java. The pretense of preserving the throne seems a sorry and gratuitous jest—until you learn how efficiently this fictitious independence of the ruler serves almost everybody's contentment.

Much more engaging to the imagination than this tawdry court are the deserted ruins of the old Water Castle. The

Water Castle offers no traditions of resplendent history, and even its architecture is not Javanese. It was designed by a Portuguese adventurer. Despite these derogations, the ruins have an atmosphere of bygone Oriental pomp and ceremony. The court was so scandalously luxurious that the destruction of the castle by an earthquake was ascribed to direct action by Providence. The fallen walls of the great halls are to-day overgrown by giant tropical grasses. You push your way through this jungle verdure until you come to the galleries which overhang the pool in whose perfumed waters the fair ladies of this wanton court once upon a time bathed. Even in ruin it is a romantic spot.

While the streets of Djokja are by no means as picturesque as you may have been led to believe they would be, it is true that this city is the most likely place in which the traveler may become acquainted with the culture of Old Java. At Djokja you may hear the native orchestras; you may see the Wayang plays; you may see the best professional dancers; and you may study the industrial arts. If you have arrived during one of the religious fasts, you will see no publicly given plays or dancing. It is possible even at such times (through the same inducement which round the world makes many things possible) to arrange for special performances. The hotel management will assist you. At other times than the fasting periods, festival days are many. There are frequent elaborate entertainments accompanying wedding celebrations, or given in thanksgiving by individuals for some undertaking which has come through successfully. The hotel is often able to secure invitations for its guests to such private celebrations. When you go to a play, or a Wayang puppet show, it is better to take an interpreter with you. The plots of the plays are by no means to be called dull. In fact, they are dramatically fascinating. The *gamelan* music of Java is quite unlike anything which you will hear elsewhere in the East. These orchestras are not weird manufactories of cacophony. They are the magical sources of haunting melodies. The scale employed is the same as that of western music, except that the sixth is omitted.

In Djokja and Solo are to be found the best examples of batik work. The process from beginning to end may be wit-

nessed in any of the little side streets in the neighborhood of the palace grounds. Pieces are everywhere for sale—good, and not so good. At the "Museum of Native Crafts" fixed prices prevail.

The Borobodoer

The chief reason for coming to Djokja, and one of the principal reasons for coming to Java, is to visit the Borobodoer. This great inheritance, like the Taj Mahal, or the Great Wall of China, exposes the limitation of descriptive adjectives. In making manifest their devotion to the gentle Buddha, its builders also made manifest, through creative art, "a visible and articulate realization of those aspirations which make man himself half divine."

Buddhism and Brahminism, as the living faiths of the people of Java, gave way centuries ago to Mohammedanism. The keen swords of Arab missionaries drastically offered the choice between conversion or death. (The few who refused and who managed to escape fled to the island of Bali.) Mohammedanism is not a tolerant creed, and in Java it seems to have been incredibly lethal toward allowing even remembrance of the resplendent civilization of the Buddhist kings. The most impossible part of the story is that even the sites of the great temples and monuments were forgot. The jungle grew up and hid them. The theory has been advanced that when the priests realized that their faith was doomed to perish they hastily covered up and concealed the temples and monuments with dirt and rubbish. This theory is ingenious but hardly convincing. Whatever happened, the massive Borobodoer and the other monuments were completely lost until a century ago. The fecund jungle, which usually so unceasingly labors to destroy man's achievements, in this one instance of its history served to preserve them.

The greatest of these antiquities are to-day easily visited from Djokja. There are temples of this general period, also, on the Dieng Plateau. This plateau is reached only by considerable effort. Special arrangements must be made for equipment, guides, etc. The mountain scenery, viewed from

the high trails, is magnificent; and the ruins are exceedingly interesting and important to antiquarians. But the usual traveler is not likely to decide that the rewards repay the effort, especially if the trip must be a hurried one.

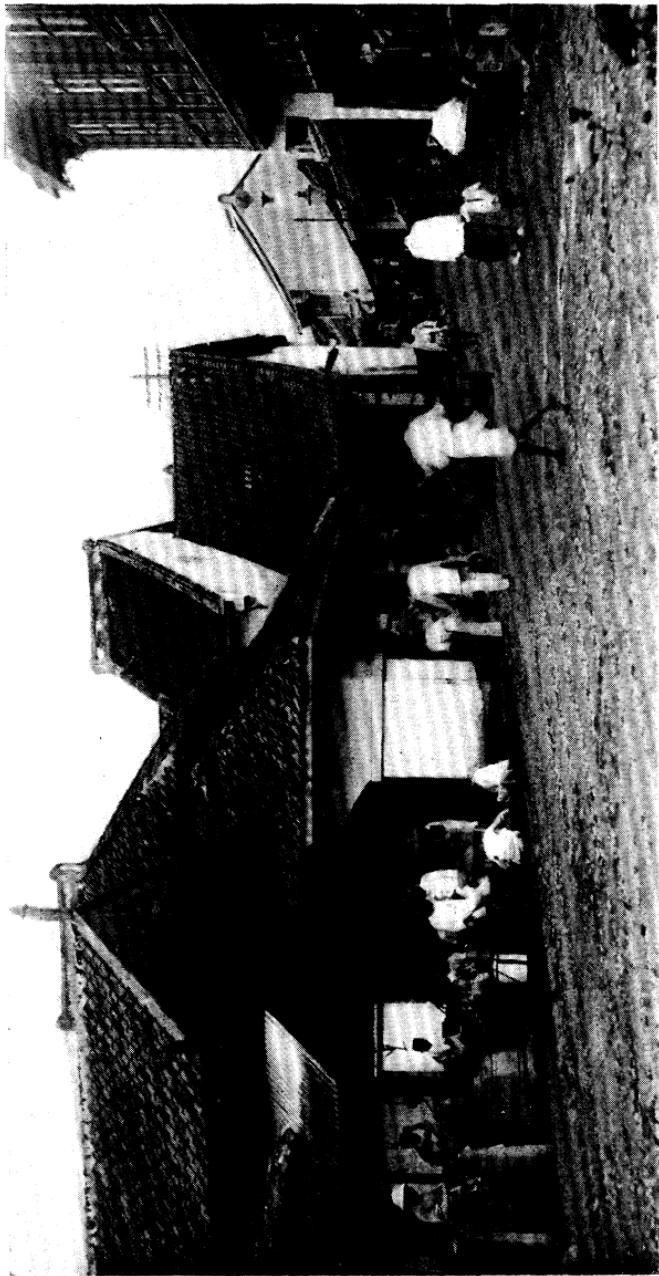
You may make the journey from Djokja to the Boroboedoer by train, carriage, or motor car. To go by motor car is by far the most satisfactory arrangement. The trip may be made in a day, or even in a half day; but the ideal plan is to go in the afternoon and to spend the night in the little rest-house near the great stupa. The motor ride takes about an hour and a half. Start in time to allow a half hour at the Mendoet pagoda along the way. This pagoda was discovered in the jungle in 1839, and has been carefully restored by Dutch antiquarians. Its date is unknown. You come suddenly upon its three superb statues in the dark gray light of the windowless hall of the interior. The center figure is extraordinarily provocative to the imagination. It seems against all possibility that a civilization which could create that statue should have passed away leaving no records except in stone.

Not far from Mendoet is the Boroboedoer. At first glimpse—the view comes abruptly—the gray-brown mound of masonry leaves one curiously uncertain whether the impression is imposing or disappointing. Certainly it is different from anything which was expected. If your arrival happens to have been timed so that the red sun is hanging just above the western mountain tops, hurry immediately to the highest platform of the stupa. The sunset view is a surpassing introduction. Return again in the moonlight or starlight. On the following day, rise before the dawn and climb again the steps of the temple. The awakening of the sun is a marvelous picture.

At Weltevreden the Tourist Bureau furnishes travelers with a typewritten copy of a manuscript that tells the little that is known of the Boroboedoer. The author is content to acknowledge that the facts are few. But the manuscript does give a helpful digest of the picture stories of the relief carvings of the galleries as they have been interpreted by scholars. To follow the progress of these stories you must turn to the left as you follow the platforms. The ancient workers yielded reverence to the stupa by always keeping it to their right.



A Ceremonial Procession in Soerakarta, the Medieval Heart of Java



A Street in Butenzorg, the Dutch West Indies

The Prambanan Temples

The Prambanan Temples are much nearer to Djokja than the Boroboedoer, and may be visited in a short half day. These are Brahmin and not Buddhist antiquities. They were consecrated to Siva and Kali of the Hindu hierarchy of gods. The most important are the Loro Djonggrang, the Kalassan, the Sewoe, and the Sari. As with the Boroboedoer, when Java was converted to Mohammedanism in the fifteenth century these deserted shrines were claimed by the jungle. Their accidental discovery came more than a century ago, although little was done toward uncovering them or preserving them from relic hunters until 1885. The Dutch government then authorized restoration work. This has been proceeding with intelligence and devotion. For the usual traveler the Loro Djonggrang group is the most interesting. The details of the carving and the grand conception of many of the sculptures show a creative art of the highest rank. In Mother India you must go back to the early and great creative periods to find anything so spontaneous. It is surmised that this group originally consisted of eight principal buildings and more than one hundred and fifty small ones.

Soerkarta, or Solo

If you journey to Solo from Djokja by motor (stopping on the way to visit the Prambanan Temples) you can arrive in time for a late tiffin, and will have the afternoon to wander through the streets. Personally, I had been so disillusioned by the tawdry palace in Djokja that I had no desire to visit the palace of the Soessoehunan in Solo. The nobles of the Solo court spend a fair share of their time parading through the streets in all the glory of their silks, jeweled krisses, and official parasols. The parasols of the nobility are an institution of Solo, the rank of the possessor being shown by the color of his sunshade; and these long handled affairs are carried by special attendants. Only the Dutch Resident and the Sultan may appear with an umbrella of gold.

There are two days of the year (the thirty-first of August

and the first of January) when a visit within the white walls of the palace would undoubtedly be worth while. On these special days the Sultan holds audience, and the court dancing girls are to be seen.

The making of batik is an industry of Solo as well as of Djokja, but the workers are not deemed quite so skilled. In the manufacture of krisses, however, the Solo swordmakers are supreme.

Should you have engaged a motor car at Batavia for your Java tour, this is the logical place to send it home. The country between Solo and Soerabaja does not compare to the landscape seen between Batavia and Solo, and it is just as well to hurry through this jungle monotony by train. There are two fast daily express trains from Djokja and Solo to Soerabaja.

Soerabaja

Soerabaja is a port and business city, and makes no pretense to be anything else. It has scarcely a vestige of that atmosphere of social formality and officialdom which dominates Weltevreden and Buitenzorg. Europeans live there for one purpose—to make money; and truly there is small inducement to abide in Soerabaja longer than the time it takes to heap together a fortune. The competition against one's business rivals may be keen, but the chief competition is to survive the climate. The newcomer enters the race with fresh blood and a good liver; if fever or jaundice does not win out too quickly, the money prize is generally achieved. The Chinese seem to stand the grueling better than Occidentals, and it is not a wild guess to hazard that in another half century they will control most of the business.

There is nothing to see except the busy streets, the wharfs, the canals, and the residences. Reserve your drive through the residence streets until the hour between tea time and dinner. This is the time of day when the Dutch ladies stroll arm and arm with their husbands—the wives dressed heroically in the latest European styles, their husbands appearing in the cool comfort of pajamas.

After a few hours of Soerabaja you will wish to betake your-

self quickly to cool Tosari. There are other mountain resorts in East Java which are attractive places, such as Lawang and the Ardjoeno, but as Tosari is so supreme I do not see why you should wish to divide your time.

You reach Tosari by taking the early morning train from Soerabaja to Pasoeroean. Here there will be a motor car waiting if you have telegraphed to the Tosari hotel. The motor highway is now open all of the distance from Soerabaja to Tosari, but there is no unusual reward for expense of engaging a car for the entire journey. You arrive in time for tiffin. Be sure to take warm wraps and warm clothing, as this hill station is six thousand feet above sea level.

The excursion from Tosari to the Sand Sea and Mount Bromo will take a long day, although you may be told that it will take only six or seven hours. Apparently it is the Dutch custom always to name the minimum schedule. You will also be told to start very early in the morning—before dawn, in fact. This advice should be heeded. It is possible to go on foot or by sedan chair, but almost every one goes by horseback. You are supposed to eat the breakfast, which you have brought with you, at Moengal Pass. But no matter how ravenous you have become, all mundane pangs will be suddenly forgot when you abruptly behold the Sand Sea stretching out before you. This desert has been called the "landscape of the moon," and this imaginative phrase is extraordinarily apt. Beyond the Sand Sea rises Bromo. Even from this distance you can hear the mighty rumbling of its crater. You do not wonder that the peak is a spot for awesome reverence to the natives. It has been an altar of worship and sacrifice from remotest time.

Descending by the steep path to the sand floor, your horse suddenly breaks into a gallop. When you come to the base of the treeless mountain you will find that the ascent is far from being as difficult as you have imagined, as a flight of steps has been cut to the edge of the crater.

This trip to Bromo is comparatively an easy one, but the four days' camping expedition to Mt. Smeroe should not be casually undertaken. Unless you have a passion for strenuous mountain trails (and some experience, as well) you will very

likely discover that you have attempted more than you had any intention of assuming. A considerable equipment must be carried, but everything except the stout clothing needed may be hired from the hotel.

In leaving the Dutch Indies you will probably find it more convenient to take the express boat from Soerabaja to Singapore, via Semarang and Batavia, than to return to Batavia by train. But if you have visited Singapore and the Malay States and are headed for Hongkong, or Manila, inquire at the steamship offices, in Soerabaja, regarding any steamers which may be headed for South China or the Philippines. Occasionally a boat, affording fair accommodations, offers itself. You will not save any time by taking such a boat, but you will add several strange "ports of call" to your portfolio of unusual places.

The Fabulous Island of Bali

Once a week throughout the year an antique little packet steamer departs from the harbor of Soerabaja, bound for Eden. Incredible as it may appear, the saloon accommodation of this boat is never crowded. One might expect that a vessel with such a destination would be resoundingly advertised and eagerly patronized.

The phrase "saloon accommodation" is not to be taken too literally. There is a saloon lounge—with red plush sofas—in the misty darkness at the foot of the companionway. But the gentility of the sofas has been turned over to the Malay cup-bearers who serve the ship's bar and the dining-table. The dining-table has been brought up on deck, and on the deck you will chat, read, and take your siestas. I am ostensibly assuming that you are one of the voyagers, although I doubt if one of those long wicker chairs under the awning of the aft deck will ever really receive you. I know from the recorded figures that very few travelers do seek the Island of Bali, the name by which this Eden is known.

Bali remains unnoticed and unexploited by the multitude and, therefore, it remains unspoiled. It is possible that you have small interest in naïve Edens. But if the idea of discovering a strange and charming by-path does thrill you, then

I hope for your own rare pleasure that you will be one of the few who do know Bali.

There must always be a practical side to traveling, even if the destination is Eden. The voyage is really quite a simple affair. You go to the office of the Tourist Bureau in Soerabaja and engage steamer passage. There need be no elaborate preparations, and there can be no extraordinary expenses. But you must pay, out of your treasury of days, a fortnight of time. During your stay on the island you live at the government rest-houses. As the servants know no English, it is advisable to take an English speaking servant with you from Soerabaja. The Tourist Bureau will help you with advice.

Words, as Joseph Conrad has the genius to use them, can create in the imagination of the reader the pageantry and mystery of the tropics. But you must be content to allow me to call the beauty of Bali indescribable.

The island has inherited no supreme architectural wonders from the past. Rather should it be said that Bali's temples and palaces are unique curiosities rather than wonders. They are different from anything which you will see elsewhere; and their exotic strangeness makes you freshly interested in their architecture even if you are weary of temples. As for the countryside, it is just a little more vivid in its luxury and in its color than Nature has granted to other places. The island lies on the border line between Asia and Australasia, and possesses the flora of both.

If you look at the map you will think that Bali is only by inadvertence an island, as it is separated from the eastern tip of Java by a very narrow strait. But this strait spells, in actuality, a most effective separation. It is a hell-gate of treacherous tides and currents, and no boats may venture this approach. The only way to reach the island is by the little steamer from Soerabaja which circles two-thirds of the Bali coast before reaching its southern port.

This steamer trip is in its own right a picturesque adventure. Soerabaja is left on a Sunday noon. On the following morning the steamer touches at the port of Boeleleng, Bali's northern harbor. The better plan is not to disembark at Boeleleng but to stay on the boat until it reaches the southern port of Benoa.

This will be early in the morning of the second day. Benoa is the harbor for the town of Den Pasar, and Den Pasar is the best base from which to start your explorations. By following the plan of sailing all the way around to Benoa you may then travel northward across the island and plan to arrive at Boeleleng in time to catch the steamer back to Soerabaja on its next return trip but one. This will give you approximately nine days on the island.

Between its calls at Boeleleng and Benoa the steamer stops for a few hours at Ampenan on the island of Lombok. This anchorage is offshore. Native outrigger canoes come alongside and carry you through the breakers and land you on the beach. Ampenan is of little interest, but there are carriages and one or two motors for hire, and usually there is ample time for a satisfactory drive into the picturesque interior. As a destination, go to the deserted palace grounds and royal baths built by the haughty rajas who ruled Lombok before the Dutch conquest. If these few hours seem tantalizingly brief, there may be consolation in remembering that Lombok was tributary through the centuries to Bali and that its culture and civilization can show you nothing which is not to be seen in greater glory on Bali itself.

When you land at Benoa, you can ask one of the ship's officers to telephone for you to Den Pasar. A motor car will then appear in a short time to drive you to the government rest-house. There are no hotels on the island, but travelers are allowed the privileges of these *passangrahans*. The head servant in charge is known as the *mandoer*. His kitchen will serve you excellent meals; in fact everything is supplied except towels and blankets. (Blankets are necessary in the mountains, particularly at Kintamani which is some five thousand feet in altitude.) As much of the beauty and charm of this Eden (and distinctly its *naïveté*) exists because the island lies almost unknown and remains so incorrupted by the white man's blessings, you must not expect to find cosmopolitan or sophisticated hospitality. English speaking servants will not appear. The nearest approach to a tourist atmosphere is at Den Pasar where you will find a Chinese capitalist owning three or four motor cars which he hires out at reasonable

daily rates; and at Boeveleng where Patimah (you will be pleased, indeed, with Patimah) will bring a bundle of native silks and brocades and a basketful of Balinese antiques to the veranda of the *passangrahan* and will gently solicit your patronage. Otherwise there is nothing to remind you that you are a tourist. There are no professional guides. There are no touts. There are no beggars. There are no fees to be paid at the temples. This unsophistication is so thoroughgoing that I warn you that you should give one preliminary thought to the conditions which you will come upon. You will find no one on the island, with the exception of the Dutch officials, who knows a word of any tongue which you know. Therefore it is highly advisable to bring with you a servant, from Soerabaja, who can act as interpreter. Also, if you can carry from Java a letter to the Dutch Resident, or the Assistant Resident, such an introduction will bring about some special privileges.

The anachronism of a motor car may seem to augur nothing more than prosaic adventures. In reality a motor car is a magic carpet. It allows celestial independence. Of course you should bring no heavy trunks from Soerabaja. Such kit as you do have will be carried with you at all times. You go and stay where fancy dictates, and there is never any need to travel at breakneck speed. No matter what unexpected program you may suddenly decide to pursue on any particular day, an hour or two from any place will bring you to some *passangrahan* where you can spend the night. You will have in your pocket the map of the island which the Tourist Bureau of Java has prepared. On the back of this folder is printed a list of the most interesting places. The only definiteness which is essentially desirable is to discover all about any special festivals which may be taking place during your visit. The temple festivals, even those of the small villages, are gorgeous pictures; but the most spectacular pageants are the funeral fêtes. The funeral of a raja, or of a chief, or even of some rich plebeian, is the occasion of a festival celebration in which all the population of the province joins. The cost of such a funeral spectacle is a fortune of no mean size. From distant towns come famous orchestras sent by the rajahs; and also 'professional' troupes who perform what are known as the common, or

people's, dances. A huge and most ornate pagoda of many stories is especially built in which to carry the body to the crematory burial ground. Fifty or more men are required to carry this pagoda in the procession. They sing ancient songs as they march. The ceremonial climax of the day is when the torch is applied to the coffin—a mammoth *papier mâché* bull standing under a pavilion—but from the standpoint of the spectators the most dramatic event is the mighty battle waged between the warriors of Heaven and Earth for the soul of the departed. This struggle is exceedingly realistic and endures for an hour or more. The "soul" is represented by the actual body (sewed into many wrappings of linen) which is fought for by the antagonists as if it were a football.

While a funeral festival is the most spectacular island custom, an exhibit of Balinese "classical" dancing may conservatively be called an ultramarvelous artistic and emotional experience. In these classical dances the poetic culture of Bali reaches a supreme height. The temples frequently have dances on special fête days; thus you are likely to come upon an exhibit accidentally at any time. But you must not rely upon accident. Beseech the courtesy and helpfulness of the Assistant Resident at Den Pasar to make arrangements for a dance to be specially given for you. (The amount which is asked covers the expenses; and ranges from twenty to thirty *guilders*.) The *gamelan* orchestras which accompany the dancing have about a dozen instruments. The ancient music is superb. The dances interpret Hindu legends brought to Polynesia by Hindu missionaries some twenty centuries ago. But while the legends have their origin in the rich culture of India, the music is essentially Balinese in inspiration. The performers are girls of between twelve and twenty who have been trained from infancy; and their dancing can be called nothing less than a marvelous artistic achievement.

Throughout the other Dutch Islands the religion of the natives is either Mohammedan or (as in the Celebes and Borneo) a primitive worship of deities and demons. It may seem strange, then, to find that the culture and religion of Bali are of Hindu origin. The secret is this: When, centuries ago, the Arabs came to Java and at the point of the sword thoroughly trans-

ferred the faith of the people from Brahminism to Moslemism, there were a few irreconcilables (of patrician stock) who held out for the old faith. They were able to maintain themselves for some time in East Java but later they crossed over to Bali. There they established their civilization and religion and defended themselves with marked success against further Moslem aggression. In Java, during the centuries which have followed, many racial stocks have intermingled, and the original Javanese strain has become markedly adulterated. The Balinese of today probably much more nearly resemble the ancient Javanese stock than do the peoples to be found in Java itself. The Balinese men are nearly a head taller than the Javanese, and they are much more muscular and enterprising. The women have a radiant beauty, graced by aristocratic refinement not to be discovered elsewhere in all Oceania.

When the last day comes and you stand on the palmgirt beach at Boeveleng, waiting for the steamer which is to take you away from this paradise back to Soerabaja, you will have lived through not nine days but nine cycles of wonder and enchantment.

CHAPTER 12

SMILING BURMA

EVEN the beggars in Burma wear silks." No passing crowd in all the world is so gayly picturesque, so vivid, as that of Burma. But this scene does not begin at the docks in Rangoon. The coolies who seize your luggage, or thrust their rickshas in your path, are Madrassis, Bengalis, Tamils, Chinese. Be patient. This busy, modern port demands its gangs of coolie labor. But it is not the Burman who has answered this call. "What's the use of living if you have to be a wage slave?" he demands.

Sooner or later I shall have to speak of the charm of Burma, or the glamor of Burma. These adjectives are unavoidable. Even if through some sorcery the Burmese throng should suddenly become invisible to our Occidental eyes, the country would remain a fascinating picture. The luxuriance of its tropical scenery is possibly no more striking than that of Malaya, but at that point the comparison ceases. To think of the landscape of Burma is to remember the countless soaring pagodas, which lend to the view a quality so imaginatively mysterious that it seems the extravagant fantasy of a dream, not of reality. However, there is no sorcery which has deprived us of the Burmese throng, and while the departing traveler remembers the tropical luxury and the golden pagodas, his transcending remembrance is of the land's smiling people and the light-hearted gayety of their lives.

Few indeed are the Occidentals living in Burma who do not like its people. Political friction has recently intervened to dim the friendliness; but until this cloud came, it can be said truthfully that nowhere else in Asia has there existed a similar brand of friendliness between the white man and the brown man. The Burman is "a likeable chap." He has no obscure reserves. He is impulsive, generous, hospitable, and he has a sense of humor. His social spirit rebels at the idea of a religious caste system. He accords to woman a position of equal-

ity. In fact, his attitude toward women has nothing "Oriental" about it. Marriage in Burma is as much a matter of "courtship and romance" as it is with us.

In all of the above particulars, it is easy to see why we of the West find the Burmese so understandable. But in the Burman's further philosophy of life, and in his judgment of values, we begin to find that our ideals and his take separate roads. According to our notions, wealth collecting is a worth while aim in life. We advise our youth that there is virtue in sober and serious purposefulness. The sinews of our commercial civilization are efficient labor and available capital. We exalt the blessings of hard work and we respect the power of money. Nothing could be more heinously inimical to our industrial organization than a pervading philosophy of contented indolence. The Burman entertains not one of our beliefs in this direction. He considers that his responsibility to society consists in being amiable to his family and neighbors and in enjoying existence. He has always been contemptuous of wealth. Whenever he has cash in his pocket beyond his immediate needs, he is sure that the best thing to do with such a surplus is to spend it on a feast for friends, or on a public theatrical entertainment for the neighborhood, or in building another pagoda, or in supporting the monasteries. The finest silks, of the brightest hues, are "none too good" for himself and his family. He has been content with a very simple ménage. Why add to one's worries by having to keep up an elaborate domestic establishment? Why burden oneself with superfluous possessions?

Only in a country of abundant resources and of marvelous fertility could a people with such a philosophy live and flourish. And only could they do so if there were abundant elbow room in their country, with no ambitious competitors or powerful taskmasters crowding them. These are the exact conditions under which the Burman's happy, laughter loving philosophy of life has had its development. Every other country of Asia has had teeming numbers and a consequential never ceasing struggle for existence for the individual. The Burman has lived without worries, and with the self-respect of the independent man.

This careless disregard for the problems of the morrow has

not, until this immediate and modern age, brought punishment upon the heads of these improvident pleasure-lovers. But the driving ambition of the outside world has now broken in upon this carefree existence. The Burman has been given to understand that his Arcadian paradise must be exploited. If he will be content to laugh less and work more, he will be allowed to furnish the labor. Otherwise his fertile lands will be disposed of to those willing to toil with methodical earnestness. The Burman undoubtedly is convinced that this message is seriously meant, but as for his paying attention to it, that is another matter.

In the old days, when Burma belonged to the Burmans, the government under which the people lived was one which we would consider an abominable travesty of the name. Most of the monarchs were luxury loving spendthrifts, and heartlessly cruel. But they were gorgeous, and for that they were forgiven everything. The alien rulership of to-day, which deposed the native tyrants, has brought about an era of peace and justice and economic prosperity, the like of which the land never knew. But it is doubtful if the Burman appreciates the exchange. He has never idolized peace and justice, nor considered that they are more than relatively important. Twenty-five years ago an English traveler wrote, "It is not without reason the Burmans say, 'We are getting poorer.' The Englishman, the Chinaman, and the Madrassi are gradually coming to possess the land, and unless the happy-go-lucky Burman learns to toil, to struggle, and to fight, he will inevitably be crowded out."

This new system is not his system. The handwriting of his dubious future is on the wall. But in the meantime the Burman wears his gay silks. He still laughs. Only a few have compromised. And thus it is that you may still find the Burma of the Burmese. You will see the pleasure loving crowds at the *pwes*, at the festivals, at the boat races between rival villages, on pilgrimages to Buddhist sanctuaries. But you will not find them laboring on the docks, or in the factories, or in the counting houses.

Unquestionably you will be told that to gain a really adequate picture of the Burman and his country you must strike valiantly away from the conventional routes. The bestowal of this advice

upon transients by the resident Europeans is an obsession. I have heard residents of Rangoon fanatically reiterate the above while they themselves had never penetrated farther into the "wilderness" than the Royal Lakes drive. It is true that if you are prepared to undertake elaborate expeditions to out-of-the-way districts, you are going to see more and have more unusual adventures than if you journey only to the easily accessible places. But accept with a liberal pinch of salt any sweeping statement that accessible Burma shows you "nothing." The Burman is not seen to best advantage in Rangoon, but elsewhere he does not elusively move in mysterious orbits, nor does he have to be stalked by the tourist on tiptoe and with field-glasses.

However, unless you do forsake the railway and the river routes, your visit must confine itself largely to seeing Rangoon, the cities and towns of the Irrawaddy, and perhaps Moulmein. You can proceed somewhat farther than this without having to undertake elaborate expeditions, but the point is soon reached when to see anything more you must become an explorer rather than a tourist.

In the hotels at Rangoon and on the Irrawaddy steamers, you will not need any special traveling equipment; but if you travel on the trains or use the Government rest-houses, you must provide your own bedding outfit and mosquito netting as travelers do in India. This equipment is explained in the introductory pages of the chapter on Northern India. If your visit to Burma follows your visit to India, you are fully prepared. If not, you can make your purchases in Rangoon and carry along your bedroll equipment to India. For a brief visit a traveling servant is not so indispensable as a *bearer* in India, but you will find a servant useful. Your hotel manager, or one of the tourist agencies, will help you with your selection. Engage a Burman, if you can find one. But you will probably have to accept a Tamil.

The best season for visiting Burma is from the beginning of November until the beginning of March. The weather is then both cooler and drier than throughout the rest of the year.

Let me urgently advise you to take with you to read on the deck of your Irrawaddy steamer that most valuable and inter-

esting of all books about Burma, Schway Yoe's *The Burman, His Life and Notions*. Particularly will you find the "notions" fascinating.

Rangoon

You will see the soaring, golden pagodas of Rangoon gleaming under the sun while your steamer is as yet a long distance from port. This welcome is a hint of an opulence of strange sights to come, and after-experience does not belie this hint. In the winter season the hotels are always crowded, and if you have failed to send a wireless for a room, it is more than likely that you will have a dismaying search before you find some place to lay your head, and that place when found may prove most unattractive. Rangoon's hotels are one and all rather dreary places; but the Strand, near the water front, is in the center of things and in most particulars is the most satisfactory.

Rangoon is another great port of the Eastern seas which knew no importance until the British came. A straggling town was here where pilgrims to the Shwe Dagon found hospitality. In three-quarters of a century the harbor has developed a marvelous prosperity, and Rangoon has become the chief city of the country.

If the town of Rangoon must be called a modern place, no such allegation can be made about the hill on which stands the great Shwe Dagon pagoda. This hill has been famous and holy ground to the people of Burma from the "beginning of time." Probably it was concerned with the indigenous religion of the Burmese, the propitiation of *Nats*—genii and spirits, some malicious, others friendly. (The *Nats* have by no means been forgotten. They have been incorporated into the body politic of the Buddhist hierarchy.)

Buddhism spread to Burma at an early date, and in these fervid missioning days a "true relic" of Gautama was brought to this hill as a supreme gift from India to Burma. Not only this gift, but "true relics" also of the three Buddhas who preceded Gautama on earth. These possessions make the Shwe Dagon one of the supreme pilgrimage centers of the Buddhist

world. You see pilgrims from every remote corner of Burma—a strange, diverse picture they make—and pious Buddhist wayfarers from Ceylon, Siam, China, and Japan. The pilgrims come bringing gifts, and for untold centuries wealth has been thus lavished without stint upon this shrine. No other pagoda, in this land of an uncountable number, rivals in sanctity that of the Shwe Dagon. The absorbing interest to a visitor of another faith is in the spectacle of the adornment which these lavish gifts have made possible. Even should you be determined to be disappointed, I doubt whether you would be able to carry through an attitude of ennui.

The Shwe Dagon is a short carriage drive from the hotels, and it might seem that the foremost item on any traveler's program would be to visit this incomparable pagoda. Until the year 1920, this would have been a flawless deduction, but in that year the political pot boiled to the top and it has been simmering near this height ever since. The nationalist movement became articulate in ways hitherto unknown in the land. One of the ideas evolved was to employ propaganda methods which would remain within the law and could not be called seditious or riotous. In this bracket falls the scheme of attacking the armor of dignity of the white man in insidious ways. Only in the cities of Rangoon, Prome, and Mandalay will you encounter evidences of this campaign. At Rangoon it takes the form of a notice posted at the entrance steps to the Shwe Dagon stating that all visitors must remove not only their shoes *but their stockings* before passing through the outer gate.

This order issued by the guardian priests, or in their name, is meant to be annoying, and it succeeds. It is not particularly onerous to comply, but it is disagreeable. This move in the political game has an element of vulgarity which is alien to the Burman's natural hospitable instinct, and in the end will act as a boomerang to defeat the development of sympathy for his obvious dolors. However, the field of this book is not that of political exposition. What directly interests the traveler is, what is he going to do himself about visiting this shrine? Some of the European residents of the city feel keenly that tourists should boycott the Shwe Dagon until this offensive order is removed. Some feel that it should be complied with quietly

and then ignored as a topic of conversation. It cannot be denied that the transient visitor is in a somewhat delicate position. You will, of course, make up your own mind. I am not arguing pro or con regarding your decision, but one or two items for your consideration may be helpful. If in planning your Oriental itinerary you are devoting no more time to Burma than a day or so in Rangoon, and if your visit will ignore the Shwe Dagon, then—in trite comparison—the play will lack its Hamlet. You will be told, in counter propaganda, that the Shwe Dagon is an enormously overrated “sight” and that under the most favorable circumstances it is not worth the effort of a visit. Whatever your decision may be, do not let such a ridiculous argument influence you. You will also be told that the steps and the flagstones of the platform are filthy and reeking with germs. Germs are invisible, but filth is not. During the rains the steps are unquestionably “sloppy,” but they are not filthy. Against germs, you can carry a bottle of some anti-septic solution and pour it over your feet before redonning your shoes and stockings.

I have no idea how many descriptions I have read of this pagoda, but the resulting net impression is that no arrangement of words can suggest the actual picture. In mere prosaic detail, let me say that the terrace, or platform, is reached by four long stairways, from its four sides. This platform terrace is about one hundred and sixty feet above the ground level; and if figures mean anything to your imagination, its surface covers about six hundred thousand square feet. On this platform stand innumerable chapels containing tens of hundreds of images of Buddha. The picture is gorgeous, sumptuous, and whimsical in a fashion unique to this land. Rising from the center of the platform is the shaft of the pagoda. It is covered with gold leaf of unknown thickness from its base to its jeweled “umbrella.” The intrinsic value of the gold and silver and jewels remains the wildest of guesses. You may add a patch of gold leaf, if you wish, or you may purchase candles and incense for one of the altars. For such pious acts, the recording angel of the Buddhist heaven notes down “merit” in your name. But to make sure that the angel is taking notice, you should vigorously pound upon one of the numerous bells.



The Platform of the Shwe Dagon Pagoda, Rangoon



In an Elephant Stockade in the Wilds of Malaysia

The Sule pagoda, in the heart of the city, would undoubtedly be far more famous if it were not that its magnificence is so overshadowed by the glories of the Shwe Dagon. As it is, you gaze for a minute or two and pass on.

Near the Sule pagoda are the best silk shops of Rangoon. But if you are going to Mandalay, you will be going to the source of their supply. The busiest and most picturesque of all the shopping corners is the Municipal Bazar. You cannot miss its collection of booths if you walk down Strand Road from the hotel. In at least every other one of the stalls, the business firm has as its partners a Chinese husband and a Burmese wife. The children of these mixed marriages apparently inherit the virtues of both sides of the family. You might as well try to photograph the hands of an Indian conjurer as one of these babies tumbling about amid the merchandise. Occasionally they acquire bumps and must be solaced by a puff from their mothers' whacking white cheroots. Then they are off again. In this vast variety of merchandise you will find many things to engage your curiosity, but very few to engage your shopping interest. This is true even in those streets where the shops cater directly to the foreigner and the tourist; the goods displayed being trumpery Indian or Japanese manufactures. The Burmese craftsmen, and in particular the silversmiths, work only "on order." The transient visitor must be a patient hunter to come back with anything really worth while.

Since Kipling published the *Barrack-room Ballads* every traveler coming to Rangoon has demanded to see the "Elephints a-pilin' teak in the sludgy, squudgy creek." Just why tradition should have settled upon Rangoon rather than Moulmein as the identified spot, I do not know. But there is a creek here which is both sludgy and squudgy, and elephants do pile up squared teak logs. Sometimes when a cynical mood attacks me, I wonder whether there would be any elephants if there were no *bakshish* from visitors. Elsewhere in the teak yards steam engines and cranes seem to have supplanted the sagacious pachyderms.

Not until the end of the afternoon should you start on the drive around the Royal Lakes. Outward bound, when it is daylight, you will see the Shwe Dagon reflected in the lake's

waters. An incomparable view it is. When you are returning at dusk, you will see it outlined against the dark sky by a myriad of electric lights. I know this must sound both garish and incongruous, but in reality the effect is strikingly beautiful. Should you have acquaintances in Rangoon who are members of the Royal Lakes Canoe Club, and should you have a moonlight night, it is sheer magic to paddle slowly through the winding channels with their ever changing pictures of the pagoda. And the Club veranda from tea time until the dinner hour is one of the most hospitable corners of all the East. But beware of an innocently tasting beverage which bears the innocuous name of "Rabbit." Later in the evening, if you go to a dance at the Gymkhana Club, you will indeed decide that the European residents of Rangoon manage gracefully to ameliorate their "exile." Should you have one evening only, I am sure you would be better content to miss the Gymkhana Club than to miss seeing a *pwe*. These native theatrical performances are of various kinds. Some have ballets, with songs and music; some are more in the nature of "legitimate drama"; others are marionette performances. In Rangoon, under electric light, there are few evenings without a performance somewhere in the city. Elsewhere in Burma they are rarely given except on moonlight nights. As do most Oriental theatricals, they continue into the wee sma' hours.

Rangoon is the base from which you plan all trips. It is the initial station of all the railway lines and the home port for the river steamers. Except for the rather meager railway miles and for Flotilla Company's boats on the Irrawaddy, the Chindwin, and the lower Salween, there is no way of seeing anything more of Burma unless you wish to equip a modest expedition of your own, which must include tents, servants, food supplies, country cart transportation, etc. But I am not assuming that you are contemplating anything of this sort. As a matter of fact, I am quite certain that you will not wish to follow all of the routes which are available. I can imagine your saying, "Granted that months might be spent in Burma, but what can I do with one week, or two weeks?" The fortunately happy answer is that in one week, or even in a day or so less, you can visit Mandalay by train, journey down the mighty

Irrawaddy to Prome, and return to Rangoon by train. By adding six days to this schedule, you can include the steamer trip from Mandalay to the uppermost reaches of the Irrawaddy. Only if you have two or three or more extra days—not gained by sacrificing days on the Irrawaddy—is it worth while going to Moulmein.

The Road to Mandalay

Few travelers journey to Mandalay, but still fewer break the journey at ancient Pegu. Pegu is two hours by the expresses from Rangoon. By taking a morning train, or even the one which leaves at noon, you will have enough time to see the town and its pagodas and the curious great image known as the Recumbent Gautama; and when evening comes you can board the night express for Mandalay which arrives there early the next morning.

Pegu is distinctly one of those places which become much more absorbingly interesting if you have some familiarity with its history. Much of Burmese history has been so outrageously violent that it reads like Dumas's *Celebrated Crimes*, only more so. The average Burman is a happy-go-lucky, generous soul, but the membership of the various royal dynasties shows an incredible number of "holy terrors." The ruling dynasty of Pegu became powerful in the land about the beginning of the eighteenth century, following a successful rebellion against the overlordship of the Kings of Ava, a city of the upper Irrawaddy. Their rebellion had not been gentle in its methods. Fifty years went by before the slaughter of Ava could be avenged. The great Alompra became master in Upper Burma and at length felt himself strong enough to march against Pegu. After a protracted siege the city was taken by assault. Then followed a butchery of the inhabitants which could not possibly have been more thorough. Not one single soul appealed successfully for mercy. When the conquering army departed, the jungle became absolute for more than a generation. Eventually men gathered here again, and the ruined city was rebuilt and repaired for habitation.

The distances are not long, but to find your way about easily

you would better take a carriage. If the driver speaks no English, you can ask the Station Master to direct him. There are ruins of palaces and other ancient halls, but I do not believe you will linger long over their departed magnificences. The greatest of the pagodas is the Shwehmawdaw. As it contains two hairs from Buddha's head, you may be sure that vast wealth has been lavished upon it. You should drive also to the Shweaungyo pagoda for its view of the town. But the most interesting of all the relics is the Recumbent Gautama, or Sleeping Buddha. As nearly as any one knows, this image is probably about nine hundred years old. Its length is given as one hundred and eighty-one feet, and its height as forty-six feet at the shoulder. Can you imagine such a colossal statue having been lost, and completely forgotten, for more than a century? It is none the less true. There was no one to remember it when Alompra had slaughtered every inhabitant of the city. During the years which intervened between the destruction and the rebuilding of the city, dense jungle vegetation had grown over the giant image, and the resulting mound was thought to be merely a natural hill. Not until the year 1881 was it discovered, accidentally.

If, at the end of the afternoon, you have an hour or so to kill before the arrival of your train, do not spend the time in the railway waiting room. Drive to the Club in the town, or the Golf Club just outside. The privileges of the clubs are yours by courtesy.

Mandalay

Do not neglect, before leaving Rangoon, to telegraph to the Mandalay dak bungalow for reservations. Request also that breakfast be awaiting the arrival of your train. (The bungalow is a few steps from the station.) While you are involved with this substantial meal, the *khansama* will engage a carriage for the day.

It is difficult to realize that Mandalay was the independent capital of a native King less than half a century ago. When Thibaw defied the British, there was probably no doubt in his mind that his generals would fling the invaders of his country

into the sea. Affairs took quite a different turn. Thibaw and his beautiful, but infamous, Queen, Supaya Lat, were captured and sent into exile. When I was last in Rangoon, I discovered that Supaya Lat—Thibaw being long since dead—had been allowed to leave her exile and come to that city to end her days. It could not have been much more of a surprise to have been told that Salome survived the shields of Herod's guards and was living somewhere in retirement. The passing years had changed Supaya Lat into an ancient crone with not a suggestion left of her one-time beauty. Her attendants said that in her dotage she had forgot the crimson sins of her youth. Whether she repented them before memory failed, I do not know.

While decay had been falling upon Mandalay's Queen, it had also been falling upon the royal glories and magnificences of the capital itself. To understand why it is that a mere half century could have dealt such disastrous blows, you must turn to a strange source for an adequate explanation. You must examine carefully the Burman's philosophy of life. Chief among its tenets is the belief in decay's inevitability. The corruption of material things is borne in upon the inhabitants of a moist, tropical country. But the Burmese seem to have been impressed far more deeply by the impermanence of things than other people who live under the same conditions. The Burman has thereby come to believe that the act of creating is of much more importance than the thing created; and as he does not consider that labor expended in reparations is to be labeled creative work, almost nothing is ever repaired in Burma. Among the uncountable number of pagodas which have been built by the pious throughout the land, it makes no difference whether they are of great beauty or not, they are allowed to crumble away without one timely stitch of repair work; that is, except those great shrines which contain true relics of Buddha. The Burmese build their monasteries, their palaces, and their homes under the conviction that decay is inevitable; and under this settled belief little care is given to choosing lasting materials. At Pagan the antiquities have survived the centuries because substantial building materials were locally available.

If you will turn to some of the travel books published thirty or forty years ago, you will find photographs and drawings of Mandalay's Palace and the Queen's Golden Monastery. You will be amazed to discover the extent of the decay of their magnificence. However, their dissolution has not reached such an advanced stage that they have ceased to be interesting.

Travelers are conventionally told that they ought to spend several days here. While I do not think that you would be bored by so doing, the simple truth is that you can see everything of major interest in Mandalay in a single, rather crowded, day; and in a second day you can drive to Amarapura. A conventional item of advice is to proceed immediately to Mandalay Hill and climb the long steps to its summit for the wide view of the city and its surrounding countryside. The sequence of your program does not greatly matter, but I think this view will become more interesting at the conclusion of your day.

I cannot imagine Mandalay without its throngs of smiling faces, or those throngs dressed otherwise than in bright colored silks. Perhaps the scenes at the bazars are the most vivid of all, but there is small need to make comparisons. As an architectural picture, the Palace is generally considered the most interesting spot. To my own sense of curiosity, the Queen's Golden Monastery is a more fascinating heritage from the past. Whether you agree with me in this or not, I think you will agree that the best schedule for the day is to visit this monastery, the Arakan Pagoda, and the bazars in the morning, and the Palace and Mandalay Hill in the afternoon.

The Queen's Golden Monastery was built by Supaya Lat, ostensibly to acquire merit in heaven, which no one can deny she vastly needed to accumulate. I hazard the guess that she was principally interested in the fun of building such a gorgeous, gingerbread edifice—a feminine fancy-work instinct and satisfaction. The building stands in a small park, and as soon as your carriage comes through the gateway a youthful novice will appear. Later he will pass you on to one of the priests. But before you enter the building itself, I advise you to walk around the grounds. The view of this fantastic monastery is no longer golden, it is the gray of ancient teak wood. Its gutters and roof ridges are adorned by innumerable wooden

statuettes—whimsical and grotesque they are—many of which have rotted away at their base and have fallen to the ground. It is a temptation to carry one of them off, but you will not find that this impulse is encouraged. After your reconnaissance of the exterior, you must take off your shoes if you wish to enter the doors; and as you will surely wish to see the arrangements of at least one Burmese monastery building, you will follow your escorting priest with considerable curiosity. The priests have taken the vow of poverty and cannot touch money, and you must not make the mistake of offering one of them a coin. The novice, however, who met you at the entrance, is under no such compulsion.

Before you drive away from this neighborhood, you may wish to know that the side streets near the monastery are lined with homes in which silk weavers live and work. There are many more looms at Amarapura, where most of Burma's silk is made, but here you may see identically the same process of manufacture.

After your visit to the Golden Monastery, drive to another very sacred spot, the Arakan Pagoda. I have no idea how many monasteries and pagodas there may be in Mandalay, but when you have seen these two places it is really not worth your while to search out other examples. No others have enjoyed the same wealth or fame.

The Arakan temple is a very sacred spot indeed, one of the most so of all the land, and pilgrims come here from far and near. You reach its altar after an interminable walk through a covered gallery, lined with bazars selling candles, bells, sacred literature, and cheap souvenirs. But this rather picturesque exploitation of the pilgrims ceases at the portals of the sanctuary. If you have begun to think that the Burmese find everything in this world, even to their religious devotion, an opportunity for merry quips and gay laughter, you will here discover a different mood. The space before the altar is always crowded with kneeling figures; and the faces of the pilgrims are lighted with an ecstasy of faith. The treasures of the altar are said to be of fabulous value. You may see them gleaming under the flare of the tall candles, but as the altar is almost hidden by the bars of a heavy grating this view is little more than a hint.

If your drive began more or less immediately after your early breakfast, you will still have an hour or so before returning to the dak bungalow for tiffin. This will give time to walk through the Zegyo Bazar. This market is under one vast roof, and its stalls are arranged in multitudinous aisles. If there is any variety of article in the Burmese encyclopedia not sold here, it must be rare indeed. The aisle of the silk shops is the gayest of all. (The prices are ridiculously low.) But while we are speaking of silks, let me tell you of one of the quaintest little missions which you may find anywhere in the East. At the foot of "G" street—the house is Number 9—lives Mlle. De Negri. Mademoiselle came from France more than sixty years ago. This was in the days of the Upper Burma monarchy when Thibaw sat on the Lion Throne. The mission which she has conducted since then is partly supported by the sale of silks woven by her *protégés*. While you are glancing at these bright hued bolts, she will tell you, in her charming French, anecdotes of the old régime.

This has been a busy morning, but the afternoon must be no less so if you have only one day. The old Palace is now called Fort Dufferin. A most incongruous name it seems, despite the explanation that the British military have been in occupancy here since Thibaw's downfall. To get to the Palace your *gharry* rattles over roads which are said by one of the guide-books to be infinitely superior to the streets of the olden days. I leave you to imagine what they must have been. There used to be an inner walled city surrounding the Palace. Its houses have now been removed by the military, leaving a vast, dusty, open square to be crossed before you reach the royal stockade at the center. The Eastern Gate of this innermost stockade still stands. Your carriage passes between its ornate posts. Without a printed plan, or some one to tell you, you will not be able to identify all of the various buildings you now face, but your interest will probably demand no such thoroughness.

You must not expect to find in this palace group a noble achievement of beauty, either architecturally or in decorative detail. You will behold a collection of tawdry barbarities. King Mindon, who built this palace, was in many ways a su-

perior sort of despot, but his taste ran to mirror mosaics and gingerbread towers. He almost emptied the contents of a well-filled treasury to accomplish his fantastic whim. However, in charity, one must remember that time has dealt his creations rather severe blows. What is to-day garish may once have been gorgeously barbaric; and what is to-day dingy grandeur may once have been sufficiently gaudy to have been forgiven. If you like whimsicalities, the place is delightfully amusing. If you are fond of quoting "The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power . . ." there is no more apt spot for such declamation than in the decayed Hall of Audience. On the other hand, if your imagination is given to reconstructing scenes as they may once have been, you can picture to yourself the days when these halls were peopled by the gay and wicked court of King Thibaw. Here were boudoir quarters for the Queen, and for the inferior queens. The air must have been thicker then with intrigue than it is to-day with mosquitoes.

European "guests," in the days of the monarchy, had to enter the palace groveling on their hands and knees if they wished to come at all. After the fall of Thibaw's court, the palace buildings were for long used as barracks for Tommy Atkins. Did the ghosts of the fair, but very frail, court ladies walk abroad at night and harass the sleep of these usurpers of their quarters? At least this much is acknowledged, Tommy complained of his 'ealth, and groused so much about his bad nights, that new barracks had to be built outside for him.

Close to the Eastern Gate is the quaintest building of all. It is the monastery—bearing the name of Pongyi Kyaung—created for Thibaw, when he was a princeling, to serve while he was passing through his temporary period of priesthood, a novitiate which is commanded in the life of every Burman. It is said that Thibaw at that age had an engaging disposition and was an amenable scholar. I doubt whether any building in the world ever achieved the fantastic so successfully. After a Christmas plum pudding and a book of fairy-tales, a child might dream of something of the sort, but how could a grown up architect gain his inspiration?

Under the brilliant sun, as you look up at Mandalay Hill from Fort Dufferin, the golden spires of the temples at the

top gleam seductively. This promise of a strange and glittering picture is not borne out, however, as you will discover when you have climbed the infinite number of steps to the top. But the view from the temple platforms is so magnificent that this disappointment is forgot.

When you are driving to this hill you will pass the group of 730 pagodas which bear the name of Kuthodaw. Each pagoda shelters a stone block, and on these blocks have been carved the Buddhist scriptures so that "they may never be lost to the world." I think you will wish to spend a few minutes here; but when you come to the Atumashi, another enclosure carrying out the same pious idea, there are no new impressions to repay you. This Atumashi edition of the Buddhist scriptures is a publishing effort of this generation recently completed. Near where your carriage stops, at the steps ascending Mandalay Hill, is the Kyauk Taw Gyi Pagoda. It houses an enormous marble Buddha, which you can see quite well from the doorway without having to bother to remove your shoes to learn that the carving is not a masterpiece.

Obviously such a day as I have just described is not to be spoken of as leisurely. If you have another day, I rather imagine that instead of trying to see anything new, you will wish to return to the bazars in the morning, and in the afternoon take the motor drive to Amarapura. This former capital, now a silk weaving center, has of course paid little attention to preserving the palaces and temples which were left behind, about seventy years ago, when the ruling dynasty departed to Mandalay. The ruins, grown up with jungle vegetation, are decidedly picturesque. Perhaps more so in ruin than they would be otherwise.

At the Irrawaddy Flotilla Company's wharfs at Mandalay are berthed the up-river and the down-river boats. Let us assume that you have the available six or seven days for the up-river trip to Bhamo and return. Bhamo lies beyond the Irrawaddy defiles; in fact it is within thirty miles of the Chinese frontier. If river voyages in strange lands fascinate you, here is one to absorb your every moment. Pagodas crown the landscape of the green hills, and the villages along the river's banks are queer, picturesque places. At many of them

your steamer makes long stops. You must understand that your boat is a traveling bazar. Its broad aft deck is a conglomeration of booths, and they are practically the sole shops for this vast district. Tribesfolk from the hills and the jungle depths, for scores and scores of miles, come to the river to do their buying. They bring goods with them—not money—and accordingly a merry round of bartering must attend every transaction. The climax of the river's scenery is the narrow defiles just before reaching Bhamo. This remote town itself would not be as interesting as many of the villages which you have passed if it were not for the extraordinary and diverse types of its floating population. From here starts the caravan route over the high passes to China. The caravans now enjoy comparative safety, at least on the Burmese side of the mountains. But this is very recent. For centuries the wild Kachin hill tribes made it their chief industry and recreation to swoop down on the pack trains. The Government has "urged" these tribes into peacefulness, but not entirely through moral suasion.

The down-river trip from Bhamo to Mandalay is accomplished in a day and a half, and if all goes well you make connection with the express steamer departing for Rangoon. But if you fail to become a passenger on an express boat, you will find yourself equally comfortable on one of the so-called freight boats. The chief difference is that they are somewhat slower and make a few more, and longer, stops.

The river scenery, the passing native craft, and the villages which you see are one side of the allure which this voyage holds forth. But it has another marvelous phase. This is the view of the miles of ruins of ancient and mighty Pagan seen in parade from your steamer deck-chair as you drift by. At a conservative estimate, perhaps two out of every hundred passengers disembark at Pagan and spend a day in gaining a more intimate acquaintanceship with these stupendous ruins. As a matter of fact, a day's stop-over is far from being fraught with difficulties, although it requires some tedious steps in preparation. But do not impulsively decide at the last minute to leave your boat without having taken these steps. This is what you must do: When you are at Mandalay take a few minutes to call at the offices of the Deputy Commissioner of the Manda-

lay district and explain that you wish to visit Pagan. He will then send a telegram to the Archeological and Public Works Overseer there. It may be then counted as virtually certain that the Overseer himself, or one of his assistants, will meet you at the boat landing, although you should understand that this is a friendly courtesy, not an obligation. The name of the present overseer is Maung Pan Maung, and he is an accomplished scholar. The next thing which you should do is to call at the office of the Deputy Commissioner of the Pagan district, when your boat halts at Myingyan. (You have an hour here.) He will give you permission to make use of the Government Circuit Rest-Houses at Nyanugu and Pagan. Nyanugu is reached at noon on the second day of the trip. From here it is five miles to the heart of the Pagan antiquities where you will find the Pagan dak bungalow. You can hire a bullock cart for the day at Nyanugu. The cargo boat, which follows the express steamer, will come along that evening. These few hours will allow you to see the finest of the ruins. If you wish to give another day, you may spend the night at the Pagan bungalow.

This now deserted plain of Pagan was, through many notable centuries, the seat of a mighty kingdom and a mighty civilization. Should you have with you Scott O'Connor's *Mandalay and Other Cities of Burma*, you will have had ample time on the boat to read the story of Pagan. The palaces of the kings and the houses of the people have practically disappeared, but of the one-time 13,000 temples, something more than a third survive. The most striking of these remarkable relics is the great Ananda Temple. But the briefest description of these ruins would require many pages. Therefore let me say that you will find everything, and in adequate length, in the guide-book, published by the Archeological Department. It may be obtained at Nyanugu.

I have forgotten to mention that the Irrawaddy boats do not travel at night. They tie up from sunset until sunrise. Thus you have all of the scenery of the river. From Mandalay to Prome the express steamers take three days, and from Prome to Rangoon another three days. The three days below Prome introduce you to a swampy, jungle country. Except during the coolest part of the cool season, the mosquitoes are so raven-

ous that there are few passengers who do not desert the boat and board the night express train from Prome to Rangoon. I have stayed on the boat for this lower river trip; if I had not done so, I could never have imagined that there could be so many insects as our searchlight gathered together. But this scenery of the swamps grows decidedly monotonous, and I can think of many better ways to use three days than on this voyage through the delta of the Irrawaddy.

Unless your boat has been very much delayed you will have most of the afternoon at Prome. In these few hours you can see everything there is to be seen twice over. In fact all there is of interest is the great Shwesandaw Pagoda. It ranks in importance second only to the Shwe Dagon at Rangoon. If you walk through the streets of the town, knowing nothing about Prome's history, it will seem mysterious in the extreme that this uninspiring place should possess a temple of such magnificence. The answer is that the Shwesandaw is an inheritance from a city which was probably in much more harmonious accord. That city was completely destroyed by a great fire in the middle of the past century. At what early date Prome was founded is a matter of surmise, but it was at least twenty centuries ago. It would be interesting to know more about the great kingdom of which it was the capital.

During the eighteenth century and the early part of the nineteenth, many European adventurers came to Burma to fight in the various armies of the warring kings. Several of these doughty mercenaries bequeathed us diaries of their adventures and observations. It was one of these fighting diary-keepers who recorded the story of Alompra's siege and capture of Pegu, when every soul in that city was slaughtered. But the massacre at Pegu does not make such utterly gruesome reading as the highly detailed description set down by another Western mercenary who witnessed the diabolical tortures inflicted when Prome was captured and sacked.

You need no guide to direct you to the sacred mound upon which stands the soaring spire of the famous pagoda. As you approach any one of the four ornate staircases leading to the base where the chapels are, I think you will decide that man could not possibly build a temple to his gods more bizarre and

fantastic than this shrine of Prome. I have been there during the November festival, when the throng was greater. But it is beyond imagining that the everyday scene on the terrace is to be augmented. Shwesandaw is a perpetual carnival. Streamers and flags are always flying. Everywhere there is color. And until you have heard the hundreds of glass bells tinkling in the breeze, you can have no idea of the merriment of their sound.

Moulmein

You will surely hear Moulmein spoken of as the most beautiful city in Burma. What must be meant is its lovely setting amid enchanting views. And probably you will be urged to travel there even if you can spare no more than a single day in which to become acquainted with its charms. It is true that a hurrying traveler can take the night express from Rangoon, and in twelve hours be in Moulmein. Then in the evening of that day he can take the express back again to Rangoon. Against the repute of Moulmein's beauty, I hesitate to say that my own opinion is that this price is exorbitant. But if you do go, do not take the train ride by day. You pass through endless swampy paddy fields. What you must have, if you wish to know Moulmein, is utter freedom from hurry. Then you may climb the steps of the Kyaikthanlan Pagoda and gaze upon the surpassing view of the harbor and the hills at the perfect hour of sunset, and sit there until the last bit of color has faded. It may be possible to capture the mood of this hour and also to keep your eye on your watch so as not to miss the train, but such a feat will be difficult. And if you have the days to spend, the waters of the Salween River, which flow into this landlocked harbor, invite you to fascinating explorations. To be reached from villages along its banks, to which you may journey by steamer, are extraordinary caves which the pious followers of Buddha in days gone by converted into vast and mysterious chapels.

CHAPTER 13

NORTHERN INDIA AND THE VALE OF KASHMIR

A Word of Introduction

WHILE Bombay is called the "Gateway of India," and is the natural landing port for travelers coming from Europe, those voyagers who are following the westward path of the sun are more likely to land at Calcutta. In order to describe a route which will take the tourist to the places of greatest interest (with a minimum amount of retracing of steps) one of these two ports must arbitrarily be chosen as a starting point. We will assume that it is Calcutta which will welcome you.

If your time is limited to three weeks or a month, then all of those days should be devoted to Northern India. The great temple cities of the south have their marvels and mysteries, but the north is far more surpassing in the incomparable and extraordinary diversity of its experiences for the visitor. There are contrasting, unbelievable differences between the peoples you will see; and there is the infinite, multiformity of Mohammedan, Hindu, Jain, and Buddhist art and architecture.

I am separating the Indian visit into two chapters. A comprehensive tour through northern India will include Calcutta, Darjeeling, Benares, Lucknow, Agra, Delhi, Lahore, Amritsar, the Khyber Pass, Jaipur, Ajmer, Udaipur, Chitorgarh, Mount Abu, Ahmedabad, the Caves of Ellora, and Bombay. A comprehensive tour of Central and Southern India can proceed from Bombay to Madras, via Bijapur and Hyderabad, and from Madras to Ceylon, via Tanjore, Trichinopoly, and Madura. Northern India may be seen in five or six weeks, taking in all of the places which I have named. (But a visit to Kashmir can not be included in this length of time.) Should the traveler's available days be less than five weeks, then the above schedule should be pared down. Do not travel strenuously. See fewer places and see them with leisurely discrimination. For visiting

Central and Southern India, two weeks are ample for the usual traveler.

In Northern India the comfortable traveling season is from the first of November until the middle of April. December and January are the comfortable months in the south.

India has its own peculiar traveling conditions, which sound much more formidable when mentioned than they are in fact. As soon as you have become accustomed to the Anglo-Indian way of doing things, you will find that the machinery works simply and makes for comfort and convenience. Every traveler (or small party) has a personal servant, or *bearer*. A good servant is a treasure. You can engage a servant through one of the tourist agencies, or sometimes through the recommendation of your hotel. Servants should not be taken on too casually; that is, with no checking up of their references.

The Indian trains furnish no bedding; nor do the dak bungalows, nor some of the hotels. You must purchase a water-proof bedroll, equipped with a pillow, pillow cases, a pair of blankets, a half dozen sheets, and a mosquito netting. One bedroll will carry an outfit for two people, with room for over-coats and laundry bag as well. You may meet with the advice that you should carry a tea basket loaded with tinned foods and dining-table accessories, but unless you plan to take extensive trips away from the usual routes a tea basket is quite unnecessary. While every one you come across is apparently traveling with the maximum amount of luggage—the worry resting upon the servants—true luxury is to have just what you need and no more. Once upon a time I took occasion to count the impedimenta which one of my friends took on a modest touring adventure. He found it necessary to carry thirty-seven pieces of luggage, while I had but three.

It is better to purchase your railway tickets at the offices of one of the tourist agencies than at the railway ticket offices. Tourists are allowed stop-over privileges which are not allowed to residents of the country; but to secure these privileges you must ask for the special tickets which are issued only to tourists, and only upon proof, or affirmation, that the recipient is a *bona fide* tourist. Third class tickets designated for traveling servants are also issued with the same privileges.

If your servant is worth his salt, you need not pay more than the scantiest attention to your luggage. He will make up your bed on the trains, will engage and pay the railway station coolies, etc., etc.

Calcutta

For a *sahib* stationed in the *mofussil*, a colloquialism meaning nothing more mysterious than the country districts, Calcutta epitomizes the nearest dream of "home" to be found east of Suez. The city may no longer be the seat of government of the Indian Empire but it remains invincibly the European business and social capital. Every one who is any one goes there for the Christmas season, and to accomplish their shopping in the Calcutta stores which are imposing and luxuriously complete. There are theaters, amusements, restaurants, dancing, gayety—and of supreme importance, the race course.

Manifestly these allurements suffer a discount when appealing to wayfarers who have come from the other side of the world. The virtue of Calcutta to the European resident is that it is a city in India but not of India. Historically this great port was an insignificant village on the jungle banks of the Hoogli two centuries ago. The East India Company had the vision to recognize the commercial advantages of an *entrepot* strategically located in the heart of the rich Bengal state. But Calcutta's very virtues become its defects in the eyes of the traveler.

None the less, if this is your port of landing, there is every facility for engaging a bearer and for purchasing the requisite traveling necessities required for India. In the couple of days which these details demand, you will find in-between periods sufficient to explore the city from a taxi-cab seat. The famous Maidan, a large park in the heart of the European quarter, and the busy scenes along the river front, are too obvious to be overlooked. But there are other points of conventional tourist destination not quite so exposed. The famous, or infamous, "Black Hole" is one; although, if you will take my word for it, there is nothing to see except a marble tablet. Nor can I understand why you should wish to search out any of the temples,

except Kalighat, when you will so soon see the great temples of the real Indian cities. Kalighat is an exception but not an overwhelming deviation. Its site—it is near Tully's Nolla—is one of great sanctity to the followers of Kali (that goddess of destruction and fearsome rites) and its fame predates the birth of modern Calcutta. It was here that a finger from the dead body of Siva's wife fell when, according to legend, she was cut to pieces by order of the gods. On certain mornings of the week innumerable goats are here sacrificed, and the devotees crowd forward to dip their hands and handkerchiefs in the crimson flow. The duty does not fall upon my shoulders to defend Hinduism, but I do assure you that neither this temple nor its sacrificial ceremony is typical of the manifestations of Hinduism, except at a few shrines to Kali, which you will find elsewhere throughout Hind.

The zoo is more or less like any zoo, but of course for its snake house and tiger cages there is the nearby and de luxe source of supply of the Bengal jungles. Not many travelers desire to make the acquaintance of either snakes or tigers informally, as it were. The simple truth is that tigers have to be sought in their fastnesses, and that it is an extremely rare happening to see a snake, out of captivity, in the places where you are likely to go, especially in the dry season. However, one always does refrain from poking one's hands into dark holes or in wandering through the high grass by day or night.

The botanical gardens are notable only if you have not seen the gardens of Ceylon or Java. The Indian Museum, on Chowringhi Road, offers a fascinating morning or afternoon if you have a taste for museums. But I do definitely suggest that after you have engaged your servant, you let him guide you through the great bazar quarter lying within a few minutes' walk from Chowringhi and the hotels. The setting has little of the picturesque quality to be found in many other cities, but I doubt whether any market in the world offers such a variety of strange merchandise.

I have not mentioned the Victoria Memorial Hall nor other European buildings. It hardly seems likely that you have come to India to study examples of Western architecture functioning in an incongruous tropical setting.

Darjeeling and the World's Loftiest Peaks

As a word of practical advice, let me suggest that you purchase a round trip railway ticket to Darjeeling from one of the tourist agencies. Do this at least twenty-four hours before the departure of the train. This will give the agency time to book reservations for the train and for a Darjeeling hotel. The Mount Everest Hotel has the best view of the snows, and you should demand a room on the "view side." The sunrise may then be enjoyed in luxury from your own windows. Above all, do not forget to take your heaviest wraps.

The trip to Darjeeling has been greatly expedited in recent years, and the Spartan inns of yesterday have yielded to hotels of modern comfort. But the railway journey of twenty-one hours, with two changes of trains, is really fatiguing; and man's inventiveness has not yet achieved any scheme for holding back the heavy mists which so often curtain the mountains. Thus, if possible, you should make your plans to stay for at least three days, not only for rest and leisurely enjoyment but to augment your chances for a perfect view. It is a gamble to allow but one day. Even if you are so fortunate as to have every day perfect, you will hardly regret such bounty.

Mighty Kinchinjunga is to be seen across the valley from Darjeeling, but Mount Everest may be glimpsed only from Tiger Hill. The six mile ride by horseback or sedan chair to Tiger Hill, with the necessity of starting at 3 A.M. to reach the observation point before sunrise, is an overly strenuous adventure for many people. It may be avoided by spending the previous night at the unpretentious hotel at the foot of Tiger Hill.

Plan your visit so that it will include a Sunday morning at Darjeeling. It is then that the bazar is crowded with the divers peoples of half Central Asia. From over the high mountain passes come Tibetans, Nepalese, and Bhutias, bringing for barter curious and fascinating wares—barbaric brass vessels and turquoise studded ornaments. But be warned that the genuine supply equals not the demand, and the bazar stalls are notorious for the cleverness of their imitation treasures and their skill in foisting their faked curios upon Europeans.

When the time comes to say good-by to the snows, there is no escape from the long railway trip back to Calcutta. Should you immediately follow this endurance by the long railway trip to Benares (four hundred and twenty-nine miles) and then have only one day for the great city of the Ganges, you will heap up a most undesirable exhaustion. Remember that this is the tropics. Plan either for one whole day of rest in Calcutta or at Benares.

But before we say good-by to Calcutta, I must mention an unusual adventure which is possible and comfortable in the cooler weeks of the cool season—the river trip penetrating the Sunderbans, the jungle country of the Ganges delta. You will find the schedules and sailing dates of the river steamers printed in the advertising columns of the newspapers. A week should be given to the round trip, and these days will yield a strange and unforgettable memory of deep jungle morasses and remote and primitive villages.

Although a scholar devoted to Buddhistic lore finds the ancient town of Gaya of great antiquarian attraction, the usual traveler detects little of interest. Gaya, I should explain, lies along the railroad between Calcutta and Benares. Certainly there is no other station along the way to tempt breaking the journey.

Benares and the Most Holy Ganges

Benares has always meant to me such a gorgeous spectacle that I have never been able to arrive at any tolerance for the squeamishness of those visitors who are so repulsed by the dirt and the smells that they are unable to recognize a place of strange and striking beauty. Nor can I sympathize with that rigidity of mind which interprets the religious devotion of the pilgrims at Benares as nothing more spiritual than the blindness of heathen superstition.

I hope your train will bring you to the city so late in the afternoon that there will be neither temptation nor possibility to gain your first view of the river until the following morning. This morning start should be at a very early hour. The hotels are fully accustomed to a sunrise program. Early breakfast

will be ready and a carriage waiting to drive you to the ghats. At the river you will find boats for hire. These have platform decks with wicker chairs for the *sahibs*.

By the time you have struck a bargain with the rowers, the sun will be slanting brilliantly across the broad river. Before you push out into the stream, look about you. You will see the high caste Brahmin maidens who, having finished their prayers, are already repairing homeward, each carrying a bowlful of sacred water. As for the pilgrim throng, thousands upon thousands they number, and this is the hour of their greatest number, although they will be arriving until an hour or so before full noon.

It is then worth while to close your eyes until you are well out from shore, so that the entire panorama of the palaces and temples will burst on your vision suddenly. Down the long tiers of stone steps come endless processions of devotees. They step into the Ganges to their waists. They raise the sacred water to their foreheads, to their faces, to their breasts, and then stand motionless in prayer.

Your boat drifts past this fabulous pageantry. Finally it draws in to shore under the sentinel minarets of the mosque which the Moghul Emperor, Aurengzeb, built from the stones of the Hindu temples which he destroyed. This mosque, honoring a hostile faith, stands high above the city and the river. It is well worth the effort to step ashore and to climb to the uppermost balcony of one of the minarets. The view from here is superb. When you have descended, direct your boat to follow along while you yourself thread your way on foot from one ghat to another. You will undoubtedly make other halts, but do not overlook the Durga Temple. This temple is theoretically closed to Europeans, but if you are circumspect you will be allowed to enter. But do not approach too near the altar.

If you should be so fortunate as to know some resident of Benares who will accompany and tell you about the palaces and temples, your state of grace will be far removed from requiring a guide-book. But in lieu of such companion, Murray gives an excellent description. There is also a very good pocket guide-book by Major Newell (for sale at the railway newsstands for eight annas). A much more exhaustive volume, and

one which you may wish to have later on for your library shelf, is *Benares, The Sacred City*, by E. B. Havell.

About a mile and a half *above* the ghat where you engaged your boat, is another Durga Temple, known to Europeans as the "Monkey Temple." The name is justified by the ubiquitous presence of many overfed and not very respectful apes which have taken possession of the place. For some reason this temple has become a conventional place for all tourists to see, though I do not think it merits delaying your breakfast, concerning which—by this time—you will be having active thoughts. If you do decide to go there, direct your carriage to meet you at the temple, and proceed by boat. On the road back to the hotel from the Monkey Temple, you pass several other temples and also the marble tomb of Swami Bhashkaranand. One guide-book says that "they are all well worth seeing." But there are so many other places at Benares that are better worth seeing, that I advise you to guard your receptivity. Farther along you pass several foreign mission compounds, and also the grounds of the Benares Hindu College. This College owes its origin to Annie Besant. Its interest lies in its ultra-modernism. In one way it may be considered a "militant" answer by Hinduism to the challenge of the foreign mission propaganda, here so actively carried on under the very shadows of the Hindu temples. The aim of the college is to provide a religious, moral, mental, and athletic training for Hindu youth on broad, modern lines.

The bazars of Benares are famous. Particularly so are the brass shops; but just the same modern Benares brass is atrocious. It may not be compared to that of Jaipur. But why buy modern brass at all, when the second-hand bazars of Agra and Udaipur and other places are filled with beautiful old specimens of much better craftsmanship? However, Benares does possess one specialty of unequivocal merit. As far as I can learn, only at Benares in all the East may you find the weaving of cloth of gold and cloth of silver. Elsewhere in India (and in Burma, Java, China, and Japan, as well) the so-called gold or silver threads are in reality made from gilt paper. Extract a thread and you can unwind the paper. In Benares the thread is of actual spun gold, or silver. The gold

brocades which are offered for sale—you really must visit one of the brocade shops—are not cheap, but they are not exorbitant. In various Indian museums you may see pieces of brocade which were made in the days of Moghul grandeur. Compared to some of those exquisite old pieces, the examples of present-day manufacture yield some of their glory, but they by no means lose it all.

In the afternoon, when you drive back again to the river—and I urge you to do so—you will find these bazaars in the narrow, picturesque streets just before you reach the Golden Temple.

As a person quite outside the pale of sanctity you may not place foot within the portals of this most sacred temple of the Hindu world. But you may look through the gateway. There is also a view to be had from the balcony of the house across the narrow street. Havell dismisses this building as being neither artistically nor architecturally attractive. But I think you will decide that the stage-setting at least offers a dramatic picture which could hardly be more vivid. Near the Golden Temple is "The Well of Knowledge." Down into its depths pilgrims cast wreaths of flowers. To look into this well is to gain for an instant the nothingness of Nirvana, meaning, I conjecture, comprehension of the oneness of the universe. Farther along this same narrow street (crowded with beggars and sellers of the symbol of Siva) is the Temple of Annapurna. Here, Europeans are allowed to enter. If you then continue walking, you will reach the river bank. Gone is the innumerable throng of worshipers whom you saw in the morning, and under the golden light of sunset there is an atmosphere of ineffable and serene peace.

If you remain in Benares for a second day, you may wish to visit ancient Sarnath, where Buddha preached. It is a drive of about four miles. But you must be particularly interested in Buddhism to be interested by Sarnath. I do counsel you, however, that the river scene at Benares loses none of its pageantry when viewed a second time.

The traveler is told that between Benares and Agra there are three cities he must see—Allahabad, Cawnpore, and Lucknow. The Mohammedan architectural glories of Allahabad

(the fort and the tombs) would never be considered important if they were at Agra and Delhi. Therefore, why consider Allahabad at all? I am certain, as well, that you can dismiss Cawnpore without regrets. There is nothing to be seen there except the white marble Memorial built on the site of the well into which the bodies of the victims of the Bibi-gash massacre were thrown. The appeal of Lucknow is not to be so casually set aside—even by the non-British visitor.

Lucknow

The European cantonment of Lucknow enchants the eye. There is a luxurious spaciousness to the mansions and gardens of the European *burra sahibs* which induces you to think that colonial exile is not, in all cases, synonymous with unmitigated sacrifice. As a matter of fact, Lucknow is one of the most sought army stations in all India. That is, in the cool season. It is then extremely gay. The comfortable hotels are crowded. (Take heed of the previous sentence, and telegraph for reservations.)

While the guide-book says that the tourist's visit should not be under two and a half days, such a statement implies a thorough going curiosity concerning all of the places made famous by the Mutiny which I doubt this age and generation possesses. The traveler of to-day does wish to see the old Residency grounds, but he hardly cares to study every site of the city connected with the siege. The Residency may be seen adequately in half a day. When I first knew Lucknow the Mutiny was still a living memory. The guide I had was one of the loyal sepoys of the siege itself. It was one thing to hear his graphic description, and quite another to hear the exposition of to-day's professional chatterers. But the Mutiny relics are not all that there is to Lucknow.

You may remember that Kim went to school at "St. Xavier's" in Lucknow, a rather thinly disguised fictitious name for the famous Martinière school. ". . . he sniffed the new air appreciatively. 'A rich city,' he said. 'Richer than Lahore. How good the bazars must be.' " And Kipling adds, "There is no city—except Bombay, the queen of all—more beautiful in

her garish style than Lucknow, whether you see her from the bridge over the river, or from the top of the Imambara looking down on the gilt umbrellas of the Chutter Munzil, and the trees in which the town is bedded. Kings have adorned her with fantastic buildings, endowed her with charities, crammed her with pensioners, and drenched her with blood. She is the center of all idleness, intrigue, and luxury. . . .”

Murray says, “The buildings at Lucknow are nearly all of a degraded and barbarous type of architecture.”

Major Newell writes, “Lovers of splendor will appreciate the palaces, Imambaras, Maqbaras, and Masjids built by the prodigal kings of Oudh, while critics can criticize to their hearts’ content, strengthened and encouraged by the comfortable conviction that, in so doing, they are treading in the footsteps of such eminent authorities as Fergusson and Burgess.”

You can decide with which writer you agree. I confess that I “tread in the footsteps of Fergusson and Burgess.” To me, the main reason for seeing this palace (the Imambara) is to see how atrocious could be the taste of the Kings of Oudh. You will probably wish to look also at the Husainabad clock tower and gardens and the Jami Masjid. Murray praises the tomb of Ibrahim Chisti. Its negative merit is that it is not built in the same debased taste as is the Imambara; but this does not seem to me a really positive reason for taking the time to find it.

Hard by this quarter is “The Chauk.” This bazar is a sufficient reason in itself for coming to Lucknow. “Steep dark stairs lead up to small shops where the light filters reluctantly through diminutive windows. Here the peripatetic purchaser may come upon treasure trove in the form of rare old silver, genuine early Lucknow enamel and characteristic jewelry, once the property of the prodigal kings and their much-indulged wives.” If you are interested in inspecting what the shops contain, then you will wish to drive there in the daytime. But if you wish to see the Chauk when it is most picturesque—mysteriously picturesque, a place of dark shadows and flickering lights, a place of romance—then you should linger there from sunset until the jet night comes down.

The railway journey from Lucknow to Agra is a tedious

one. You must change trains at both Cawnpore and Tundla Junction, where time is wasted waiting for connections. Unless you happily find that the schedules have been altered, these vexations consume a full day.

Agra and Fatehpur-Sikri

Agra as a place is a pleasant town, with a pleasant hotel. If you have leisure and no need to consider expense, I can give you no more golden advice than to make Agra your headquarters for from two weeks to a month. There are excellent motor roads leading to Fatehpur-Sikri, Muttra, Gwalior, Jhansi, Bharatpur, and Aligarh. All fascinating trips. But you will visit Fatehpur-Sikri in any event; and if you have the day to spare you should certainly think about a motor visit to Muttra and Brindaban.

If I could choose but three places in northern India to visit (or revisit) they would be Agra, Benares, and Udaipur. If but two, then Agra and Benares. If but one, Agra. If your days in India must be limited, save a day here, save a day there. Hoard them for Agra.

To mention Agra is to think of the Taj. The word "unique" is a long suffering adjective, but it belongs indisputably to this perfect building. In the whole realm of creative art I can think of no one attainment of man's genius which has inspired such devoted appreciation by all beholders. I am not making argument that the art of the Taj is greater than the art of the Parthenon, or the art of the Gothic cathedrals. I am speaking of its universality of appeal. It calls upon something within us that does not seek to make comparisons.

"Not architecture! as all others are,
But the proud passion of an Emperor's love
Wrought into living stone, which gleams and soars
With body of beauty shrining soul and thought. . . ."

In another way, as well, is the Taj unique. A curious way. It cannot be photographed, or drawn, or painted to the satisfaction of any one who has actually seen it.

The palaces within the Fort, the tomb of Itmad-ud-daula, and the deserted city of Fatehpur-Sikri are places of pilgrimage scarcely less amazing and incomparable than the Taj itself. The bazars of the native city, those near the Jami Masjid, are a picturesque diversion. The Jami Masjid itself need not take more than two minutes of your time. As for any other places mentioned in the guide-books (public buildings, colleges, schools, or jails), these are undoubtedly of utilitarian importance, but they are quite out of the picture of Moghul Agra. And I cannot imagine breaking one's mood to include them.

You may well heed the conventional advice that the visitor's first view of the Taj should be in the soft light of late afternoon. If you arrive at Agra in the morning, do not drive at once to the Taj and thus see it for the first time under the full glare of the dazzling sun. But there is one thing which you should do immediately upon arrival. Make inquiries at the hotel desk about securing passes to enter the Fort. These are absolutely necessary. A fresh pass is required for each visit. The military office, where the permits are issued, is *not* at the Fort. After you have disposed of this prosaic detail, drive to the tomb of Itmad-ud-daula. It is amazing how many Agra visitors there are who do not see this exquisite building and its gardens.

If you have come to Agra by the way of Delhi, you will have seen the carved marble screens of the King's Palace at the Fort. There are a few marvelous examples of tracery work at Ahmedabad also, and there are marble screens at Lahore. But it is at Agra that you will find profusion, and the finest craftsmanship as well. The marble tracery and the inlay work at Itmad-ud-daula are the acme of decorative art. Itmad-ud-daula houses the tomb of Ghiyas Beg, a Persian who came to the Moghul Court to seek his fortune. He was the grandfather of the princess who became the bride of Shah Jehan and in whose memory that Emperor built the Taj Mahal. Contrary to the sequence which art development usually follows, the details of this tomb, especially the stone inlays, are of more elaborate design than will be found in later buildings.

To reach Itmad-ud-daula you drive past the Fort and cross the Jumna River. If you continue on this road, it will take you

to the *China ka Rauza*, or China tomb. Still farther along this road there is a terraced garden built at the time of the Emperor Baber. If this were at any spot except Agra, it might be rewarding to continue your drive to these ancient places. But after you have seen Itmad-ud-daula, you will probably not care to stock your memory with pictures of secondary importance.

I first saw the Taj in the early days of Lord Curzon's viceroyship. This was before his indefatigable efforts to preserve the dignity of the gardens and the environs of the Taj had begun to bear fruit. There was then a noisy bazar crowding close to the gateway. The gardens were almost a jungle. You may read in the records that a former British Viceroy actually contemplated disposing of the Taj as a marble quarry! If he had had his way, you might now find the tomb pulverized and laid down as a dazzling white road, or reerected into a Victoria Memorial.

Among the countless stories about the Taj none is a greater intoxicant to the imagination than that which concerns the "Black Taj" which Shah Jehan planned to build for his own tomb. It was to have been of black marble and would have stood on the other bank of the Jumna. But the Emperor was dethroned by his son while the plans for this magnificence were as yet only in the great builder's imagination.

To take a professional guide to the Taj is to invite agony. (It might even happen that you would turn and murder the chatteringer in the midst of his ramble.) Also, pay no attention to any one who suggests a methodical program. A proffered formula is an impertinence. What is there to do except to behold?

India is so large and the number of tourists so few that you may travel for days and survey many famous places and not come upon another European visitor. But do not imagine that you will ever have the Taj to yourself. The Englishman in India (the resident) is endowed with less sightseeing curiosity than any one I have ever known. When he has opportunity to leave his post, he goes to Calcutta for the races, or into the jungle for a bit of shooting, or to a hill station for a breath of coolness. But, there is one sightseeing pilgrimage which he is

determined to consummate before saying good-by to India. He goes to Agra to see the Taj by moonlight.

Fatehpur-Sikri

The English resident of India has added another essential to his Agra program. This has come about since the advent of the motor car, and will not be found mentioned in the guide-books. Briefly, this newly hatched, but indispensable, custom is to spend the early moonlight hours at the Taj and then to drive to Fatehpur-Sikri to witness the sun's rising above Akbar's City of Victory.

As long as this deserted city has been so abruptly introduced, it might be well to continue its discussion and return later to Agra to visit the fort.

I cannot tell you anything about the merits of a sunrise party, as I have never seen Fatehpur-Sikri except under full daylight. But I do have a cherished memory of the city when it was much more deserted and lonely than it is to-day. A quarter of a century ago the custom was to despatch relays of horses to be stationed along the road. Thus one had fresh animals for the round trip of forty-six miles; and let me add that one could cover the distance at breakneck speed. This approach was highly romantic, but I admit that a motor car greatly simplifies the excursion.

The stupendous ruins of Angkor in Indo-China, of Anaradhapura in Ceylon, and of Pagan in Burma inspire fascination and wonderment. But deserted Fatehpur-Sikri is not a place of tumbling ruins. It stands almost as ready for occupancy, as swept and garnished, as if Akbar and his court had merely abandoned the palaces for a few weeks' hunting trip in Kashmir, and the furniture had gone to storage.

No one can really explain just why this "City of Victory" was deserted. A prevailing theory is that good water was difficult to obtain. This may be the true reason, but it is not convincing. It would have been far more characteristic of Akbar to have said to his Grand Vizier, "I command you to build an adequate viaduct to my new city. It must be completed in a very brief time or I shall sell you as a slave to the Rajputs."

My Mohammedan bearer once told me his version as we walked through the courtyards. Ihman—that was his name—used to fix me with a wicked and unblinking eye as he recited his scandalous anecdotes. No human being could be quite so wicked as he looked, but Allah knows he was wicked enough. Ihman was a Punjabi, and he had been brought up on bazar legends about the Moghuls. He could account quite thoroughly for Akbar's flight from the city. I must record that his version has to be thoroughly expurgated at my hands. This is the substance: A certain fakir, who had not been consulted, was so displeased by the idea of the city being built that he warned Akbar that calamity would surely follow if the work went on. Akbar paid no attention to this hint. The fakir then predicted that a son would be born to the Emperor, but that on the day of his birth the child would stand up and curse his father and would then die. This happened exactly as the fakir foretold. The Emperor, greatly impressed—as he might well have been—and fearful of further calamities, abandoned the ill-omened city. The fakir's heart was thereupon moved to mercy and he predicted the birth of another son, which duly followed.

This city expresses Akbar, its builder, just as the palaces of the Agra Fort and the Taj Mahal express their builder, Shah Jehan. Akbar's character was an extraordinary combination of imperious will, vigorous ambitions, and a deeply inquiring, philosophical and tolerant intellect. Jehan built in marble a lover's bower. Akbar took red sandstone and built a city of imposing grandeur. It is typical of the intellectual side of Akbar that you will find a temple devoted to philosophical discussion; and it is typical, as well, that you will find pavilions built for playing hide-and-seek with the fair, frail ladies of the court.

A certain native family has been given the right to act as guides to Fatehpur-Sikri. Some member of this family will surely meet you at the gate. The clan has a pride in its distinction and its members are much better informed than Oriental guides usually are. Thus, if you wish to be guided, you may rely upon fairly intelligent answers to your questions. The city covers a large area of ground with much tramping to be done. By sending your motor car to the far end of the city

(from the dak bungalow) you can avoid the long walk back. It is a good plan to give the morning to a more or less conscientious program, and in the afternoon to revisit those places which have most appealed. A more nearly ideal plan is to stay for two days. (The dak bungalow is a comfortable place.) Then you may be luxuriously leisurely at Fatehpur-Sikri, and have time also, while returning to Agra, to visit the tomb of Akbar at Sikandra.

This great mausoleum at Sikandra demands for its description the word impressive rather than inspiring. Its architectural plan was born of the intellect, not of the imagination. The great gateway, the long avenue through the gardens, and the massive magnificence of the red stone tomb are overpowering in their dignity. When you reach the highest platform of the mausoleum you realize that the stately and solemn grandeur of the place has subtly prepared you to be dramatically impressed by the marble magic of the room where rests the sarcophagus.

The Agra Fort and Its Palaces

Within the lofty, grim, and prideful red stone walls of the Agra fort stands the most beautiful, the most exquisitely created, palace of all the East. If you accuse me of dealing in superlatives, I reply that I would use super-superlatives if I knew them.

Your carriage dashes over the drawbridge and through the outer gate of the fortress at a gallop so as to achieve the steep, winding road leading through the inner gate. The horses' hoofs ring on the cobblestones. With a majestic flourish your driver draws in his reins at the steps of the Moti Masjid. You are then surrounded by a horde of guides who insist upon showing you their credentials. If you do not wish to be bothered with studying a pocket map to find your way about, you might as well take one of these anxious pleaders.

The steps to the Moti Masjid are unimpressive and in no way hint that you are about to behold the "perfect mosque." If the Pearl Mosque is not perfect, then where may perfection be found? There is no remote chance that your guide will

allow you to miss seeing the carved marble grille through which the ladies of the *zenana* observed their lords during the services of the mosque. No creation in the world of decorative art is more beautiful than that screen.

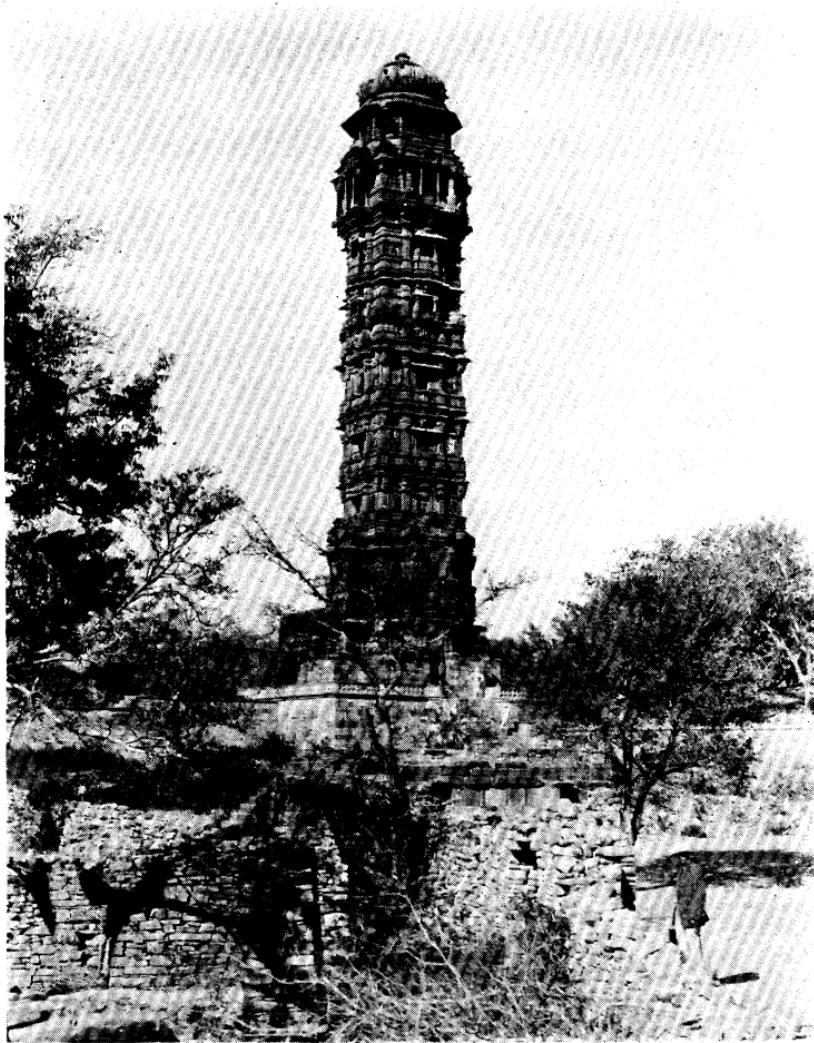
I would rather walk again amid these palace buildings than to revisit any other place in all the East. One becomes oblivious to the flight of the hours. A morning goes by and you are still lingering in the first courtyards upon which you came. You cannot see everything in one visit. Not because the place is so extensive but because it is enchanted. The octagonal pavilion where the dying Shah Jehan was carried to gaze for the last time across the plain and river upon the Taj is not architecture. It is pure poetry.

Mutra and Brindaban

Although Muttra is superabundantly served by railways and railway stations there is much time lost and considerable inconvenience experienced in the attempt to reach the city by train from Agra. And Muttra is not so illustrious that it is worth unusual effort to see it. Rather may it be considered as affording the chance for a thoroughly pleasant motor excursion. The distance is thirty-five miles from Agra; and it is six miles from Muttra to Brindaban.

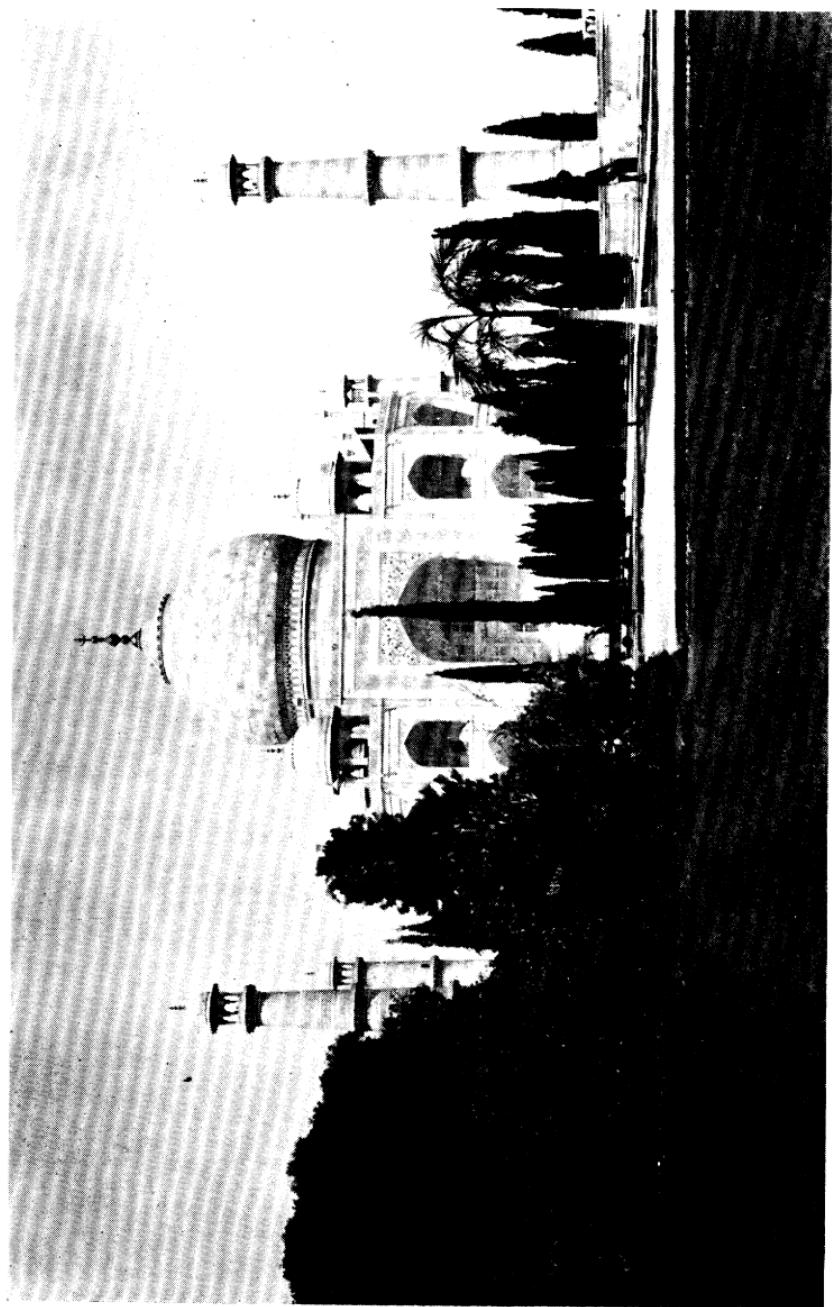
Ancient Muttra was one of the strongholds of Buddhism. To-day it is a holy place of the Hindus. Its story is unusually interesting, as you may gather from the brief summary of its history in Murray. When it was sacked by Mahmud of Ghazni—that super-sacker of all times—it took him twenty days to gather together the wealth of the place. This included one hundred idols of silver, each of which loaded a camel. This conquest by Mahmud was but one of its many disasters. But it has always recovered its strength, beauty, and wealth. It possesses the magic secret of the phoenix.

There is an extremely important museum if you are interested in Buddhist antiquities. But the attraction of Muttra for the usual traveler is the picturesque scene along the river. There are countless temples, pavilions, and ghats. At sunset



Tower of Victory, in the Ruined City of Chitorgarh

The Matchless Taj, India's Architectural Jewel



there is a daily ceremony when the priests feed the turtles. Then the Jumna suddenly becomes alive with these creatures. If you wish to witness this curious custom, drive to Brindaban in the afternoon, timing yourself to return to Muttra for sunset.

Brindaban so seldom sees a European that you will be as much a curiosity to the natives as they will be to you. The fact that it is so little known accounts for one of its unique features. The "junk" market of Brindaban turns up an amazing number of fine old brass images. The prices are a song. I trust to your discretion not to disrupt the bazar merchants' contentment to be second-hand dealers and not "antique" dealers.

A second unusual feature of Brindaban is the red temple of Gobind Deo. Almost unique in India, it is covered by a true vault, "quite equal in design to the best Gothic vaulting known." Externally, it has been called by Fergusson, one of the most elegant of all India's temples.

Brindaban's third feature will not greatly interest any traveler who has seen, or is to see, Southern India. But for any one who will not have opportunity to visit the great temples of the Madras Province, an idea may here be gained of what a gopuram looks like, as Brindaban possesses a modern temple built in the Dravidian style. Europeans are not allowed to enter its enclosure, but a fairly good view may still be obtained. Do not for a moment think that the gopurams of Brindaban are as impressive as the majestic gateways at Tanjore or Madura. But they serve as "illustrative samples," allowing your imagination to picture what a Dravidian temple might be if it were a thousand times more magnificent.

It is about four hours by train from Agra to Delhi (one hundred and twenty-two miles).

Delhi

Delhi—for reasons quite understandable after you have solved the riddle—is a place more confusing to the traveler who has but a brief two or three days for his visit than is any other city of India. The distances are great, but that is not the chief reason for discouragement. Nor is it because there

are so many places to be seen, although there are innumerable spots of great interest. The real secret of the confusion is that so many "Delhis" are superimposed one on another.

If you separate these diversities and isolate them, by a sort of chemical-historical analysis, the confusion rapidly disappears. You may choose what most interests you, and so avoid wasting hours on places which will not engage your particular enthusiasm. In speaking of the many "Delhis" I am not referring to the fact that there have actually been seven different cities. The Delhis which I mean are:

Delhi, the seat of Government of the Indian Empire to-day.

Delhi, the capital city of the old Moghul Empire.

Delhi, the capital city of the Pathan Emperors who preceded the Moghuls.

Delhi, the historic scene of some of the most important events of the Mutiny of 1857.

Delhi, the most important bazar in India for native "luxury manufactures."

If you separate your conception of the city into these divisions, your sightseeing program will resolve itself into a simple matter of picking and choosing.

In regard to Delhi's present-day political importance (a vast and imposing building program is under way in the area now known as "new" Delhi), a casual tourist need not plan to devote special hours to this particular "Delhi." The exception might be when the Indian Legislature is sitting. Any one who is interested in the political problems of India would then find it worth while to apply to the Home Department offices, in the Secretariat building, for a permit to the visitors' gallery of the Legislative Assembly Hall. A special drive to see the imposing concourse of the new government buildings is unnecessary, as you will pass through "new" Delhi on the road to the Kutb Minar.

The next two classifications—old Pathan and old Moghul Delhi—embrace the glory which has made the name of the city a synonym for Oriental magnificence throughout the world. The Pathan period extended from 1193 to 1556; and the Moghul

period from 1556 to 1660. The Pathan period has been subdivided, as to its architecture, into "early, middle, and later" styles; and the Moghul period into "earlier and decadent." But I doubt whether the usual traveler will be much interested in such exact groupings beyond the two facts that the Kutb-Minar belongs to the very earliest Pathan period (and had its inspiration from Hindu architectural traditions rather than Mohammedan) and that the Delhi Fort and Palace were built by the Moghuls.

The Delhi which has to do with the Indian Mutiny is likely to be either of absorbing interest or of merely nominal interest to visitors. There is rarely a middle ground. If you are a student of the Mutiny events, you will probably wish to map out a program taking in all of the spots made famous by the siege. But if you are only casually interested, let me make the hint that if you climb to the roof of Maidan's Hotel you may pretty well observe the topography of the "Ridge" where the British troops were first besieged and from where, later, they sallied forth to attack and capture the walled city of Modern Delhi held by the mutinous sepoys. Also, in driving in and out of the walled city you will be going through the famous gates which figure in the story.

In the midst of these "Delhis," of which I have been talking, sits "Delhi of the bazars." It is quite true that every Indian city has its bazar, but in Delhi the merchants speak of a *lakh* of *rupees* in as casual a tone as an *anna* is mentioned elsewhere. The Chandni Chauk is the famous street of all India for jewels and rare curios. Twenty years ago it was a far more picturesque place than it is to-day. Modernism has stepped in. The shop fronts have copied Western models. The truth is that the street has become a rather dull place from the point of view of the sightseer who has no rupees to spend for pearls, brocades, or objects of art. But you will probably wish to drive the length of the Chandni Chauk simply because it is so famous. You can do this when you are leaving the Fort and are on your way back to your hotel.

If your time in Delhi must be limited to two or three days, I would suggest that you confine your hours almost exclusively to seeing a superb few of the inheritances from the Pathan and

Moghul days, and let almost everything else go. In two days you can see the chief places; and, if you should have but one day, you can see the Fort and can drive to the Kutb Minar. The city and the Delhi plain for miles about are a treasury of antiquities. Even should you spend a month of busy days, some one will be sure to tell you later of places you have missed. The following suggestions cannot be followed unless you engage a motor car for the second day, and preferably also for the first day.

I suggest that you see the Fort, with its palaces, on the first day; and during the in-between times of this day you can visit the Chandni Chauk and the Jami Masjid. The hotels are in the district of the city known as the Civil Lines. From this direction the entrance to the walled city of the Moghuls (known as Shahjahanabad) is by the Kashmir Gate. It was here that the British broke the sepoys' defense in the Mutiny. A good plan is to drive immediately to the Jami Masjid. Fergusson declares that this mosque is one of the few in India, or elsewhere, that is designed to produce a pleasing effect externally. As a matter of fact, the effect is imposing, at the same time being distinctly obvious. I would not suggest your advancing farther than the gateway if it were not for the superb view of the Fort which is to be had from either the galleries or the minarets.

The chief portal to the Fort is the magnificent Lahore Gate. It was built by the Emperor Aurengzeb.

Of late years a great deal has been done to restore the palace grounds within the Fort to the state of grandeur which was theirs before the place was turned into a military barracks following the Mutiny. The wanton iconoclasm, which the palace endured for half a century, can never be undone; but the restoration work of the past twenty years has accomplished far more than would have been believed possible at the time Lord Curzon came to India as Viceroy. To this man's vision and energy may be ascribed almost every intelligent action which has served to save India's monuments.

From the Lahore Gate you walk through broad courtyards until you come to the Diwan-i-Am, or the Hall of Public Audience. If you have not visited Agra and this hall is your first vision of a Moghul building, you will be amazed by the genius

which has combined power and dignity with extraordinary beauty, both in design and in detail. I have seen this Hall of Audience hung with canopies and banners when the Indian Princes were here assembled, and it was then as gorgeous a place as can be imagined. But it is imposing at any time. You must search for the stairway at the back of the hall which climbs to the recess where stood the throne. Here you will find some inlaid panels which for a long time were in a London museum. Upon the request of Lord Curzon they were returned to Delhi.

Diwan-i-Am is but the beginning of the wonders which await you. By a somewhat casual path you circle around this hall and then come abruptly upon the Diwan-i-Khas (the Hall of Private Audience) and the King's Palace. It was in the Hall of Private Audience where stood the Peacock Throne. The grace and elegance of this dream building have been accused of approaching weakness, or decadence. This is one of those ultimate questions of artistic taste concerning which the East has its own premises. At least, it is not a decadence sinking into voluptuous sophistication. What we see is a jeweler's casket become a building. Careful restoration work has given us not only the Diwan-i-Khas, but the private apartments of the King's Palace (in which the marble grille work and the decorations are nearly intact), the royal baths, and the Queen's apartments.

This is the superlative corner of the Fort. If by any chance you have only a brief hour or so for your visit, it is not worth your time to give more than a hurried glimpse, if any glimpse at all, to the other quarters.

After you leave the Fort you may wish to see the Jain Temple, which is not far from the gate, for the sake of its richly decorated ceiling. There are a number of other buildings and places of historic interest within the confines of the walled city, but unless your stay in Delhi can be so leisurely that there is no danger of a surfeit of sightseeing, it is far better to save your appreciation for the places of greatest interest.

For the day which you will devote to the broad plain to the south of the modern city of Delhi, I am going to infringe upon

the guide-book's prerogatives and suggest a definite program. A motor car is essential. If your visit can be extended to allow this program to be divided into two days, then by all means seize upon that opportunity.

The beginning of this long day's ride leads again through the streets of Shahjahanabad. You leave the city by the Delhi Gate, and follow the Muttra Road. Unless you have made a very early start, it is better not to turn aside from this road to visit either the Kotila of Firez Shah or the ruined city of Firozabad. The great walls of old Firozabad are very imposing seen from the highway, but behind those walls very little remains of the once proud city. Two miles beyond Firozabad there is another ancient and deserted town, known as Indrapat and as Purana Kila. Here you will certainly wish to leave your car to wander over the drawbridge and through the high gates. A few years ago the space within the walls was crowded with squatters' huts. To my own sense of the picturesque it was then a more vivid scene than to-day. The huts have disappeared to make way for a sort of park. Immediately after you leave Indrapat you will see the Mosque of Sher Shah, a building which has been loaded with eulogies by critics of architecture. Truly it is magically beautiful under the last rays of the setting sun when the light of the plain is a soft, golden radiance.

By this time you may have come to the conclusion that this is indeed a day of wonders. But wait! In another two miles you are at the Tomb of Humayun, the father of the great Akbar. Here in all verity are shrines and monuments to engage your wonder—the splendor of the Shrine of Nizam-ud-din excelling the others, perhaps—and if you have fallen under the spell of the Moghul story you will wish to go no farther on this day. Emphatically this tour of the Delhi plain is but a superficial review; and if I should pause to recount the tales and legends of these ancient structures, this chapter would turn itself into a tome. Alack! few travelers have more than a day to give to this crowded thirty-five mile circuit, and I have no reason to assume that your case will be an exception. The next lap is to the Fortress of Tughlakabad.

This once mighty city of the Emperor Tughlak was cursed by the saint, Nizam-ud-din, whose shrine you have just seen at the crossroads near Humayun's Tomb. Whether there was any justification for the curse may be disputed, but there is no denying that it was effective. The desolation is complete. The few Gujars who dwell amid the ruins were a part of the curse. Even the driver of your car may show signs of uneasiness as the curse is supposed to be still lingering, and I think you will agree that the brooding silence has a strangely ominous quality. The heaps of massive cut stone show few paths, and should you wish to climb the highest walls of the citadel you must find your own route.

The five miles of road from Tughlakabad to the Kutb Minar is likely to show you one of the curious native omnibuses, camel drawn, which ply between the Muttra highway and the Kutb road. I doubt whether you can say that you have ever before seen a means of transportation half so bizarre. When you reach the Kutb high noon will have been passed and you will be riotously hungry. Fortunately, there is a dak bungalow under the shadow of the great mosque, with a *khansama* to prepare a modest tiffin.

This Minar, a Tower of Victory built by some early Pathan Emperor, is of course the real destination of this long day. Its fame places it in the august ranks of the world's greatest architectural achievements. A great deal has been written about it. You may have its story, in *The History of the Kutb Minar*, by R. N. Munshi, or in Vol. II of *The Imperial Gazetteer of India*. Everything about its origin has to include the word "probably." It was built probably about 1230, and much of its material was probably taken from the spoils of Hindu and Jain temples. On the other hand, the Hindu characteristics may be due only to Hindu influence. All of this discussion may seem academic until you have seen the Kutb, when you will suddenly find yourself one of the most eager of the speculators. This great pillar inevitably casts a spell upon the beholder, and one of the manifestations of this spell is the desire to know more.

It is most unfortunate that the cupola was destroyed by an

earthquake a century ago, but it is still more unfortunate that some would-be restorer was allowed to crown the shaft with the present ridiculous balustrade.

The magnificence of the Minar may tend to distract you from the attention you would otherwise give to the mosque and the tombs. But this I doubt. The splendor of their decoration cannot go unnoticed.

It is now a straight road of eleven miles back to Delhi, and everywhere along this highway are the ruins and relics of past grandeur. You may be too weary to pay much attention, but it will be worth arousing yourself and to step for a moment into the garden of the mausoleum of Safdar Jang.

From Delhi to the Khyber Pass

(Hardwar, Simla, Amritsar, Lahore, Peshawar, and the Khyber)

An Indian railway train binds me with a mood of fascination. I have traveled by all classes, at one time or another, but I confess that—unlike Kim—I prefer the sybaritic conveniences of a first class compartment. The most romantic train in all India is the mail express which starts from Delhi, northward bound to the Punjab and the Frontier. The many third class carriages are crowded by the fierce-eyed, bearded Hillmen, and their veiled wives and daughters. Whatever lure may have drawn these untamed and untamable mountainfolk to the plains, they are now avid with the excitement of getting back to the keen, pure winds of the high valleys. They are returning also to their joyous blood feuds, which they left behind, and to all the other pleasant excitements, such as murder, rapine, and loot, which help to make the tedium of existence endurable for a tribesman of Central Asia.

If you have decided to visit Hardwar (pronounced Hurd-wur) let me say that this ultrasacred city of Hinduism belongs neither to the Punjab nor to the Frontier. I have included Hardwar in these pages as it is easily reached when you are traveling northward. The train from Delhi detaches a coach some time in the night and it is joined to another train which

arrives at Hardwar about eight in the morning. You can leave Hardwar that same night on a train bound for Umballa, where connection is made either with the Kalka train for Simla, or with the express to Amritsar and Lahore.

The advice to be found in the usually meticulous Murray is that the traveler will find Hardwar's dak bungalow "good." Murray errs sadly in this instance. The bungalow is abominably uncared for, and its complaint book is filled to overflowing with the comments of outraged guests. The tiffin and dinner served will keep body and soul together, but do not spend a night exposed to the ferocity of its insect population. Furthermore, there is small reason for so doing. You can leisurely see everything at Hardwar in one day. My own visit was during the annual April festival which marks the beginning of the Hindu solar year. The ghats were then crowded with tens of thousands of bathers and worshipers. The picture of that scene at sunset and the glimpses through the forbidden temple doors after darkness, the altars lighted by flaring lamps, is one of the most precious treasures in my memory of India. The guide-book says that Hardwar should be seen by all travelers. Despite my own treasured impressions and the guide-book's unqualified dictum, I do not believe that this rather out-of-the-way spot (sacred to the Hindus because the Ganges here leaves the gorges of the Siwalik hills and enters upon its long journey through the plains) should be included in your schedule unless you are traveling with an abundance of time at your disposal. Benares is far more important, interesting, and picturesque. It would be more rewarding to have two days at Benares than only one day there and one day at Hardwar. I couple these names together as they are the two holiest places of the sacred Ganges.

What I have said of ancient Hardwar—that it is not a place to be selected from India's abundance except by those travelers who possess much leisure—is infinitely more true of Simla. Should you be invited by some official of high rank to visit the summer capital during the "season," and if you can find amusement in the set formality of the social activities, by all means go to Simla. But not otherwise. You will find a town that is crowded and ugly; nothing more than a long street

following the crest of a mountain. From the higher points you look down upon the line of atrocious, corrugated iron roofs hiding ramshackle buildings. Should you wish to retain the alluring and seductive picture of Simla's charms, portrayed in Kipling's *Plain Tales from the Hills*, stay away from the spot itself. I have never happened to meet a British army officer or civil official who would choose of his own accord to take his summer leave days there. No comparison exists between the grandeur of the Himalayas at Darjeeling and the mountain views at Simla. This does not mean that there are not pleasant walks under the deodars, nor that Simla's eight thousand feet above the burning plain do not establish a refreshing retreat during the torrid months. But if you have come to India to find its color, pageantry, and marvels, then Simla is not in that picture.

I fear that I heralded your train departure from Delhi to the turbulent north with a fanfare which so far I have by no means justified. I have told of two points of destination, only to suggest that you avoid them. What I do enthusiastically advise is that you take the through train from Delhi to Amritsar. Select the express which arrives in the forenoon. You will then have plenty of hours for seeing the Golden Temple of the Sikhs, and at your leisure in the late afternoon you can board one of the trains to Lahore, thus saving the bother of having anything to do with an Amritsar hotel.

An interesting small volume to have with you is *The Religion of the Sikhs*, by Dorothy Field, one of the *Wisdom of the East* series. It tells the story of the rise of the Sikhs, from a nondescript, unconsidered, and low caste people into a haughty "fighting race," self-respecting and respected. This miracle came entirely from the philosophy (or truth) of the phrase, "As a man thinks, so is he." The date of the rise of the Sikhs, as dates go in India, was very recent. Nanak, the founder of the Sikh faith, was born in 1469. "He pointed out the inefficacy of caste, and of the priesthood, protesting against formalism, whether Muhammadan or Hindu. He taught the existence of an all-powerful and loving Creator, who must be approached with simplicity and sincerity. . . ." The revelation of his teaching, and that of his successors, inspired the pariahs of the

Punjaub (who had been regarded, and who had regarded themselves, as base, unclean, and polluted from birth) to become free men, faithful, trustworthy, and brave.

The name of the Sikh Bible is *The Granth*. It contains the sacred instruction of Nanak and his successors. The chief function of any Sikh temple is to guard a copy of the Granth. The greatest and most beautiful of these repositories is the Golden Temple at Amritsar. It stands in the center of a sacred lake on a marble island, reached by a marble bridge. You come suddenly upon this gleaming view, and it is one of the most astounding sights of all the wonders of India.

The *gharry* drive from the railway station to the temple, as I remember it, takes nearly an hour. The point to be mentioned is that you can tell the driver to take a different route for your coming and going, and you can thus have a glance of fairly thorough inclusiveness at the city. But you will not miss anything of importance if you allow the driver to choose the shortest road in both directions. Everything which will arouse your interest centers immediately around the temple. It is strange that the streets and bazars of neighboring Lahore should be so marvelously alluring, and those of Amritsar should be so dull; especially as Amritsar is famed throughout the Punjaub for its wealth.

The city has been one of the virulent spots of unrest during the past few years of political agitation, and even before the serious troubles of 1919 the foreign visitor at the temple was warned that a policeman should accompany his steps. When I was last there, I was given a copy of the police caution. It states that it is better to look upon the glories of the Golden Temple from afar, or at least from no nearer point of vantage than the edge of the lake. As a matter of fact I met no signs of hostility, and I was allowed to wander in and about the temple as I wished. Upon being garlanded by one of the attendants, and after tossing a silver *rupee* on the outspread sheet where the pilgrims leave their offerings, I departed amid smiles and salaams. You will not need a guide to find the temple gardens nor the Baba Atal tower, nor any of the nearby places. The general effect is picturesque, but there is nothing of notable importance except the Golden Temple.

When you arrive at the hotel in Lahore, after this busy day in Amritsar, your thoughts will probably be centered on the luxury of a tub, then dinner, then the blissfulness of rest. At least I am sure that you will not wish to find yourself homeless for the night, although such a disaster is extremely likely unless you have telegraphed for reservations. Apparently the European population has given up housekeeping to live at the hotels.

Lahore is a spot where the Indian climate has chosen to exhibit its utmost in *diablerie*. In midwinter nothing but your heaviest ulsters will save your teeth from chattering. In the torrid season, the mercury promptly seeks the extreme top of the tube and stays there. The autumns are brief, and the springs have their dust storms. But I like Lahore. It is a temperamental city, not in climate only but in every way. It has not the superb monuments of Agra or Delhi to amaze the transient visitor, but for any one wishing to live in a place perpetually amazing in its daily drama, Lahore is without peer. If Kipling had lived in some monotonously ordered city of the Central Provinces, such as Nagpur, he would never have written *Kim*. But Kipling's youthful years drew their color from this diverse city of the Punjab. And while speaking of Kipling, remember that Kim's Zam Zammah cannon still stands in the square outside the doors of the Wonder House. If you wish to be enchanted and can withstand the smiles of passers-by, ensconce yourself on the cannon's platform and reread the first chapter of *Kim* on this very spot where the tale begins.

Lahore was Jehangir's particular city. Tempestuous were its years when he sat on the throne. Likely enough I am more enthusiastic about the Moghuls in print than I would be in the flesh. In everyday life it might be highly disconcerting to have as next door neighbors a family of Babers, Akbars, and Jehangirs. We are better content if our friends demonstrate their virtues and their vices without always pressing down the loud pedal. The word "restraint" was absent from the Moghul dictionary. When they were good, they were very, very good. When they were bad, their horridness was a matter of genius. Akbar was a superman of unbelievably diverse parts. One can imagine his being a bosom friend of Bacon or Emerson—

or of Falstaff. He would have been at home with the Norse gods, sitting at the right hand of Thor; at one of Tiberius' Caprian banquets he could have drunk all of the feasters under the table.

When the Moghul story touches upon the women they loved it can be romantically tender, or diabolically cruel. Of these tales none is more typical than that of Anar Kali, she who was called Pomegranate Blossom for her beauty. If you will go to the building now used as the Secretariat Library, you will find there the exquisite, white marble sarcophagus which Jehangir caused to be made for the dust of her earthly body. Nothing more perfect in decorative carving could exist than the chiseled ninety-nine names of God which adorn the surface of the marble.

Anar Kali came as a "new favorite" to Akbar's seraglio. When she and the young Prince Salim, later to be known as Jehangir, beheld each other, romantic passion was instantly born. Inevitably it was a most unfortunate situation for every one concerned to have two of this Moghul line fall into rivalry; and it was no exception if they happened to be father and son. There are many versions of the tale.

The Moghul monuments in architecture, which survive to tell us of the illimitable ambition of those great builders, are to be found in their greatest magnificence at Agra and Delhi, but the story is breathlessly continued in the great Fort of Lahore for those who have fallen under its spell. Between the assaults of actual war, neglect, and the mistaken efforts of the restoration work of some years ago, the Fort has suffered lamentably. You will have to call upon your imagination to fill numerous gaps. Nevertheless many fragments of the ancient beauty do survive. The area within the great walls is rather extensive, but as you are familiar with the Agra and Delhi forts, you are not likely to become confused by the passageways from court to court. The Hall of Public Audience (the Diwan-i-Am) and its great courtyard must once have been imposing. Your strolling will eventually bring you to the court known as the Saman Burj, a corner which will abruptly arrest your steps. Its Shish Mahal, or Palace of Mirrors, is not one

of India's greatest inheritances from the past, but it has an opulent richness in decoration pleasing to one's romantic imagination.

Fortunately, the Tomb of Jehangir at Shahdara, a five mile drive from Lahore into the countryside, has suffered at the hands of neither friends nor foes. There is one unequaled hour for this drive. Go at sunset. Twilight and the quiet of the gardens are a perfect harmony.

Although I have thrust the bygone Moghuls upon you with almost no mention about the living city, you must not believe that this famed town of the Punjab is nothing but a cemetery of memories. It is turbulently alive. The quarter lying southwards of the Fort has the most fascinating streets of all India. Of these there is one particular street, whose name I do not know but it is the one graced by the Mosque of Wazir Khan, that exceeds the others. Possibly life cannot actually be as romantically mysterious as this stage setting suggests, but certainly romance could not ask for a more marvelous and perfect appointment than this street of overhanging balconies and oriels; nor for more mysteriously beautiful women to be glimpsed gazing down from latticed windows.

One of the perquisites of the British Governor at Lahore is a dignified, wise old elephant to carry him about in state. If you bring a letter of introduction to some official of rank, likely an arrangement will be made for you to see these streets from the howdah of this ancient beast. This is an extra touch. Whatever transportation may be, you have reached journey's end in so far as bizarre and picturesque streets are concerned. One feels terrifically self-conscious in being a foreigner, and nowhere is this feeling so pronounced as on entering the gateway of the Mosque of Wazir Khan. Constantinople is famed for its glazed tiles, but I can remember nothing at Stamboul so effective as those inset in the walls of this mosque. One's welcome is sometimes rather lukewarm and does not include an invitation to ascend the minaret; but by all means do so if it is permitted. The view is unforgettable. Of course, you will go as well to the Golden Mosque of Bikhari Khan, and there is also the Badshani Mosque near the entrance to the Fort. Near the Badshani Mosque is a marble pavilion, called the Barahdari,

inconsequential in architectural design and built from fragments of marble purloined from the ruins of Moghul structures, but despite all this a rather engaging picture, especially in a photograph with the great gate of the Fort as a background.

Kim's Wonder House (its real name is the Lahore Central Museum) has a world fame for its collection of Græco-Buddhist sculptures. There are other treasures also, if you like museums. Obviously I cannot know to what degree you have succumbed to the spell of India, but I am sure that no one could come to Lahore and be indifferent to the fascination of the bazars, with their absorbing human picture and triumph of exotic street architecture. But I am far from sure that you will have the slightest interest in the famous Græco-Buddhist sculptures. Nor can I hazard a guess as to whether the modern educational experiments in India have aroused your curiosity. If this subject does interest you, Lahore is an exhibition center. There is the Aitchison Chiefs' College, where the sons of the Native Princes of the Punjab are given a specialized schooling to prepare them for the job of future rulership. Until not so long ago these princelings had as their "education" such experience as came their way in the life which goes on within a palace and behind the purdah. In rather decided contrast to this Chiefs' College is Lahore University, an ambitious educational effort with democratic intentions. It is under the direction of Americans and is largely supported by American funds. It would be difficult to decide which of the two is the more revolutionary innovation—educating the rulers or educating the ruled.

From Lahore to Peshawar the train ride takes a little more than eleven hours. You will pass through Rawalpindi, the starting point for a motor trip to Kashmir. Rawalpindi is a military headquarters, and in the winter season it is a gay place of dinners and dancing and devastation of hearts. For the traveler this city is without interest. Not far from Rawalpindi are the ruins of ancient Taxila. Should you decide to visit Taxila it is better to make your headquarters at a Pindi hotel than to try to adapt yourself to the rather meager accommodations of the dak bungalow at the ruins. Now that time saving motor cars are available, Rawalpindi is a feasible base.

The Taxila district covers the sites of several cities of great antiquity. One of these cities was a flourishing center of life and activity more than forty centuries ago. Another was built by the Greeks. There are remains also of a very early Buddhist civilization. As some of these towns knew a continuous history through two thousand or more years, it is not surprising that archeological excavation work reveals such extraordinary finds. The time has not yet arrived, however, when it can be said incontrovertibly that these hoary acres are a treasure ground not to be missed by the average traveler. The opportunity will appeal only to those of antiquarian inclination. If you have seen the Græco-Buddhist sculptures at the Lahore Museum, it is extremely unlikely that you will wish to devote any days to Taxila.

When you reach Peshawar you will have come almost, but not quite, to the outermost rim of British India. There are a few more miles of flat, dusty plain and then the bleak border hills rise sharply. That nearly indistinguishable cleft is the beginning of the Khyber, the gateway to the hill country of the "Tribes"—the Mahsuds, Mohmands, Swatis, Bajwaris, Waziris, and Afridis, fierce fighting men all of them, suckled in the tradition of fiendish courage and a ruthless lust for slaughter, pillage, and rapine. At least, such is the common opinion held by India's millions of their hill neighbors; and the plainsfolk have had substantial reasons for accumulating this judgment in the past two or three thousand years.

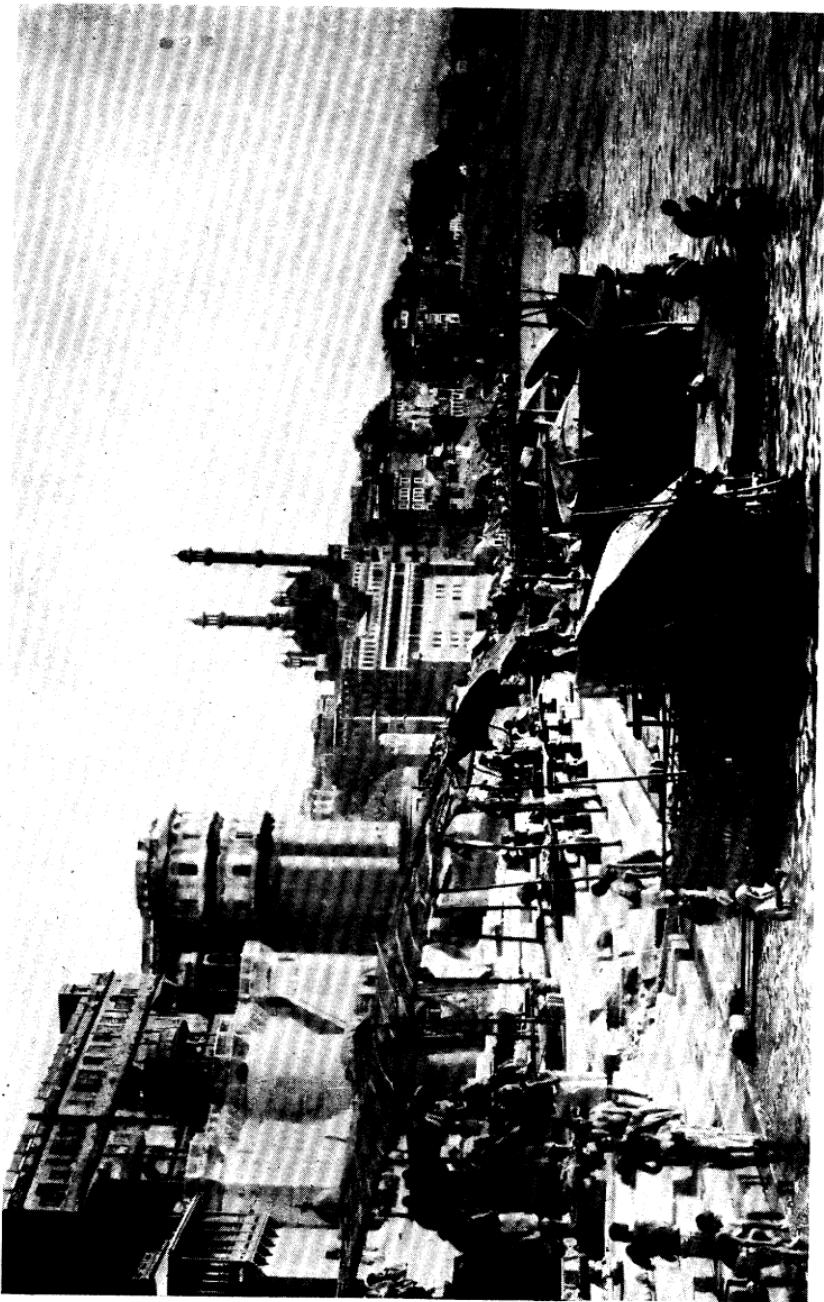
Be sure to telegraph in ample time to the hotel at Peshawar, as its limited capacity is always strained. The overflow is taken care of under canvas. The tents are as comfortable as one can expect of tents, but under the midday sun they become ovens, and at night a dozen blankets are as nothing. Even if a tent must be your fate, life in the compound does have its interesting features. It is certainly "different." For one thing, throughout the night you are guarded by bearded Pathans, watchmen of about as untamed a mien as you have ever laid eyes upon. Their costume is eminently typical, and the long, antique muskets which they carry might well be museum pieces.

While the overwhelming reason for going to remote Peshawar is to see the Khyber and its caravans, nevertheless



Napalese of Darjeeling in the Foothills of the Himalayas

Most Holy Benares, the Sacred City of Brahmin India



the bazars of the native town are distinctly worth while on their own account. For a connoisseur of rugs they are a paradise. Here at Peshawar are unloaded from the caravans bales from the looms of Central Asian villages unknown to the white man's maps. You have a marvelous first choice.

Now that a railway has been built through the Pass, a little of the wild romance of the picture has inevitably seeped away. But not all, by any means. A quarter of a century ago the visitor got up before daybreak and drove in an *ekka* to a point short of the Ali Masjid Fort and then tramped the rest of the way in the company of an Afridi guard, members of the spectacularly famous corps, the Khyber Rifles. Later came the motor car, which meant that with an early start one could drive as far as Landi Kotal, see the incoming and the outgoing caravans and be back in Peshawar in time for tiffin. To-day one rumbles along in a train over this ancient highway—ancient, indeed, when the troops of those fierce conquerors, Mahmud of Ghazni, Timur, and Baber, each in turn poured through its defiles to sack Hind. Ancient, even, when its thirsty, yellow hills saw Alexander the Great and his Greeks.

When, in the year 1919, it was announced by the British Government that a railway was to be built through the Khyber, many a head that had grown both gray and wise in the Indian service shook dubiously. It was remembered that the same announcement had been made back in 1879, and again in 1898. On these occasions the Tribes had said No, in the forceful way which is theirs. But in 1919 a unique plan was evolved. Instead of trying to build a railway and having to protect it against the hillsmen, the astute procedure was to engage the Afridis and the Shinwaris of the Pass themselves to build it, with their chiefs supposedly having the entire direction. This meant that the construction took several more years than its miles warranted and cost many millions more of *rupees* than if the contracts had been let in the usual way. But sufficient is the miracle that it was built at all. You must not imagine that the peace which reigns is of a normal, or familiar, variety which would be recognized as peace elsewhere in the world. Sniping has not gone out of fashion as a popular pastime, nor guerilla raids. The train crews, in fact, are paid a munificent

bonus to requite them for the chances they must take; and every station building is a fort.

Just what effect the railway will eventually have in determining the end of the caravan route is impossible to say. Perhaps when it is completed through to Kabul, Afghanistan's capital, the railway will then practically supplant the caravans. But this is rather to be doubted. The railway between Peshawar and Lahore after half a century has not entirely eliminated the caravans.

Following the Afridi War of 1897, the British entered into an agreement with the tribesmen of the Pass whereby they were paid a subsidy to keep the peace on Fridays and Tuesdays; that is, to allow the caravans to journey by unmolested. Often, however, there were periods when the Pass was closed. Friday still remains the great caravan day; and, unless there is some change, you should plan your schedule so as to be at Peshawar on that day, arriving on Thursday early enough to make all necessary arrangements. The incoming caravan from Afghanistan spends Thursday night at the huge caravansary just beyond Ali Masjid. This caravan gets started very early on Friday morning and reaches Peshawar about the *sahib's* breakfast time. It is the more picturesque caravan of the two; but if you miss it, you can catch up with the outgoing caravan by starting from Peshawar by motor as late as nine, or even ten, o'clock.

It is impossible to believe that a person lives who can see one of these camel caravans from Central Asia winding its way through the grim defiles of the Khyber and who can escape surrender to a primordial thrill of excitement. The veneer with which civilization has covered us has not become so thick that our deep-down racial memory does not remind us that our own ancestors were kin to these fierce-eyed, untamed peoples. Whether or no their daily lives are as wildly adventurous as their appearance is spectacular, I do not know; but the bearded men and the veiled women could not look more romantic if they tried. Even the camels and the asses, with their fantastic, silver studded, turquoise set trappings and their beautiful Bokhara saddle-bags, take their place in this match-

less picture as if with a romantic appreciation of their importance in its composition.

After reaching Peshawar and the Khyber, you must turn around and return to Delhi; that is, unless you are planning to visit Kashmir. In that case you break the journey at Rawalpindi. There the motor road starts to Srinagar. This motor trip takes two days in and two days out. While the road follows the rocky gorge of the Jhelum and is not indeed monotonous, it is not particularly worth while in itself. In fact, the getting in and getting out of Kashmir is not an important part of the charm of the visit; nor are its charms to be discovered in a hurried call. Unless you can give the city at least ten days or two weeks, it is more than likely that you will be disappointed.

The Vale of Kashmir

Once upon a time there lived a professor of geography who had doubts as to the truth of the current text-books regarding the Highlands of Central Asia. He decided to journey there himself; and he forthwith departed to that remote corner of the world carrying thermometers, barometers, hygrometers, note-books, and other technical equipment. Of course, he wrote a book when he returned. This was long years ago, but I have never forgot the pages on Kashmir.

To gain his ultimate destination, he had to pass through the Valley. He had heard of its incredible charms, but he was a scientific doubter about charms as well as about inches of rainfall. He cast his eye on the famous scenery. Could it possibly merit the singular praise which singers and artists had bestowed? He called attention to the disillusioning fact that the West's notions about Kashmir have been largely gained from Tom Moore's *Lalla Rookh*—but that that poet had never been anywhere near The Happy Vale. In fact he proved that to literature and art Kashmir has served as a remote (and consequently poetical) spot about which imaginary allusions could be made with no fear of contradiction. By this time, in my reading of the book, I was prepared for a complete exposure of Kashmir and all its works. Then came the climax. This

sturdy doubter declared, in effect, that every poetic pæan, which has extolled the charms of Kashmir, is literally true, whether conceived in imagination or observation. Tom Moore is a reliable guide, and never more so than in his highest flights of fancy. There can be no illusions, because neither poets nor travelers have told the half!

Truly, the loveliness of the Vale is almost unbelievable. I have lived in Kashmir through every season of the year except the depth of winter. (There is a real winter, you must know, with snow and ice.) Days may come in the early spring when an interminable rain persists and, if you are a new arrival, your faith in any resplendence may suffer grievous doubts. But when the sun does come out, and the snow peaks stand clear against the blue sky, and the countryside is a vast carpet of wildflowers, doubts vanish as if they had never existed. The longer I lingered in this enchanted paradise, the more wonderful did its prospects seem.

Do not be led by this eulogy into believing that the rose carries no thorns. The inhabitants of the valley often fail to impress visitors as possessing the characteristics a residence in paradise might be supposed to engender. For centuries the Kashmiri were the victims of incredible tyranny at the hands of Pathan and other alien conquerors. They lived so long under abject conditions that they acquired a good many of the slavish traits which such conditions breed. It may not be denied that many of them are excellent and unmitigated liars; nor can it be gainsaid that if cleanliness is next to godliness, the majority of the Kashmiri will not be found crowding the area contiguous to that estate. Other derogatory accusations might be added. But it is really unfair to indite the Kashmiri one and all. As a matter of fact these people have their own merits, which you will discover upon acquaintanceship.

I was told that the year of my visit was an unusually fortunate one. It was exceptionally dry and cool, and the mosquitoes and other insects existed in only moderate numbers. I can imagine that a reverse state of conditions might lower the level of one's enthusiasm. In other ways this level might also be affected—by the discomfort of one's living conditions, or by the inefficiency of one's servants. We had a new houseboat,

which started clean, and which was kept clean. We had good servants, but above all we had a perfect head boatman. I use the word "perfect" advisedly. He devoted his every moment to insuring our comfort and luxury. He was at all times reliable and was always honest. Every one cannot be equally fortunate; but if a little forethought and pains are taken, many of the troubles which visitors complain of may be minimized.

Perhaps I have too blithely assumed that you know that all visitors to Kashmir live on houseboats. There is one hotel at Srinagar (open through the year) and there is also a hotel at Gulmarg, high up in the hills, which is only open in midsummer. There are no other hotels. When July comes there is a considerable exodus of the foreign population to Gulmarg, or to other rendezvous in the hills; but during the spring and autumn the foreign population lives on hundreds of house-boats. In Srinagar itself, the capital and chief city, the anchorage spots are bespoke for permanent occupancy by application to the proper bureau. Elsewhere, throughout the valley, the rivers, canals, and lakes are at your service rent free and without formality. When you find an agreeable spot, you stay there as long as you wish; or you may go on cruises. In moving about, your boat is poled, or towed, by a crew of coolies available at ridiculous wages. The original boats which the pioneer visitors discovered and fitted out were native *dungas*. The present type of houseboat is an affair of many luxuries and conveniences.

Kashmir has no railroads. Formerly there were several roads which led from various places on the North Indian frontier to Srinagar, and they were all bad. The journey required many days of rough traveling. The Maharaja has now built a motor highway between Rawalpindi and his capital, and you may easily travel its one hundred and ninety-seven miles in two short days.

Spring and summer are Kashmir's most hospitable months—the very seasons when the plains of India are unbearable. In all the East there is no other retreat which can offer such a program of things to do for the strenuous, or such opportunity for indolent days for those so inclined.

So many boats have recently been built that it is hardly

necessary to engage your craft in advance. The chief advantage in placing an order before arrival is that your boat will be ready and waiting for immediate occupancy. There are several agencies which arrange for boats in advance and also engage servants. One of the best known is "Cockburn's Agency, Srinagar." This firm will mail you blue prints of a choice of boats, together with information about the charges.

We chose a boat of maximum size as there were four of us. The carpenters were driving the last nails on the day of our arrival, and the christening ceremonies were turned over to us. This boat had at its bow an entrance hall; then—in sequence—a living-room, dining-room, pantry, and three bedrooms, each with a bath. The living-room was about twelve by twenty feet, and the bedrooms averaged about eight by twelve feet. Each room had an open fireplace. The place of supreme luxury was the top deck. This vantage spot was shaded by awnings and was fitted out with a half dozen comfortable wicker chairs. Our servants lived on the "cook-boat," a craft included in the rental. When meal time came the cook-boat drew alongside and the waiter hopped back and forth with his trays.

If you have not engaged your boat in advance, you will find the hotel at Srinagar a comfortable and friendly place while you are looking about.

During the first two weeks of May there is a rush from India to Kashmir, and during the last week of September there is a rush back again. During these days it is difficult to secure a motor for the trip upon immediate demand. For the remainder of the season there are plenty of cars for hire. The price for the motor trip between Rawalpindi and Srinagar is fixed by the bureau of the police, an office known as the Motamid Darbar. This office also fixes the houseboat rentals, and in many other ways exerts a benevolent despotism to protect visitors from extortion, and also to see that visitors pay their just debts to the natives. The houseboats are divided into groups. The cheapest boats are the *dungas*, which have matting walls. They are leased at eighty *rupees* a month. The largest and most elaborate boats are leased at one hundred and sixty *rupees* a month. The cook-boat, as I said, is included,

and also there is furnished a large, flat-bottomed boat, called a *shikara*, a sort of canoe. The wages and service of the head boatman and one assistant are included in the rental. The cook and a waiter and a water carrier and a sweeper are engaged by the occupant. We had five servants to whom we paid wages and gave food allowance. This amount came to less than one hundred *rupees* a month. Our own mess expense was about one hundred *rupees* a month per person. Thus, our total expense per month, per person, came to about twelve pounds, or fifty-five dollars gold.

The motor road to Kashmir from Rawalpindi follows the narrow gorge of the Jhelum River. You are more or less shut in by the narrow rocky walls, and in consequence the trip is scenically uninteresting. Also, when you suddenly emerge upon the plain of the Vale itself you are more than likely to be disappointed in this first impression. True, if the day is clear, you may see the snows of holy Nanga Parbat rising to a height of almost twenty-seven thousand feet, and you could ask for no greater nor more thrilling view. But few days in early spring are thus bright.

Kashmir does not unfold its charms abruptly, and this particular stretch of landscape lying between Baramulla and Srinagar—your first introduction—is the least interesting part of all the valley. It also should be said that the river front in Srinagar, where the boats must lie until engaged, is an unpossessing mud bank. However, you will arrive in midafternoon, and if you step immediately aboard your craft your capitulation will soon follow, when you start exploring amid the canals to find some anchorage spot which pleases the *sahib's* eye. In the meantime the *khitmatgar* has brought on deck a huge tea tray, and as you survey the passing landscape you munch delicious hot muffins.

Those who have come to Kashmir for the social whirl often tie up their boats for the entire spring season in one of the canals near the Club. The Club provides polo, tennis, golf, whist, drives, river fêtes, tea parties, dances, masquerades—all the diversions which the vacation days of the military and civil officers and their wives and daughters demand. When July comes there is the exodus to Gulmarg (a spot in the hills some

eight thousand feet in altitude), and the same round of social doings is taken up again at the hotel and cottages there. This is all very well for those to whom Kashmir means a vacation. But it is hardly necessary to journey half around the world to discover Kashmir for the sake of its social season. Do not, if you wish to know Kashmir's loveliness, be persuaded to linger in Srinagar beyond the two or three days which you will need for utilitarian shopping and orientation. As a matter of fact, wherever you go in your boat, you will never be far distant from the capital. Do not be impatient to explore the city's mysteries and strange corners. They can wait. Above all do not be in a hurry to buy out the first shops you discover. There are many beautiful things to be purchased in Kashmir, but impetuous buying will not show you the best. What you should be impatient about is to explore Dal Lake and to pick out an anchorage spot there. An excellent plan is first to visit the lake in your *shikara*, taking a picnic lunch basket. You can then select an anchorage spot and return for your houseboat.

I am not going to tell you in detail the fascinations of Dal Lake. You will discover these for yourself. There is an infinite choice of anchorage spots. Many boats go to Nazim Bagh, in the Upper Lake, a lovely place shaded by beautiful great chenars. But my advice is to spend the first week in the Lower Lake. You are then within easy *shikara* distance of both Srinagar and the Upper Lake. Tie up under the shadow of the hill called Takht-i-Sulaiman. This is one mountain you really must climb. Its rise is only about a thousand feet above the lake, but it commands a widespread view of the valley, at once idyllic and magnificent. At the summit there is also the reward of finding an ancient stone temple. What people built it and when remains a mystery.

What does one do for a week, or two weeks, or for a season? There are temperaments which might declare, "I will be bored and nothing will save me." For them Kashmir is not compulsory. I cannot myself understand how any one could successfully combat the thrill which comes from being alive amid such beauty. If you wish to ride, there are horses to be had for almost nothing a day. (True, they are not very won-

derful mounts, but they could be far worse.) The country is a network of picturesque canals to be discovered by *shikara* trips. These boats, equipped with gay awnings, filled with rugs and pillows, and driven by the heart-shaped paddles of lusty boatmen, are almost as romantic as the gondolas of Venice. Of these waterways, the Mar canal is a paradise for painters and photographers. (In the summer, however, it becomes exceedingly smelly.) Srinagar's Main Street is the Jhelum River itself. The principal native shops are near the Third Bridge, and this is possibly the most interesting quarter of all. But from the First Bridge all of the way to the Sixth the river scene is an unforgettable panorama of the picturesque, and by moonlight this river scene is sheer magic. The balconied houses are then wrapped in mysterious shadows. There is no more poetically romantic picture in the wide world than Srinagar by moonlight.

But the capital and its immediate countryside (meaning Dal Lake) is not all of Kashmir. You can explore the entire valley of the Jhelum by houseboat. Toward Islamabad from Srinagar you pass the ancient temples of Payor and Ivantipur. If you are there in June you will find a fair being held at Bijbehara to which come not only dense throngs of Kashmiri but many visitors from Ladakh and even Tibet. Near Islamabad are the noble ruins of Martand, a vast and ancient temple of a forgotten faith. Also, near Islamabad, is a pleasure park called Achibal which was built by the Moghul Emperor Jehangir for the delectation of the beauties of his harem.

For July and August there is the comfortable hotel in the high hills at Gulmarg; but if you are athirst for less conventional adventures, tell your headman that you wish to go camping among the peaks and glaciers of Sonamarg. Your houseboat then takes you up the Sind River as far as Ganderbal, a small village. The waters of the Sind are icy cold and have an appreciable effect on the temperature of the air. It is thus quite comfortable to pass July and August in your boat near Ganderbal, if you wish. From Ganderbal starts the trail for Central Asia. This trail is so ancient that there is no computing its age. It winds its way through mysterious Ladakh, climbing higher and higher until it leads into Tibet

itself and on to Lhasa. This is the trail you follow to Sonamarg, or beyond. You may go on a week's trip, which will take you as far as the first glaciers and the sunny meadow of Sonamarg, or in a round trip of a month, you may visit the strange city of Leh. But do not think that this camping experience will resemble anything you have ever known before. Your headman engages a mighty caravan of ponies and coolies. The *sahib*, when he goes camping in India or Kashmir, carries tents, dining-tables, easy-chairs, bedsteads, bathtubs—everything. And he has no cares, no worries, no responsibilities—and very little expense.

If you do only the things which I have mentioned you will find that the entire summer has passed by. As a matter of fact, it is hardly worth while to go to Kashmir unless you have at least three weeks or a month. In a visit of three weeks you can learn the beauties of Dal Lake; you can explore the canals of Srinagar; and you can take the river trip to Islamabad. To attempt to hurry over this ground in less time would require diligent and arduous effort. In Kashmir diligence is an anachronism too garish to contemplate.

Between Delhi and Bombay

(Alwar, Jaipur, Ajmer, Chitorgarh, Udaipur, Mount Abu, Ahmedabad, and Baroda)

In the year 1579, Akbar, the Great Moghul, despatched an envoy to the Viceroy at Goa, a Portuguese settlement on the Indian west coast, with the request that instructors, able to expound the Christian faith, be sent to his court.

The Viceroy, in no great hurry, at length did respond and sent three zealous, but rather bigoted, Fathers. If these instructors had been blessed with a little more of the spirit of tolerance, or at least had not been so arrogant, it is not inconceivable that Akbar might have proclaimed Christianity the official faith of the Moghul Empire. But this is, nevertheless, improbable. For one thing, Akbar had many wives. They were highly apprehensive about a faith which would have declared them living in a state of sin.

While the whole story of this mission's visit to Akbar's capital makes absorbing reading, the point of application to this chapter is that it took the Portuguese Fathers over six weeks of steady traveling to reach Fatehpur-Sikri after they had arrived at the Moghul frontier, a little to the north of present-day Bombay. The Fathers were met by an armed guard and it may be taken for granted that the transportation provided was the speediest available. Ordinary travelers were pleased to accomplish this distance, with its hazards, in three months.

To-day the express trains between Delhi and Bombay take about thirty-seven hours. For the extra-impatient traveler there is an extra fare mail train which clips a few hours from these thirty-seven. There have also been a few other changes since 1579. There are foreign hotels along the way, serving European food and providing tin bathtubs. There are motor taxis at the stations. Electric punkahs cool the air over one's bed and dining-table, and chilled bottles of soda water are available to cut one's thirst.

Perhaps you are thinking, somewhat wistfully, that these changes must have destroyed all of the "color" which the Fathers from Goa discovered. The real truth is that these modern comforts are "salted" across the landscape at those points only where the European is expected. If you forsake the thin line of the railway and penetrate into the hinterland, you will find the clock turned abruptly back to as medieval a state of conditions as if the three centuries since the days of Akbar had had no existence.

But there is little or no opportunity for the traveler to penetrate this hinterland unless he outfits a self-contained expedition. In Japan, and even in China, the native inns have no prejudice about receiving foreigners. In India, a foreigner would "pollute" a Hindu inn. He will find no admission. Mohammedan caravansaries might receive him, but the usual traveler would hardly find their hospitality something to be recommended. If I should devote any pages to the truly out-of-the-way places—such as Jaisalmer, which is to be reached from Jodhpur by camel trail—they would not be of practical profit to one traveler in ten thousand. On the other hand, there is small need to fall out of content with things as they are.

In an extraordinary way the railways have made accessible not only the places of commercial importance but those which are of greatest interest to the traveler. The railroads have followed the ancient highways, the great "trunk roads," which have threaded the land for untold centuries.

Between Delhi and Bombay there are four possible railway routes, any one of which is replete with fascinating destinations of pilgrimage. But most travelers are faced with making a choice. Happily there is one particular route which is unquestionably far more rewarding than the others. It includes the cities named at the head of this section, and they are indeed a full feast of diverse beauty and interest.

Alwar

At Alwar is one of the most beautiful lakes of all India. This tank, known as the "Sagar," is surrounded by marble palaces. In one of these palaces is the famous library which numbers among its possessions several priceless illuminated manuscripts. There are other palaces in the city and there is the Fort, but discrimination counsels that the beauty of the lake is so supreme that to dilute its memory with other (and mediocre) impressions is folly. You will have time to stop over at Alwar, if you take the early morning train from Delhi, and continue on to Jaipur that same evening. If you do not plan to visit Alwar, it is just as well to take the night train from Delhi to Jaipur. The daylight ride of ten hours becomes distinctly tedious.

Jaipur, the Pink City

Whether or not your itinerary includes visiting Kabul and Lhasa and climbing Mount Everest, you must visit Jaipur. I warn you that the "world" will never grant that you have seen the East unless you have beheld the pink walls of Jaipur town. You may agree with me that this city is strangely overrated; you may be enthusiastic. To me its sights smack of staginess, and the place has an atmosphere of too conscious rectitude. No doubt, it is progressive. It has admirable hospitals and pub-

lic buildings, and has broad streets which are laid out in straight lines and are kept neatly swept. For these, and other reasons, Jaipur has been designated "preeminently the tourist city of India." And, "in Jaipur the traveler realizes the India of his dreams." I hope that you will discover the charm which has eluded me, but which has so impressed others. But I always make an exception about Jaipur's tigers.

To see *bona fide* tigers (without having to go into the jungle to find them) Jaipur is the ideal place. Not far from the Tripolia Gate are a number of cages belonging to His Highness, the Maharajah. Here you will find magnificent cats, all recently trapped. You are likely to come upon a furious animal brought in that very morning. I assure you that you have never seen such ferocity and blazing anger. The beasts hurl themselves against the bars with such roars of rage and blood lust that one knows vicariously the utter terror of their victims. The Maharajah, when pleased by a meritorious action on the part of one of his subjects or to show honor to some distinguished visitor, often displays his august favor by making a present of one of these beasts. It is *lèse majesté* not to be grateful and not to take one's gift to one's bosom (figuratively) and to depart with it (literally). It is wise to exert exceeding caution in Jaipur to commit no meritorious action, and not to be thought of as a distinguished guest.

Not far from these tiger cages is the royal palace. (Some travelers may reverse this order of introduction.) Its Hall of Winds is one of the most photographed buildings in India, and it is distinctly a fantastical curiosity. Major Newell's guide-book speaks of its "airy fairy façade," which is a description quite suitable. The visitor's pass does not admit him inside of this particular building, but a large part of the palace is open to inspection. Much of it is gaudy; part of it is really fine. The courtyard surrounding the Hall of Audience is usually crowded with a lively and picturesque throng of palace retainers. Within the palace grounds is one of the several astronomical observatories built by the indefatigable Jai Singh. (There is one at Benares, and one at Delhi, and there are others also, but this one at Jaipur is the largest and most complete.) The huge stone instruments (the "pin" to the sundial stands

ninety feet high!) deserve more encomium than to dismiss them as fantastic; but utterly fantastic they are, in addition to being scientifically interesting. Scattered about the gardens they resemble a cubistic landscape painting.

After a visit to these palace buildings, courts, and the royal stables, it is conventional procedure to pay a visit to the Maharajah's crocodiles. This is a side-show which would have delighted P. T. Barnum. You must follow an interminable path through the gardens to a slimy swamp. Here the crocodiles repose. You are then taken in charge by a native who supplies a cube of red meat. You walk out upon a rickety wooden balcony overhanging the swamp (its palpable insecurity, whether so intended or not, is one of the thrills) and watch the guide tie the meat to a rope end. Other natives howl lustily and beat the water. After a long time one of the overfed crocodiles *may* be tempted to rise for the bait; but the alacrity of these gorged reptiles to show off their reputed "ravenous and savage hunger" reminds one of a schoolboy hurrying to receive a caning.

The bazars of Jaipur are decidedly worth your attention. I imagine that if one were a resident here, exceedingly unusual curios would turn up. As it is, the transient visitor is taken in tow by his none too guileless servant and the driver of his carriage, and he visits shops thoroughly accustomed to receiving Europeans. But these places are none the less alluring. For modern brass, Jaipur excels. And if you wish something utterly barbaric in silk, go to the bazars where they sell the "tied and dyed" scarfs.

On the late afternoon of the same day upon which you visit the town and the palace you can take the drive to the Galta Gorge. Sunset is supposed to be the best hour. It is not a matter of much importance if you miss doing so. Nor need you have many regrets if you fail to see the Jaipur Museum.

The excursion to ancient Amber takes at least four hours, a drive of seven miles. By starting early in the morning it is possible to return to Jaipur in time to visit the town of Sanganer in the afternoon, seven miles in the opposite direction. Except for the indefatigable, this is rather overloading the day. The visit to Amber is the climax of the Jaipur adventure.

The road to Amber leads past ruined mansions and tombs (of an early date) throughout most of its distance. The view of the deserted city comes suddenly, and it makes you rub your eyes in incredulity. From the point of this first view the carriage road drops down into the valley to the foot of the rock, against which Amber is so proudly built. It stops at a compound where you find a docile elephant of many years and presumably much wisdom. He eyes you thoughtfully for a while and then sinks to his knees for you to climb aboard. When you are comfortably seated (you may deny the "comfort") he starts his lurching stride up the ancient elephant trail, to the deserted city, which he and his forebears have followed for nine centuries. You dismount at the foot of the flight of stairs leading to the palace terraces. But before you start their ascent you should give a moment's attention to the temple nearby. It is dedicated to the goddess Kali, she of fearsome rites and sacrifices. If you arrive too early (the "too" is intentional) in the morning you will come upon the priests slaughtering a goat. The goat is in lieu of a once-upon-a-time (and not so very long ago) human sacrifice. The priests impress one as highly regretting the present-day substitution. They are true sons of Kali, those Amber Brahmins.

As soon as you present your pass you will be taken in tow by a guide, whether you wish guiding or not. He is a policeman sent along to see that you do not take photographs, but a couple of eight *anna* pieces will blind his eyes. With his services you need no further guidance for the actual details; but if you wish a description of these palace terraces under moonlight (the famous Moonlight Durbar) you should read Loti's imaginative reconstruction of the scene. Loti has remarkably succeeded—quite magically succeeded—in making his word picture recreate for the reader an ambient illusion of the pageantry and pomp which long ago so arrogantly functioned on this marble roof.

When you drive to Sanganer do not expect a second Amber. Nevertheless Sanganer is a picturesque old town with some fine gates, and there is a Jain temple, as well, with some very good carved marble work.

Ajmer and Holy Lake Pushkar

A map would never show you that virtually a whole day is spoiled in traveling from Jaipur to Ajmer. But such is the case, unless the railway has changed its schedules.

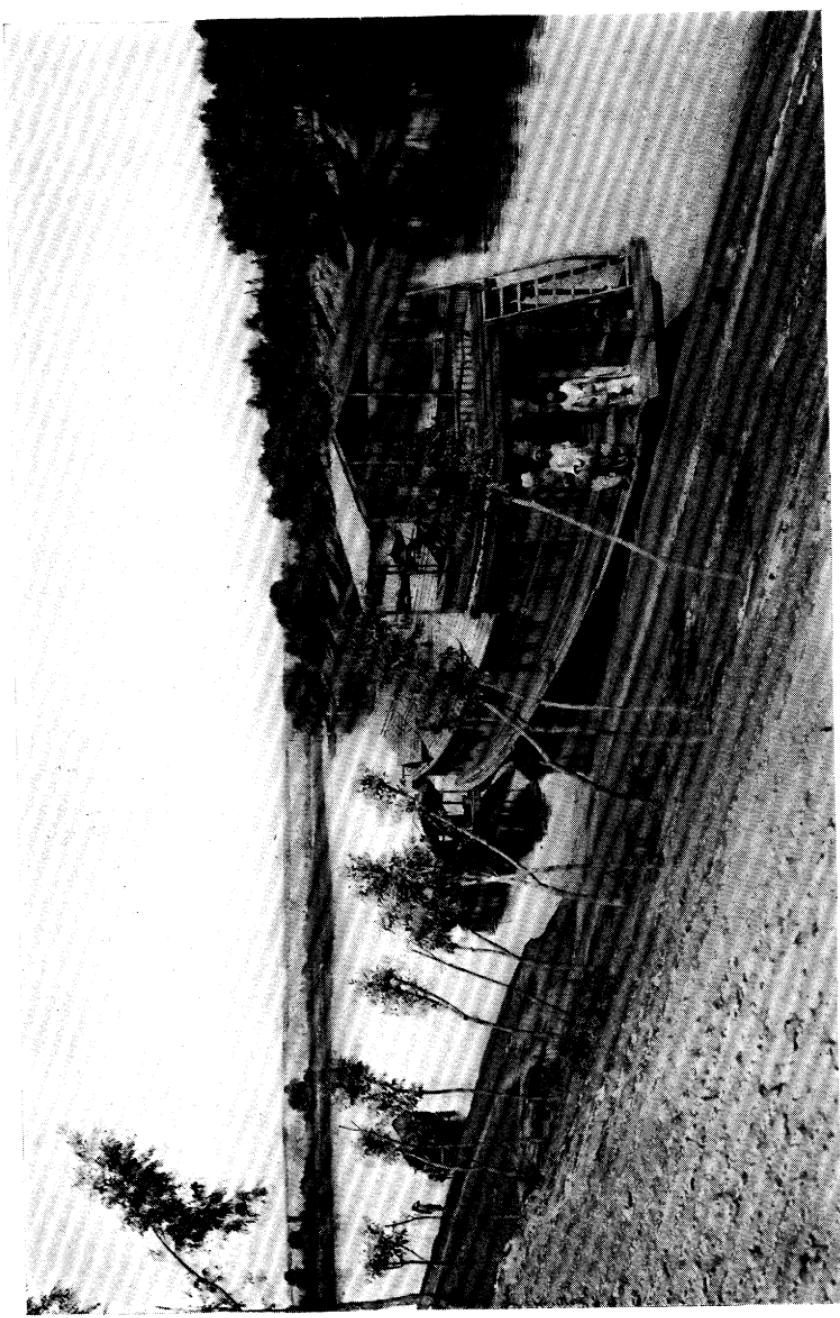
There is a dak bungalow at Ajmer and also a small hotel. But the sleeping rooms in the railway station are much to be preferred to either of these, and meals may be taken in the station restaurant. (Telegraph ahead to the Station Master for reservations.)

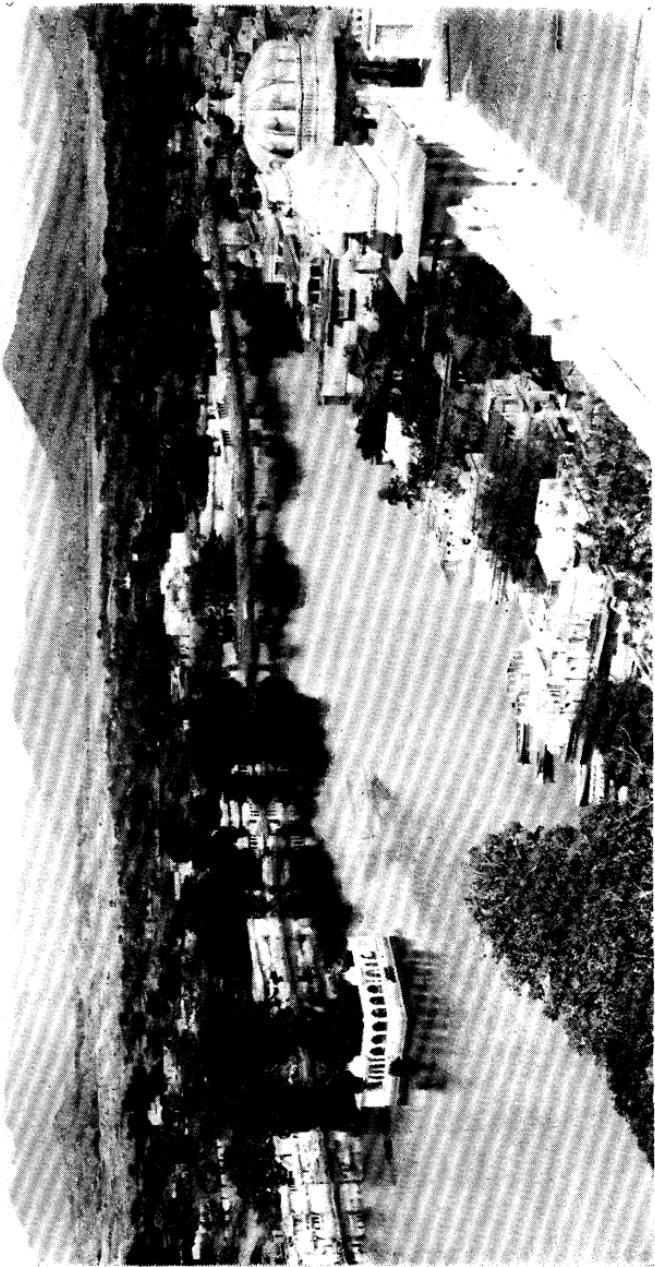
I suppose that few travelers spend more than one day at Ajmer, but I have been there for a few days at a time on several occasions and have never had a dull hour. The sightseeing round may be accomplished within one set of daylight hours, but there seems to be always something extra happening in this town—gorgeous wedding processions, ceremonies, demonstrations, and every sort of religious festival, both Mohammedan and Hindu.

On the day of your arrival make careful inquiry at the Dargah (the famous temple sacred to *both* Hindus and Mohammedans) whether there is to be the ceremony of “looting the deg” on the following morning. To witness this curious custom necessitates arising at half past five in the morning to reach the temple on time; but it is worth almost any effort or inconvenience. Two massive cauldrons are filled with a mixture of rice, butter, nuts and raisins, and spice. When the dish is ready to be served and is being ladled out to the banqueters—families allowed by hereditary inheritance to subsist upon the bounties of the shrine—you behold a sight uniquely astonishing. I once happened upon a particularly elaborate feast given by a wealthy merchant from Bombay. It was his hope that this lavish charity might bring him a son and heir. It was said that he spent a hundred thousand *rupees* on this feast. But “looting the deg” (on a milder scale) is quite likely to be gone through with any morning. If you cross the palm of one of the responsible temple attendants, he will lead you to a balcony immediately above the ceremony where you have an excellent view and avoid any chance of being scalded during the rush.

Ajmer was held in such repute by the Emperor Akbar that

A House Boat on the Jhelum, Kashmir





The Dream City of Udaipur

he used to make an annual pilgrimage there on foot from his capital. Shah Jehan built himself marble pavilions on Lake Ana Sagar. But Ajmer is not alone holy to the Mohammedan world. Not far from the city is Pushkar, the most sacred lake in all India to the Hindus.

A nearly unbelievable fact concerning this city is that it contains close to a hundred thousand inhabitants. You cannot imagine where they put them. A few minutes' walk will take you to any place within the city walls. If you have but one day, you can walk about the town in the morning, being sure to visit the above mentioned Dargah. The guide-book calls it "a most picturesque place." This is in no way an overstatement. Not far from the Dargah (immediately outside the city gate of that quarter) is a long flight of steps leading to the ruins of the mosque known as Arhai-din-ka-jhonpra. It greatly resembles the famous mosque at the Kutb Minar, near Delhi. This Ajmer mosque has in front of it a huge carved stone screen, one of the marvels of Mohammedan art in India. If you have made an early start, you will still have time before luncheon to drive to Shah Jehan's marble pavilions on Ana Sagar. I might say that by a judicious use of *bakshish* you can persuade the cook at the station restaurant to put up a picnic basket. These marble pavilions on the embankment of Ana Sagar offer a perfect setting for an *al fresco* luncheon. Your *tonga* can then follow the road around the wall from here until it strikes the highway to Lake Pushkar. This highway is said to be only seven miles in length, but it lies deep in dust and seems seven leagues. Pushkar amply repays all the dust you will swallow and all the jouncing you will endure. This lake has been a sacred spot of pilgrimage for at least twenty centuries. Tradition says that the ancient temples, which the fanatical Aurengzeb destroyed, were of great beauty. But the buildings which have gradually grown up again, paid for through the gifts of ecstatic pilgrims, offer a harmonious grouping. There is an atmosphere of serene peace and devout meditation. The holy men and fakirs, oblivious of your presence, walk down the stone steps to the sacred waters and with their fingers raise the holy drops to their forehead and to their breasts. That they can remain calmly oblivious of you and the world in general

is understandable, but how they can remain oblivious to the numerous crocodiles in the lake is quite another matter.

The principal street which lies not far back from the lake has a picturesque quality quite its own. Here you will find native orchestras drawing forth cacophony from beautiful instruments. And there are professional story-tellers and magicians and snake-charmers. But it is not a Coney Island nor a Luna Park. It is an Oriental street scene, a little more Oriental than usual. Many of the houses have windows of exquisite stone tracery work and balconies of great beauty.

There is a night train from Ajmer to Chitorgarh which arrives early in the morning. You can spend the day at the Chitor Fort and then take the late afternoon train to Udaipur. If there are four or more in your party, the Station Master at Ajmer will often supply a special car for the trip. Your "special" is dropped off the train at Chitorgarh station, and you can get up at your leisure. Before leaving Ajmer telegraph to the Chitor dak bungalow giving all information as to how many are in the party and when you will arrive. Include as well that you wish breakfast to be ready, and to have a conveyance waiting to take you to the Fort immediately after breakfast. The *khansama* of the dak bungalow will also pack a tiffin basket to take with you.

There is supposed to be an elephant available on whose back travelers may make the three mile trip to the Fort. This creature may exist, but personally I believe he is mythical. You may be so fortunate as to conjure up his presence, but I hazard that you will have to depend upon a bullock-cart. This picturesque (but springless) vehicle will take you back and forth at its own pace, and you will become an authority on bullock-cart jaunting before the day is over.

"At last, after half an hour's climb, the main gate, the Ram Pol, was gained, and the Englishman passed into the City of Chitor and—then and there formed a resolution, since broken, not to write one word about it for fear that he should be set down as a babbling and gushing enthusiast."

The "Englishman" was Rudyard Kipling, but neither he nor any man who ever held a pen can bridge for you by words the gulf between reading about Chitor and seeing Chitor. If

you wish to dig more thoroughly into the dynamic history of this Rajput citadel, there is Tod's fascinating *Annals and Antiquities of Rajasthan*.

To reach this fortress of the ancient Rajputs, two miles of flat, dusty plain must be crossed, and then there is the steep climb of another mile to the summit of the mighty rock.

A curse laid upon the fortress decreed that the place should become deserted by man and given over to the beasts. No curse was ever more effectively fulfilled. The deserted towers and palaces became the lair of tigers and leopards; the one-time fountains became slimy pools hidden by jungle grass and marked by the hiss of cobras. Years went by, and then the Archeological Society of India decided to decipher the ancient stone inscriptions which were known to exist within the forbidden walls. Before the savants could become absorbed in reading inscriptions, they had to attend to one of the greatest leopard and tiger hunts ever waged. The cobras were apparently suppressed as well; at least I have never come upon any of them although I have eaten tiffin alongside the pool of the "Cow's Mouth"—a gruesome place which you will well remember if you have read Kipling's *The Naulakha*.

When you arrive at the flat top of the mountain, the immediate impression is that without a guide you are helpless. Such trepidation is soon proved groundless; but guides of a sort do appear, and one of them can be taken along as a pathfinder and to keep his brethren at a distance. The two Jain towers are, of course, world famous, and truly they are gloriously ornate shafts. Bewilderingly marvelous also are the ruined palaces and temples; and you will wish to find the cave where the beautiful Padmini and the Rajput princesses immolated themselves and perished by fire in preference to surrendering themselves to the Mohammedan enemy. Do not, however, complete the circuit of the entire area. If you go only as far as the Durgah Temple, you may be sure there is nothing beyond that is in any way remarkable. There is another palace, but it is mediocre.

The train for Udaipur leaves at half after four in the afternoon, but you should allow a few extra moments for having tea either at the station or the dak bungalow before starting.

You will not reach the hotel at Udaipur before nine. You will be weary from the tramping and the bullock-cart jolting, and it is advisable in the tropics never to be tired and hungry at the same time.

The railway branch from Chitor to Udaipur ends abruptly about three miles from the present-day capital of the Rajputs. This modesty of the railway is an artistic dispensation, although a practical inconvenience. Nothing would be so incongruous as a prosaic railway station in medieval Udaipur. There are towns in Europe whose sticks and stones are inherited from medieval times, but Udaipur *is* ancient India. This city knows as little about the modern world as a convent lass. What is more important, it has no slightest curiosity. Except for a few petty anachronisms—I can imagine that the Lhasans have more—the happy and prosperous Rajputs are oblivious to the inventions and science of the West. There is, of course, a British Resident. The Maharajadhiraja and his Grand Vizier undoubtedly appreciate the significance of the presence of this unostentatious Englishman, but the Residency sagely remains aloof from the everyday lives of the people. As for modern politics, I doubt whether the average Udaipurian has heard of Gandhi and non-cooperation.

When Lord Chelmsford was Viceroy of India, he frequently spoke of "the pathetic masses." And the often heard comment of visitors is, "These people never laugh." The ability to laugh, one may easily suppose, is likely to suffer considerable atrophy after tens of centuries in which famine has been a bosom companion. But the people of Udaipur *do* laugh. They have a different light in their eyes than you will see elsewhere, and a prouder swing to their shoulders as they stride the streets.

Do not think that I am trying to argue that Udaipur's mediævalism has brought about this extraordinary contrast to anything which you will see elsewhere. The secret lies in—*water*. If you come to Udaipur in March or April, all Northern India of the plains lies brown and parched under a pitiless sun. But the high valley in which rests this magically beautiful city of Udaipur is watered from streams which tumble down from the hills. The landscape is green—an almost forgotten color.

Water and green grass, and a proud and laughing people! Udaipur has wealth far exceeding the diamonds of Golconda!

The city (although I have so emphatically called it medieval) is not yet four centuries old, having been founded after the fall of Chitor. It is built upon the shores of Pichola Lake, a truly lovely spot. Its marble palaces, reflected in the waters, are a dream creation, not the handiwork of man.

Just how long you will wish to stay at Udaipur will probably have no coincidence with the time which you can give. As a practical hint about what not to see if your hours must be limited, do not waste any of them by visiting the Slave's Garden, nor by taking the drive around the Fateh Sagar embankment, nor by hunting up the Museum, nor by doing anything so prosaic as going to the Central Jail to see the carpet weaving. You can visit the royal cenotaphs when you are driving to the railway station on the day you leave, so there is no reason to think about them until that time comes. A brief stay precludes any thought of excursions to Eklingji Lake or Kankroli Lake or Jaisamand Lake or of climbing Sujjangar Hill. If your days may be lengthened, you can then pay heed to these excursions.

The Rajput capital has three magnificent jewels for the stranger—its street scenes, its Royal Palace, and Pichola Lake. The hotel manager will attend to all permits, and will arrange very efficiently about boats for the lake. (The state rowboats are at the free disposal of visitors.) A single afternoon on the lake is all too short to include a visit to the islands and to reach Odi Khas, the raja's shooting-box, in time to see the feeding of the wild pigs at sunset. (This unique ceremony is much more interesting than it sounds in type.) The view from the shooting-box at this hour is surpassingly enchanting. At noon-time it is too hot to be on the water. Otherwise it would be ideal to take a tiffin basket and have the entire day on the Lake, and amid the gardens of the marble palaces of the islands.

I have no intention of revealing the secrets of Udaipur's Royal Palace. This would be too much like betraying the plot of a story. Nor could I picture, if I wished, the liveliness of the city's streets.

The straightaway distance from Udaipur to Mount Abu is

less than a hundred miles. Unfortunately there is neither railway nor highway. You must now retrace your route back to Chitor and then to Ajmer; from Ajmer it is two hundred miles by train to Abu Road station. Almost four hundred miles to gain one hundred!

Halfway between Ajmer and Abu Road is Marwar Junction. From this station runs a branch line to Jodhpur. While Jodhpur is obviously *not* an inaccessible place, it nevertheless remains about as lonely (as far as the tourist world is concerned) as if there were no approaches except the ancient camel trails. The chief reasons for this neglect are the inconveniences of the journey and the time consumed. The traveler who has but a few weeks for India must guard his days with fanatical solicitude. However, if you do not have to be so zealous, go to Jodhpur. Its great fortress castle has a frowning insolence and pride of strength which yields not at all in bold picturesqueness to the castles of the Rhine, nor to any other famous strongholds. Jodhpur, however, has no winding river at its base. It looks down upon a burning plain. Each gill of water in the artificial lakes—on whose mercy the people live—is measured and dealt out with miserly ungraciousness.

Within the massive walls of the fort are ancient palaces of a description to satisfy the most exactingly romantic dreams of the mysterious and enigmatical East. Devious and fearsome passageways lead to sequestered inner courts. Piercing the walls are lattice windows of extraordinary beauty. The climax to the picture is the treasury where the visitor may look upon the fabulous jewels of His Highness, The Maharaja.

Under the fort lie the bazars of the city. These, and the city's streets, urge unlimited wandering. Within a short carriage drive is the miniature walled town of Mahamandir. Its deserted palace is kept swept and garnished and the golden-canopied bed is nightly laid for—a ghost.

Mount Abu

It is a wise precaution—which you will appreciate better on the spot—to select a train which will arrive at Abu Road station in the morning, or not later than the middle of the day.

The plateau of Mount Abu is three thousand eight hundred feet high, and is reached from Abu Road station by motor car or motor bus. The change in temperature from that of the plains is so abrupt as to be a shock even to the hardy. The difference is still more accentuated if arrival is made after the setting of the sun. The mountain road to the plateau is sixteen miles, with many steep grades and with many sweeping views.

Many visitors plan to give but twenty-four hours to Mount Abu; from noon of one day until noon of the next. While one day is infinitely better than no day at all, Abu does not adapt itself to this schedule. The temples may be visited *only* in the afternoon, and passes must be obtained. Thus, if the train is late in arriving or there is motor car trouble on the road—I have experienced both delays—complete disappointment may attend the short hours of the afternoon. Accordingly, it is far better to plan for two days, and I can assure you that the hours will not hang heavy on your hands. With one afternoon at the Dilwarra Temples and another spent at those of Achildar, the schedule is quite sufficiently full.

The cool, bracing breezes blow away lassitude and revive enthusiasm and keenness. This may have something to do with the fact that no one—not even those travelers who are weary unto death of temples—has ever been heard to complain about being “disappointed” in the Dilwarra Temples. But a cogent reason, as well, for enthusiasm lies in the temples themselves. They are incredibly, unbelievably lavish. But the effect is not from mere fabulous elaboration. The design is to exalt the innermost shrine and to surround it by an aura of mystery and sanctity. This is achieved so amazingly as to be actually mesmeric.

For the mornings at Mount Abu, there are pleasant walks and there is a ricksha ride to be taken around a charming lake. There are also, I believe, many mountain climbs and excursions in the neighborhood which will take from a half day to two or three days. Of these I can say nothing, as I have never followed them.

Ahmedabad

From Abu Road station it is a short half day's railway journey to Ahmedabad. You will probably take the early afternoon train and arrive in the evening. There is an hotel, some distance from the station, but it is small and almost always crowded. The sleeping-rooms at the railway station are on the ground floor and are noisy, but they are comfortable and clean, and are to be preferred.

Murray calls Ahmedabad "this most beautiful city," and declares further "no one should pass this ancient capital." Many tourists, nevertheless, fail to heed the guide-book's advice. While the visitors to Ahmedabad may be few, there is no city in the length and breadth of the land which can raise such controversy over its merits among those who have been there. Apparently a middle ground of opinion has no existence. Some visitors find nothing at all except a noisy, dusty, crowded, and confusing town. The other camp insists that while the first three items of the above indictment are true, confusion comes through the lack of capacity on the part of the observer to rise above superficial distractions, and that Ahmedabad is a place of surpassing beauty.

Almost every one tries to see far too much in a few hours. One impression is overlaid with another. Physical tiredness in the tropics insidiously stirs up a liverish irritability, and appreciation is never to be whipped into enthusiasm when one is tired, hot, dusty, and hurried.

It happens that there are motor cars for hire at the station, as well as *tongas* and carriages. The motors are decrepit but the horses barely possess the breath of life. Thus, it is better to put your faith in a Ford. And only by a motor car are the long distances to be covered satisfactorily.

Mohammedanism, throughout much of its history, has opposed itself with fanatical determination and ascetic bigotry against "belief in the beautiful." But every once in a while this suppression and dead conservatism have surrendered to an era of passionate and creative yearning for art. Ahmedabad was built in just such a period. This desire expressed itself not alone in the building of mosques, palaces, and tombs. The

touch of genius was universal; even the utilitarian objects employed in the daily life of the people had lavished upon them ardent craftsmanship.

The effect was to make the city beautiful as a whole and beautiful in its component parts. For this reason it is not particularly important just where the visitor wanders. In fact, some of the more monumental places, such as the Jami Masjid, are not so illustrative of the permeating charm of Ahmedabad as the lesser places. Every one does go to the Jami Masjid, and to the Rani Sipri Mosque, and to the tomb of Ahmad Shah and to the tombs of his queens. But whatever you do (or do not do) do not fail to visit Sidi Saiyad's Mosque. You will find there two tracery windows of perfect beauty.

With a motor car at your disposal you need not confine your visit to the city streets alone. Outside the Delhi gate is the Hathi Singh Temple. This Jain building is of white marble and is not alone interesting for its intrinsic merits. It is highly interesting to know that it was built less than a century ago. For Asia, this is ultramodernity. Usually it is rare to find anything modern which one does not instinctively shun—not from bigotry but through experience.

At some time during the day when the opportunity is most feasible, tell your driver to take the road to Kankariya Lake and the Tomb of Shah Alam at Batwa. On this drive you will pass a grove which a colony of gray apes has declared to be theirs. If you stop to feed them, you will find them most dignified, and possessed of polished drawing-room manners.

Despite all good intentions the day is sure to be a crowded one. Save, therefore, the drive to Sarkhej so that you will arrive at that quiet, peaceful spot just before sunset. And in the atmosphere of its peace and quiet you will gain both spiritual and physical refreshment.

Baroda

The only city which you need consider as a possible halting point between Ahmedabad and Bombay is Baroda. This city is the capital of a native state of the same name ruled over by His Highness Maharaja Sir Sayaji Rao Gaekwar. The tire-

less activity and the progressive ideas of the Gaekwar have brought to him and to his capital worldwide publicity. The fact that Baroda is so well-known is apt to be the determining factor which includes it in the itinerary of many travelers. My own advice is to include Baroda only if the days at your disposal are so ample that you will not be called upon to abbreviate your stay at more compensating places.

The Gaekwar is often absent from the capital. At such times a certain inanition is everywhere noticeable. But when he is in residence, pomp and pageantry are common custom. Should your visit to Baroda include one of the special fête days, then you will have to call upon the adjective "gorgeous" to describe what you will see. But stripped of its special spectacles, modern Baroda, with its new palaces and new buildings, is imposing rather than inspiring to the imagination. One exception should be named. If you direct the driver of your carriage to take you to the Makapura Palace—it is about an hour from the city—you will come upon a veritable curiosity: namely, the Naulakhi Well.

"... a miracle of rare device,
A sunny pleasure dome with caves of ice!"

Thirty-four miles from Baroda lies the ruined and deserted city of Champanir. (It may be reached by rail or by motor car.) If you have visited Amber and Fatehpur-Sikri, or if you plan to see Bijapur and Gulbarga, then it is a question whether you will wish to give a day to Champanir. The answer is to be determined by your individual penchant for ruined cities.

The night train from Baroda will deliver you in Bombay on the following morning.

Bombay

The traveler who arrives in Bombay by train (having seen Benares, Agra, and Delhi) will discover far less enthrallment than will the traveler who approaches by sea, and for whom Bombay means the impingement of his first Indian impressions. The traveler who has already seen the great cities of North

India need not allow more than two days for beholding everything of interest within the actual environs of Bombay. I must immediately add, however, that this city is a comfortable base from which several excursions may be made. Of these, that to the Caves of Ellora should belong to your irreducible program.

"The Gate to India" has, in actual fact, a "gate"—a genuine archway facing the sea, a pompous square on the Apollo Bandar. There is a bandstand from which trumpet flares arise, and here are no customs officials and no passport inspectors. However, unless you are one of India's ultradistinguished guests, you will land at one of the conventional piers.

The tropical sun has been accused of every variety of malignity, and it is true that you must treat it as an unrelenting enemy. But, despite its evil propensities, the sunshine of Bombay is a glorious golden downpour. To the new arrival this intensity of brilliance inspires a mood of exhilaration. One exotic impression fuses quickly with the next. If this is your first Indian city, you will declare to yourself at the end of the first day that you have caught "the feel of the East," and that you have given your heart to Bombay. But I am rather sure that you will not remember this sentimental affair as more than a mild flirtation after you have met some of the truly ardent Indian cities. In fact, your heart should be prepared to function as does a banyan tree—put a root down here, and another root there.

Bombay has traditions of existence going back into remote centuries, but the record is extremely vague as to details. Hazard is made that it had trade relations with the Mediterranean before the days of Rome. However true this may be, the city which you will actually discover had its historic beginning when the East India Company decided to locate a factory at this point on the coast. They agreed to pay the British Crown an annual rental of ten pounds for its possession. Bombay belonged to the Crown as it was part and parcel of the dowry of Catherine of Braganza. This lease was made about two and a half centuries ago. One hundred and fifty years went by before the growth of the port began to mark it as a place of high importance.

The miracles of Western engineering skill have made Bombay harbor into a first class port. I cannot believe that you have come to study the details of engineering achievements, nor that you will be more than casually interested in Bombay's European buildings and public offices. You may pass them in review from a carriage seat. In the same manner you can see the cricket fields and pleasure grounds. It is the passing life of the native streets which makes Bombay an absorbing picture. Every variety of tribe and of caste is to be seen in the unending flow, from bearded Pathans to fat Bengali babus. But the full resplendence of the throng is not seen unless you betake yourself to the native bazars. The bazar buildings, and their display of wares, have little of the unbelievably picturesque quality of the streets of Lahore or Udaipur, but we are talking now of the people who crowd them.

Under the caption, "Public Offices," the guide-book devotes many pages to schools, hospitals, museums, libraries, colleges, and government buildings. There may exist omnivorous sightseers who will wish to verify this data, but the usual traveler will be content with judicious superficiality.

The hotels of the city are always crowded, and it may happen that you will have to comb the second class places before you can find a place to lay your head. Even if reservations have been written for weeks in advance, you may find that your request has been ignored. Go to the Taj Mahal hotel if possible. The rooms are rather primitive and the corridors suggest a prison, but its broad veranda lounge is a social rendezvous where you will see "everybody."

You will, of course, visit the Caves of Elephanta. Everybody also takes the drive around Malabar Point and to Malabar Hill. On this hill stand the famous Parsi Towers of Silence. (Before starting, ask the hotel to direct your driver to the office where you may obtain a permit to enter the grounds.) On the drive around Malabar Point you will see many pretentious residences which have passed out of the hands of the Europeans who built them and into the possession of wealthy Parsis.

The Parsi Towers of Silence are almost as famous a "sight"—at least in steamship advertising literature—as the Taj Mahal,

or the Ganges at Benares. What you will actually behold, when you have climbed Malabar Hill, are some rather squat, blank walled towers. You are forbidden to approach close to them. It is your speculative emotions and not your eyes which are impressed. To the Parsi conception our method of burial is a sinful pollution of the elements. The method of interment demanded by Parsi faith is that the bodies of their dead must be carried to one of these Towers of Silence and be there exposed to the vultures; and you may see flocks of these creatures winging their way in ungainly circles above the Towers, waiting for the feasting. It is a conventionally allowed traveler's tale, for any one who has climbed the hill, to declare that he has stood by and watched a funeral procession enter a tower and that, soon afterwards, one of the birds dropped a finger from its beak at the feet of the visitor. As a matter of fact, visitors are not admitted when a funeral ceremony is in progress.

On the road to Malabar is the Walkeswar Temple. It is a picturesque spot, and if this temple should be your first introduction to a Hindu shrine, the place will be of more than casual interest. You may wander with a fair degree of freedom around the sacred tank, but when you are in front of the altars and encounter a warning from the priests to step no farther, simply obey with a smile of acceptance.

India's Sculptured Temple Caves

While temple caves are to be found in many parts of India, it is quite unusual for travelers to see any except those on the island of Elephanta, near Bombay. I am so imaginatively engaged by these ancient inheritances that my enthusiasm will probably urge you to spend many more days in their quest than you may find in accord with your own desires.

It is somewhat puzzling to decide whether to include all mention of these temple caves in one set of paragraphs. But I think I shall do so, as they may thus be compared with some degree of vividness. Furthermore, almost all of the finest caves are comparatively near Bombay; at least they may be visited from Bombay more easily than from any other city.

With the exception of the Ajanta group, no elaborate plans or preparations are necessary for reaching any of them.

These caves are not natural phenomena. They were created by hewing into the solid rock of hillsides; their temples, chapels, and monasteries have been "built" by allowing walls, roofs, colonnades, and the elaborate sculptures to remain in their original places; that is, everything stands sculptured from the living rock.

You will visit the Elephanta caves in any event. There is a steamer to the island every morning, returning to Bombay at noon. These caves are thus accommodatingly accessible. In penalty for such ease, perhaps, one's appreciation of their fine sculptures suffers from the very reason that they have become a conventional showplace. You will know from your reactions whether your interest and curiosity have been satisfied or merely aroused. If you have no further hunger, it would be folly to devote precious days to acquiring satiety. But even in the face of this common-sense reasoning, I personally remain so prejudiced in regard to the sheer wonders which await the visitor at Ellora that I shall continue to think that you will have missed one of India's greatest treasures if you fail to see the great Kailasa temple there.

If, after seeing Ellora, your ardor still asks for more, you will probably insist upon seeing the wall paintings in the Ajanta caves. But this is a major excursion and will not be attempted except by zealots.

There are other caves almost as accessible to Bombay as those at Elephanta (such as Kanheri, Jogeswar, and others), but the guide-book in mentioning them offers the sound advice that if Karli, or Nasik, or Ellora, or Ajanta can be visited, it is wise not to squander time and energy upon these less important places.

To return again to Caves of Elephanta, let me warn you that the ferry from Carnac Bandar leaves exactly at half past seven in the morning, and it allows time at the island for only a cursory inspection of the caves. You pay four *annas* admittance fee, and walk through a turnstile, but you can close your eyes to the fact that the luster of sanctity is thus dimmed. If you wish more time you must hire a special boat.

The sculptures at Elephanta date back about a thousand years and were executed at an age when Hinduism was permeated by creative art inspiration. You will find the caretaker a most interesting character. If you make the request, he will accompany you and tell you many legends of the place. (He will also, perhaps, show you how the "miracles" are worked on the pilgrimage day of the annual festival.)

The advent of the motor car has made a visit to the Cave at Karli a comparatively simple excursion from Bombay. Formerly it was necessary to take the railroad to Lonauli, or Malavli, and then arrange for a country *tonga*. The distance is about ninety miles from Bombay, over a good motor road, and the excursion may be made in a day.

The road taken is the highway to Poona, and thus a visit to Karli may be included in a run to Bombay's summer capital. There are no outstanding allurements to draw the traveler to Poona, but it is nevertheless an exceedingly pleasant spot in the hills, and healthful and cool compared to Bombay's enervating days and nights.

Karli is many centuries older than the Elephanta excavations and is believed to be antecedent to the Christian era. The delicate balancing of data by experts to determine the exact century is of only passing interest to the layman; but there are other speculations engendered through visiting the place which demand answers, but the answers do not come. For instance, the interior of this cave so exactly resembles the arrangements and proportions of a Christian church that the effect is astounding. There is the nave, the side aisles, etc., etc. Fergusson affirms that all the dimensions are similar to those of the choir of Norwich cathedral.

I have not urged you to go to Karli, but I do urge you to go to Ellora. There is a late afternoon train from Bombay to Daulatabad, via Manmar Junction. It arrives at midnight. You should telegraph to the Station Master at Daulatabad to reserve a room at the dak bungalow, and you may add to your telegram that you wish a *tonga* for the following morning. A second night is spent at this bungalow, after the visit to Ellora, and the following morning's train delivers you at Bombay about noon. The train also passes through Nasik, where there is a

group of twenty-three Buddhist caves, but I should advise you to reserve your freshness of appreciation for Ellora alone.

The *tonga* ride from Daulatabad to the Ellora caves is ten miles, and for the latter part of the way the road comes as close to a perpendicular ascent as a road may. Immediately after you leave the bungalow you come upon the Daulatabad Fortress. If you wish to visit this famous stronghold it is absolutely necessary to have a pass. (It may be obtained by writing in advance to the Station Staff Officer, Aurangabad.) The guards stationed at many a gateway in Hind conveniently forget the formality of asking for a pass, when they observe a *rupee* note in one's fingers, but no such forgetfulness obtains here. To declare that this fort is one of the world's genuine curiosities does not trespass on the domain of exaggeration. Seven centuries ago it was merely a granite hill of some five hundred feet, with precipitous, unscalable sides. Possibly the idea of hollowing out this rock and making it into a fortress came from the example of the Ellora caves. It represents the same kind of incredible labor. The passage which leads into the bowels of the rock is protected by a massive iron shutter which in siege times was heated by great fires. Thus, so long as the besieged "kept the home fires burning," it was not possible for objectionable callers to approach near enough even to leave a card. For several centuries this citadel managed to be a storm center in Indian history, and—stripping the chronicles of all fiction—the authentic tales which have come down to us are surcharged with romantic incidents. The fortress looks down upon the plain to-day as impressively and picturesquely as of old, but its frown means little to this generation.

Some eight miles beyond the Daulatabad Fort you come upon the walled town of Rauza. Rauza is still a very holy place to the Mohammedan world. Nevertheless, while man cannot live on bread alone, he also cannot live on holiness alone. This corner of India finds itself all too frequently in the famine area. Rauza's population has dwindled down to a couple of thousand souls, and the town wall now fits the place like a very much oversized collar. I would not have you think that Rauza has lost any of what may conveniently be called its "atmosphere."



A Gopuram of Madura

The Subrahmanya Shrine, Tangore



You will be tempted—and it is wise to succumb—to linger in the village for a half hour. You will discover an India you could never have surmised from anything seen in Bombay or Calcutta. This would be true of many another out-of-the-way village whose dust is rarely or never stirred by the wandering feet of sightseers; but we happen to be at Rauza, and thus I herald this village as one of the places of India which you will warmly remember. There are a number of picturesque old buildings—all of which you will discover for yourself in a half hour's prowling.

Just beyond Rauza, and standing on the edge of the cliff against which, far below, the caves are excavated, are two comfortable and attractive rest-houses built by the Nizam of Hyderabad. Ostensibly these hospitable buildings exist because Rauza is holy to the Mohammedan world. It would hardly do, you understand, for a Mohammedan Nizam to build rest-houses for visitors to Buddhist and Hindu antiquities. The Hindu is no less an "idolater" to the Mohammedan than to the Christian. However, these rest-houses do exist very conveniently for Ellora as well as for Rauza.

The walk from the top of the cliff down to the caves is under direct salvos from the sun. It is an ordeal, but you can take it slowly. At its base this path bisects the line of caves (of which there are altogether thirty-four) at the point where stands the Kailasa Temple. Nothing which I had ever read prepared me for my first view of this temple. Murray's introductory sentence reads, "The Kailasa Temple is a marvelous structure, shaped and carved wholly out of rock *in situ*, the back wall of the court-pit in which it stands being over 100 ft. high, while the court itself is 276 ft. long and 154 ft. broad." That gives you two factual details—that it was carved from solid granite and that it is of incredible size. These items are but a beginning of the tale. One element of interest here has nothing to do with the creative inspiration of the ancient architects and artists. It has to do with much later history. This temple was defiled by Mohammedan iconoclastic invaders. It has never, since that date, been declared "purified." Thus you can betake yourself to any part of it, even to its innermost

shrine. And from the secrets you see here revealed you can visualize the mysteries of those shrines whose doors are forever closed to you.

The line of caves along the face of the cliff is a chronological sequence progressing from Buddhism through Hinduism to Jainism. The early Buddhist sculptures are particularly fine.

The visit to Ellora is one that the usual traveler may easily make. The trip to Ajanta is quite a different matter. You might suppose that, as the caves are only forty miles from a railway station, and as this station is but two hundred and fifty miles from Bombay, the journey should not present unusual difficulties. However, a mention of forty miles in India is to be interpreted only in the light of the context of the countryside. The caves of Ajanta lie in a district where transportation and accommodation are alike primitive. Bullock-carts must be used. The time may come when there will be a motor service from Jalgaon to the caves, and perhaps a furnished bungalow will receive travelers. But until such changes do come, the words of the guide-book should be carefully considered—"The expedition is a very fine one, but quite out of the range of the ordinary tourist." If you should decide to be an *extraordinary* tourist, you may be assured that extraordinary rewards await.

The Buddhist wall paintings of the Ajanta Caves have been copied with extreme care. Reproductions have thus been placed at the disposal of art critics and students of Buddhism all over the world. They have made a profound impression. One critic has advanced the dictum that "Nothing finer in the art of painting has been achieved by any master, in any age, or in any land than is to be found on the Ajanta cave walls." Be that as it may, they are certainly very fine.

CHAPTER 14

CENTRAL AND SOUTHERN INDIA

SOUTHERN INDIA might be called Green India. Of course, during the rains of the summer monsoon the northern half of the peninsula is cloaked in verdure. When there is life-giving water nature's fertility is something almost unbelievable. Before your very eyes a green, vegetable scum will grow and creep across a pool of water caught in a depression of the dusty earth. But hardly have the rains ceased before the sun burns the plains to the sere, brown color which the winter traveler knows.

When you come to Southern India, you come to a perpetual green landscape of unending groves of countless millions of palm trees. Strange, also, is the change which you find in the people. Or, rather, they are a different people. Here are no "fierce fighting tribes." Here is no idolization of the sword. Instead there is a feminine gentleness.

The supreme amazement is one for which neither your imagination nor any of the scenes of Northern India will have prepared you. It is the amazement inspired by the stupendous and mysterious Dravidian temples. They are an experience unreservedly to be called unique. You may deny their beauty —many do—but you cannot deny their prodigious impressiveness.

While there are five comfortable, cool weather months for the north, December and January are the only months of the year for the south which a traveler, unless he be a human salamander, would call comfortable. Strangely, however, it seems to be very little known by the tourist world that this brief cool season is as comfortable as it is. The mistaken belief that it is always broiling hot in the south probably accounts to a large extent for the fact that it remains virtually an unknown land to travelers. Also it is to be remembered that few round the world voyagers have more than five or six weeks to give to

India,—and five or six weeks afford no more time than Northern India alone demands.

Whatever may be the reasons for the disregard, it is certainly true that one has Southern India more or less to oneself. You will begin to appreciate how few Western visitors there are when, at the great temple cities, you find that the four or five sleeping-rooms attached to the railway station buildings are sufficient to meet the demand. It has been my own experience, even in the prepossessing cool days, to be quite alone at some of the most famous places. And I confess that their spell of awe and mystery was not diminished on that account.

In planning your Eastern itinerary, a visit to the south of India is to be included with the least expenditure of days if you will travel by train between Northern India and Ceylon. The sea trip between either Bombay or Calcutta and Colombo will take three or four days. The through train journey from either Bombay or Calcutta to Madras and from Madras to Colombo takes about four days. Thus, even if you must be so hurried that you may not give more than a day each to Madras, Tanjore, Trichinopoly, and Madura, the train journey can be made in eight days. Of course this is rather a strenuous program, much more so than that of sitting in a steamer-chair. But whether you will deem it too appalling will depend upon your having had a surfeit of railway traveling in Northern India.

Let us assume that you are traveling southward from Northern India to Ceylon; this assumption does not decide whether you will be starting from Bombay or from Calcutta to reach Madras. The railway route from Bombay to Madras cuts diagonally across Central India; while that from Calcutta to Madras follows the Bay of Bengal coast line. The point is that along either of these routes there are places to tempt the leisurely traveler to break his journey. Which route will be yours? I will describe both.

Calcutta to Madras

The express trains make the through journey from Calcutta to Madras in thirty-six hours. If you are a through traveler,

it is better to take the night train. You will then have two nights en route, instead of two days, and will arrive at Madras in the morning. The scenery from the train window is rather monotonous and does not suggest that you are passing close to ancient places profusely rich in strange pictures. But should you break the journey—a thing very few travelers do do—your initiative will not go unrewarded.

First comes Bhubaneswar, with its sacred lake, its Great Temple, its countless minor shrines, and—in the neighboring countryside—its Buddhist caves. You must not expect to find a hotel at Bhubaneswar, but there is a modest rest-house under the charge of a *khansama* who will conjure a curry for your tiffin and cook the inevitable chicken for your dinner. While moons go by and the shadow of no Western wanderer falls on the streets, nevertheless the Great Temple is one of the most renowned of all India to students of Hindu art and architecture.

I doubt whether you will wish to make more than one break in the journey; and as a choice I believe that you will find Puri even more dramatically and spectacularly interesting than Bhubaneswar. But its visit is slightly more inconvenient, as you must change to a short branch line at Khurda Road. Having arrived, you will not find yourself a lone foreigner in possession of the scene. The European residents of Calcutta have discovered that Puri's shelving beach affords admirable sea bathing and that its breezes are cool and refreshing. In consequence there are two or three small hotels on the shore and a number of villas. This *sahib* colony, with its Friday to Monday week-enders, and the ancient native city concern themselves very little one with the other. It is an accidental proximity happily to be taken advantage of by the traveler.

Often you will hear of the "timelessness" of Hinduism. But at Puri it is not a philosophical timelessness which you will find. The clock of Hinduism stopped here centuries ago. You will find the Hinduism of antiquity. Keyserling, in *The Travel Diary of a Philosopher*, writing about Madura said, "Hinduism, as practiced in the holy places of Southern India, is gentle and kind, but its traditional forms bear unmistakable signs of the more savage times in which they were created. . . . The cults

of the most deeply religious peoples are always especially cruel in character during the early stages of the race. . . . Orgies of lust and cruelty are perpetrated, men enjoy and suffer frantically, life is created and destroyed in wild confusion."

Puri is not gentle and kind. It is a surviving reliquary of the primitive past. Its gods are the gods of emotional frenzies —of those terrifying impulses which the self-conscious modern world has sought to enchain and stifle.

When you were a child at Sunday school you must have heard the tale of the great Juggernaut Car of India under whose wheels the heathen madly throw themselves to be crushed to death to please the ruthless demands of their horrible gods. And then, if your experience was like mine, later along in life you heard the word "juggernaut" used fancifully and allegorically to represent any blind fanaticism and you probably assumed that the tale of the Juggernaut Car was either a myth or, if it ever had existence, that it belonged to some remote time. But the tale was true. The car is here, at Puri, at the Jagannath Temple.

Through the center of the town runs the broad avenue along which this massive car is dragged at the annual festival date. However, in the past score of years the throng has been less and less rousing itself to an oblivious orgy of emotional abandonment. The British authorities have issued forceful warnings to the priests. The struggle among the votaries is changing to a harmless contest to harness themselves to the ropes rather than to throw themselves under the wheels. But there are still those who seek a transcendental and ecstatic death, and there is still the toll of the maimed and crippled. The Jagannath festival continues as one of the most extraordinary spectacles of the East. You may be sure, however, that it will never become a conventional tourist spectacle unless its date is changed. The festival is celebrated about the beginning of July when the sun is pitiless, and there are no tourists in Bengal.

At Kanarak, eighteen miles along the coast from Puri, stands the renowned Black Pagoda. It has been called "the most richly ornamented building in the whole world." The eighteen miles are a most effective barrier to preserve its isolation as the

only comfortable (or, rather, the least uncomfortable) way to reach it is to make the trip by night in a palanquin. But it is legitimate to hope that by the date of your visit there may be a motor road.

Bombay to Madras

The express trains between Bombay and Madras make the journey in about thirty-two hours. If you are a through passenger there is little to be said about the trip except that the monotony of being cooped up in a compartment for that length of time is largely forgot in the diversity of the scenes and scenery. If your imagination has been stirred by tales of what is to be seen at Bijapur and Hyderabad, and possibly at Gulbarga, to the point of planning to break your journey, there is a great deal to be said. Gulbarga, the least important, is the only one of these three places lying directly on the through railway route. Bijapur and Hyderabad are short digressions. There is a certain amount of inconvenience in changing trains: but when one has traveled half around the world to reach India, it would be rather absurd to allow a few minor inconveniences to take unto themselves too much authority. You must count upon giving six or seven days to the journey across Central India if you pay these visits.

Bijapur is still known as "the lost city," having been once upon a time deserted to the prickly jungle whose suzerainty remained supreme for many long years until at last challenged and overcome by an epic struggle. Judged by the guest-book pages of its dak bungalow, it might still be called a "lost city" as far as the tourist world is concerned. This cannot be because it is actually difficult to reach. The Madras train leaving Bombay in the evening arrives at Hotgi Junction early in the morning where a Gargantuan breakfast is served in the station restaurant. The branch line train to Bijapur is ready to start when you are. It apparently conducts itself to accommodate the whims of its passengers, but in so doing it fails to pay much attention to its schedule—if it has one—and takes several hours to cover the fifty-eight miles in which you are in-

tered. When you do arrive you will find an excellent dak bungalow.

You must understand that Bijapur was never "lost" after the fashion in which the world lost and completely forgot the great city of Angkor in the jungles of Cambodia. But its state of being lost, even with every one knowing where it was, was almost as effective. As has so mysteriously happened with other great cities of Asia, Bijapur was deserted by its people. Perhaps there was a water famine. Whatever reason there may have been, the ever lurking prickly pear bushes forthwith proceeded to take possession. They sprang into being with all the lusty arrogance of which they are capable. They occupied the courtyards, the gardens, the fields, and the streets. Years went by. While Bijapur's location was not forgotten, it was as inaccessible (and after much the same fashion) as was the Palace of Sleeping Beauty in the fairy-tale. If you have never had a dispute with a prickly pear bush, you know nothing about its malevolence. In the story of the Sleeping Beauty, you will remember, Prince Charming at last came with the power to remove the spell which the wicked magician had laid upon the palace. In the case of Bijapur, the city had to wait until the British appeared to play the rôle of champion. They came with axes and hedge clippers and a romantic determination to reoccupy this great capital of the Adil Shahi kings. The graceful domes of Bijapur's beautiful mosques rose high about the crest line of the jungle to tantalize their imagination. The conquest meant slow and difficult work. There are still areas from which the malevolent bushes have not been ousted, and if you have any curiosity to test their capacity for evil, you may be sure that they are always ready and eager to accept a challenge. In comparison to the prickly pear's opposition, a barbed wire entanglement might be thought of as a cobweb.

Bijapur was founded by the illustrious Turk, Yusuf Shah, to be the capital city of the kingdom which he carved out for himself. Under his rule and that of his successors Bijapur waxed mightily in magnificence through the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

The story of Yusuf's life and adventures is almost unbelievable. He was born at Constantinople, and his father was none

other than the Ottoman Sultan, Mura II. But Yusuf was not to know the pampering luxuries of palace life until he won them for himself. During one of those not infrequent court imbroglios which served to lend excitement to Stamboul existence in those days, Yusuf's mother was forced to flee in haste for her life—a convenient window and rope serving her to escape from the harem. Yusuf was in her arms. Starting with this adventurous first chapter, the rest of his life continued in the same romantic tenor. In his wanderings he reached India. Here he fell into slavery and was sold into the bodyguard of the Bahmani kings of Bidar. But Yusuf had the talents and the determination of a character in fiction. His fiery ego inspired men to an intense devotion, and this bond-soldier was able to organize a rebellion and to declare himself the emperor of an independent kingdom.

Naturally, owing to his Turkish origin, the dynasty which Yusuf founded had a partiality for the Shiah branch of the Islamic faith, and this explains why it was that the Bijapur court drew to it so many Persians. It was this Persian influence which largely determined the city's architectural planning, and to Persian inspiration may be ascribed the grandeur of "the Bijapur style." As some one has written, "The style of the buildings differs markedly from those of Agra and Delhi, but is scarcely, if at all, inferior in originality of design and boldness of execution. There is no trace of Hindu forms or details; the style was their own, and was worked out with striking boldness and marked success."

Whether the idea of going to little known Bijapur will engage your enthusiasm will depend largely upon your interest in architecture. The splendor of this lost city's mosques and palaces is not to be denied; but it is a fact that Bijapur's appeal is pretty well confined to this one note. If you do go, in a single day you can search out all of the most interesting places, despite the usual advice to the contrary. A guide, a cheerful palaverer he is, will soon make himself known to you. My suggestion is that you engage him forthwith. Here is a list of the places I found most interesting: The Gol Gumbaz mosque, the Jami Masjid, the Citadel, the Gagan Mahal, the tomb of Adil Shah, the Jal Mandir, the Ibrahim Rauza, the

fine old cannon on the bastions of the wall, and the Taj Bauri tank. It is needless to go into any details of description of these particular places, as they tell their own story in their own sumptuous manner.

The vastness of the great mosque of Gol Gumbaz makes it extraordinarily imposing; and if you are interested in the engineering side of architecture even in an amateur way, this building is notable for its ingenious solution of the problem of supporting a massive dome. The thrusts are provided by hanging the weight inside through the use of ponderous pendentives. Whether or not it was intentional, the topmost interior balcony proved to be one of the most remarkable whispering galleries in existence. The faintest breath carries, and a shout reverberates like a thunderstorm in the mountains.

It is the traditional comment that if the unfinished tomb of Adil Shah had been completed it would have been one of the most magnificent buildings in all India. It was not completed, nor was it much more than started. But when you have seen what there is to see, I think you will say that the traditional comment "stands approved."

Do not fail to drive out beyond the citadel walls and into the fields until you come to the enclosure in which stands the Ibrahim Rauza. The graceful design and exquisite details of this mosque might well inspire Delhi or Agra with jealousy.

Of course you must return to Hotgi Junction from Bijapur. Before you reach Hyderabad there is Gulbarga to be thought of. It was upon an absolute impulse of the moment that I made my visit. I looked out of the train window and saw the name Gulbarga on the station building and, before really stopping to think, I threw my luggage out onto the platform and followed after just as the train started moving. The adventure was worth the impulse, but I ought to add that I was living in India and did not have to count my days with the jealous regard of the traveler.

Gulbarga, once the capital of the Bahmani kings of the Deccan, was "abandoned" some five centuries ago. The disregard of the East for "established real estate values" is thoroughly confounding to a Westerner. Naturally the gates and walls of this once important fortressed town, together with most of its

buildings, show a considerable depreciation. None the less they are, as Milton said of Beelzebub, "majestic though in ruin." Part of the thrill of wandering through its ancient streets comes from the fact that you are in sole possession of the scene. The Elephant Gate would be tempting to make off with if it were not quite so bulky. But the chief wonder and glory of this deserted fortress is its great Jami Masjid. It is so perfectly preserved that it might have been built yesterday. Furthermore, it is quite unlike any other mosque which you may see elsewhere in Asia, although if you journeyed to Spain you would find its inspiration at Cordova. Its court, or what would be the court in any other Indian mosque, is roofed over as a protection against the sun. Surely both a comfortable and pleasing design, and one which you might think would have established a fashion.

I stayed for the night at the Gulbarga dak bungalow, which belongs to His Highness, the Nizam of Hyderabad. It was here that the *khansama* duplicated for me, in identical words, the famous reply of a certain Swiss landlord. I objected to the size of the bill presented for the inevitable chicken. "Are chickens so scarce?" I asked. "No, *Huzoor*," he replied, "but foreign guests are."

I determined to see how much of a look I might have at the Dargah of Banda Nawaz. If you have never heard of the Dargah, let me explain that to the Mohammedans of India it is a place of extreme holiness, and one reputed to be fanatically guarded against infidels. Murray's *Handbook for India* declares that it is absolutely closed to every one except the Faithful. However, as it was to be reached by a short *tonga* ride, Manga, my Hindu servant, and I started forth. When we arrived at the outer gate Manga's sense of discretion became operative. There he stayed. No one opposed my entrance and I wandered through the courtyards for some time, finding them unusually picturesque. The advertised fanatical hostility was proving rather less than virulent. And then I made the mistake of starting to take a photograph. . . . But I *have* seen the Dargah of Banda Nawaz.

Hyderabad

Hyderabad is the capital city of the Independent Native State of Hyderabad. Here, in the Falaknuma Palace, lives H. H. the Nizam, the wealthiest and most powerful of the native princes. The palace is reputed to be the most beautiful in India, but not even its outside walls may be glimpsed. However . . . I was almost forgetting to say that the main line of the railway passes to the south of Hyderabad and therefore, for its visit, you must change trains at Wadi Junction.

The British cantonment and the European hotels are at Secunderabad, six miles away. I chose to violate the *sahib* custom and did not go to Secunderabad. Instead, I found a queer little inn in Hyderabad, managed by an affable Parsi. My room was on a courtyard in which was hobbled a more or less friendly camel; so friendly indeed that one morning he pushed his nose through the shutters of the window and drank my bath.

Over and again Hyderabad has been called "one of the most interesting cities of India." Frankly, I did not find it unusually interesting. True, the bazars clustered around the imposing Char Minar are about as picturesque, and their throng as colorful, as a wanderer might reasonably demand; but I could name a score of cities more fascinating. However, if you are to include the Great Fort of Golconda, which lies five miles beyond the western gate, as a part of the city, then I hasten to concede Hyderabad's interestingness.

Strange is it how some phrases spread like ripples. As a child you must have heard and used the phrase, "Not all the diamonds of Golconda would tempt me." I remember adopting it with gusto. I knew nothing about Golconda, but the words implied incredible wealth by their very sound. Here is Golconda, and here were diamonds. They were sent here from the mines of the Sultans to be cut and stored. This fortress-city was their vault and it was built with the intention of making it absolutely impregnable. When you see the massive blocks of granite of its frowning walls, and the depth and breadth of the moat, you will be prepared to say that it could have been

defended by children against an army of Titans. It surrendered quickly enough to the Moghul Emperor Aurengzeb—but through treachery. “There was a show of mining a bastion and blowing down two curtains” (writes Talboys Wheeler in his *History of India*), “but the Moghul army did not even mount the walls. At midnight a Moghul force was admitted into the citadel. The doors of the seraglio were forced open amidst the screaming of women and blazing of torches. The Sultan was dragged from his hiding place and carried off a prisoner. He was beaten and tortured to make him give up his secret hoards. Nothing further is known of him.” Thus perished the last of the haughty line of the Sultans of Golconda.

Remember that there is no entering of the gates of the Fort unless you present a properly indorsed permit. This is to be obtained through the aid of your hotel. If you are planning to stay no longer than a day, you should write ahead so that the paper will be waiting for you.

Be sure to tell the *gariwan* on your carriage box that in returning from the Fort he is to follow the road past the Bhagmati Mosque. This mosque is of no importance, but it identifies the road of the “forest of rocks”—as fantastic as are the rocks of the Quirang on the Isle of Skye. If you have been to Skye you will remember the bitter cold of the ever blowing wind and the ghostliness of the mist curtains. At Hyderabad you have the golden sunshine of the tropics and the wind is dry and parching as it draws through the valley and rustles the fronds of the palms; but there is the same supernatural eeriness.

At the Banjara Gate of the Fort a soldier of the Nizam salutes and takes your pass. There are no other formalities. You may then wander as you please. Wandering means climbing higher and higher, passing through one line of fortifications after another. At last you find yourself on the very top of the lofty innermost citadel and when you have recaptured your breath you will find the view a noble one.

Outside the walls of the Fort is a garden of quiet beauty and brooding silence. It shelters the tombs of the kings who once ruled in old Golconda. These mausoleums, with their domes, their balconies, and their rich decorations, are extremely im-

pressive; but if you can remember any one of them apart from the others, after you have quitted the garden, then you have a better memory than have I.

Instead of taking the shortest railway route from Hyderabad to Madras, it is possible to go by the way of Bangalore; and from Bangalore it is not a far digression to Mysore. But I cannot see why you should wish to go to either of these places. There are so many other destinations in India so much more fruitful.

Madras

"Clive kissed me on the mouth and eyes and brow,
Wonderful kisses so that I became
Crowned above Queens—a withered beldame now,
Brooding on ancient fame."

—Kipling's *The Song of the Cities*.

Madras's mood is one of such complaisant serenity that the visitor begins to suspect its tranquil philosophy of resignation of being mere amiable dotage. Even the quiet beauty of its vistas has a calm almost pathological. Can turbulent Lahore and brooding Madras be cities of the same land?

But let it be understood that it is the temperament of the city which is so serene, not its temperature. In the German Baedeker the comment is "Das Klima ist heiss"—and who would dispute Baedeker? As a reward, perhaps, for its patient endurance of the other ten months, December and January are delightful. At least they can be. I am assuming that you are far too sensible a person to be thinking of any other season. Should you be interested in the romantic and stirring story of the old days of the John Company and of Clive and Cornwallis and Hyder Ali and Tipu Sultan, then indeed the entire eight or ten weeks of the brief cool season might prove none too long for your visit. But if Old Madras and its historical associations have only a passing interest for you, it is probable that you can see everything which you may wish to see in the course of a single day.

A visit to Madras is not really complete unless one strolls through Government House, with its famous banqueting hall

and the even more famous portraits which hang on its walls. Unfortunately, when the Governor is "in residence"—which he is likely to be in the winter season—permission is rarely to be obtained for its inspection. Equally redolent in memories of the brilliant days are some of the buildings within Fort St. George, but time has not been kind to the old Fort; or perhaps one should say that it has been treated overly kindly by renovations and modern innovations. If the ghosts of Clive, Cornwallis, the Iron Duke, Elihu Yale, Sir Barry Close, and Sir John Malcolm ever return, they must feel almost strangers. Still, Clive could find the room in which he held to his head the pistol which did not explode. And St. Mary's Church still stands, where Clive was married. And Old Government House has been spared, thanks to its having adapted itself to utilitarian usefulness as an office building.

This is the motor drive I should take if I were to have only one day in Madras—first to the Fort of St. George. There begins the boulevard along the sea, named The Marina, which proceeds as far as the Cathedral of San Thome. But in the meantime, before you reach the Cathedral, there is the Madras Aquarium. Nowhere may you see weirder specimens of sea life. Do not, however, expect to be believed if you try to tell afterwards that you saw fish which carry their own fishing line and hooks and fish for other fish. Especially dangerous, also, is the subject of sea serpents; but still not quite so dangerous as the serpents themselves, whose fangs possess a venom far more deadly than that of the cobra.

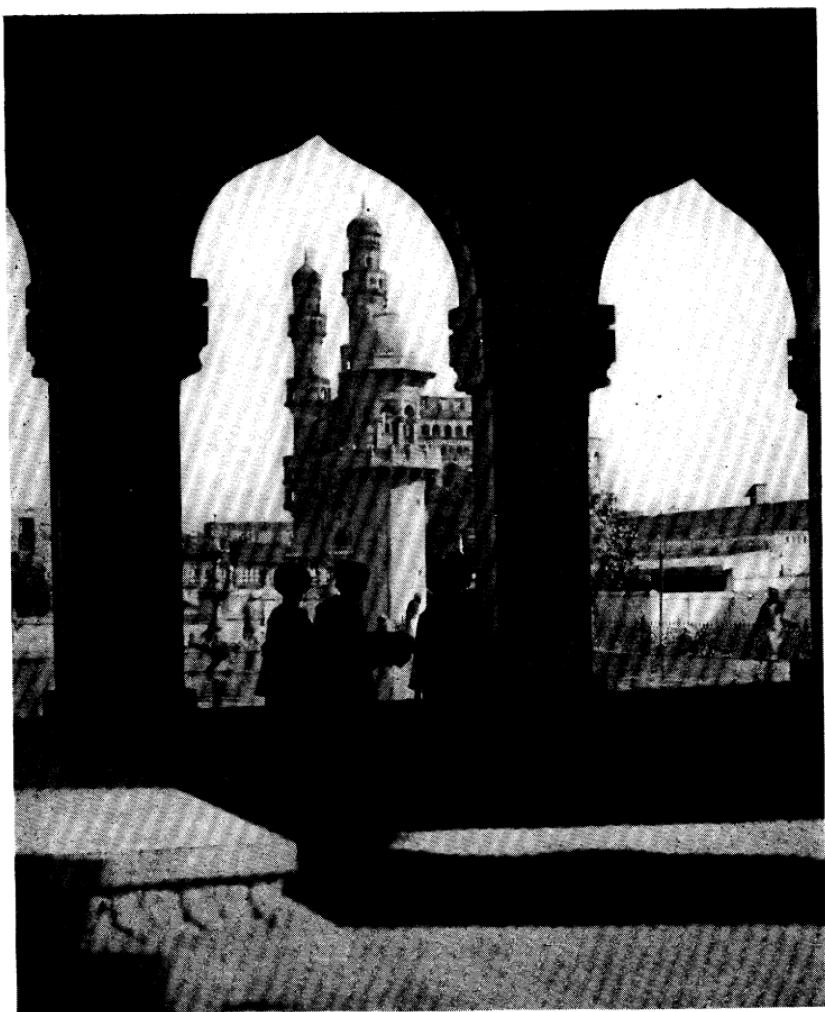
It was the Portuguese who founded the Cathedral of San Thome, something more than four centuries ago. According to pious legend, St. Thomas came to India after Christ's death and made many converts. So eagerly was the Word received that it aroused the jealousy of the Brahmins, and a Brahmin priest threw the spear which mortally wounded the Saint. This was on the rocky hill known as The Little Mount. From that hill the martyr was carried to St. Thomas's Mount, where he died. San Thome Cathedral stands above his tomb. This legend did not originate with the Portuguese. There is evidence that there were Nestorian Christians on the Malabar coast as early as the sixth century. On St. Thomas's Mount

there is a stone with an engraved cross and an inscription in Pahlavi characters which is believed to be an inheritance from about the sixth century. In the thirteenth century Marco Polo wrote, "The tomb of St. Thomas is to be found in a little town having a small population. Few traders visit the place, because there is very little merchandise there, and it is not very accessible. But Christians and Saracens make pilgrimages to it; the Saracens regarding the Saint as a holy man."

Should you arrive at the Cathedral at the hour when mass is being attended by a congregation of native Tamil converts, you may witness a service extraordinarily impressive and rich in pageantry. To any one interested in studying the problems and perplexities facing Christian missionary effort in India, the example of evangelical success at the Roman Church of San Thome is worthy of analytical examination. Let me quote you what a Protestant missionary told me. "The fêtes, the ritual, the mysticism, and the mythology of the Hindu religion," he said, "afford its devotees the color and drama which their emotional temperament demands. Furthermore, the details of their everyday lives are so inseparably bound up with their religious life that when a convert to Christianity becomes separated from the Hindu church, he becomes divorced as well from the communal, secular interests which he has shared with the fellow members of his caste. The secret of the success of the Roman church at Madras is that the native converts are united into a 'Christian caste,' and thus the individual does not find himself cut adrift from the communally shared secular interests which have always been a part of his life. And in his new religion he finds what his temperament craves, a dramatic and impressive ritualism which adequately replaces the Hindu ritualism which he has renounced."

From San Thome to The Little Mount is a drive of some four miles. Perhaps you will wish also to drive to St. Thomas's Mount. But do not fail to go to The Little Mount. Within its unpretentious little church, built long years ago by the Portuguese, and amid the paths of the gardens, one finds a benign atmosphere of unworldliness quite indescribable in words.

The long Mount Road takes you directly back to the city,



In the Nizam's Capital, Hyderabad



Native Barbers in India Set up Shop on the Street, Moving About Seeking Custom



A Fakir in His Cart

with pleasant views of the Adyar River. In this circuit you will not have entered Black Town. (Officially, Black Town has now been given the more urbane name of George Town.) But its teeming streets have not much picturesqueness to offer. More than anything else, I remember the exceeding number of fat shopkeepers, as fat as the Japanese God of Good Luck.

I have not mentioned the Victoria Memorial Hall or the Victoria Technical Institute or the Museum or the School of Arts or the buildings of the High Court. And there are churches and parks and hospitals also. But this is not a guide-book, and these are not places which appeal as in any way unusually interesting or typical of Old Madras.

One practical word of caution. If you are taking the night express train to Tanjore, be sure to reserve a compartment in ample time and be at the station at least a half hour early. This express is the through train to Ceylon and its departure from Madras is often attended with an unusual amount of confusion.

The Temple Cities of Tanjore, Trichinopoly, and Madura

The stupendous and mysterious temples of Southern India are monuments to a faith which says at one and the same time, "This thing which we call life is an illusion" and "The unintellectualized forces of life—passions, feelings, instincts, impulses, and aspirations—are spiritual and holy." The metaphysics of the East and of the West are, and must be, as contradictory as are polytheism and monotheism. The imagination of the East is concerned with multiplicity, not unity.

Inevitably, in their physical form these great temples represent the expression of an imagination so utterly different from ours that they stand architecturally poles asunder from anything which the monotheistic faith of the West has ever built. As Keyserling has written of Madura, "The Temple seems to have been created just as a primitive organism grows, without plan, without aim, without self-control, following every impulse blindly, changing suddenly from one phase to another, and only confined within its boundaries by fate."

Nothing that you may read can give you a conception and

appreciation of their phenomena. Only by journeying to the lower half of the Indian peninsula, where these Dravidian temples are to be found, can one's imagination begin to grasp their significance.

When you have come to the South it is to find a certain perplexity. There is an all too appalling wealth from which to choose. To name only the greatest temples, there are those of Tanjore, Trichinopoly, Madura, Conjeeveram, Mamallapuram, Chidambaram, and Rameswaram. Of this list, the cities of Tanjore, Trichinopoly, and Madura are most conveniently to be visited. Their temples offer such a noteworthy contrast one to another, and taken together they present such a well-rounded revelation of the achievements of Dravidian architecture, that I do not believe that you will care for a plan more comprehensive than one which will include these three cities, and these only. Certainly, if you have no longer than a week or ten days for Southern India, you will not wish an itinerary so exhaustive that it will tax your receptive faculties to the point of satiation.

It would become more difficult, and more arbitrary, if one were asked to say which is the supreme temple of all. An antiquarian might elect Tanjore. But in the wonderment of its spectacle, to my enthusiasm, Madura is the most marvelous and the most impressive.

The night express train from Madras reaches Tanjore at seven in the morning. In the station building is a restaurant and across the tracks there is a rest-house with a few sleeping-rooms. If you are planning to proceed to Trichinopoly by the night train, you will find it convenient to have your servant continue on this same train to Trichy with your luggage. He can then engage your sleeping-room there and have everything arranged so that you can turn in immediately when you arrive at midnight.

No sooner will you find yourself on the Tanjore platform than you will be accosted by a guide. If you are planning to spend all your time at the great temple, you will have no need for his services. The Tanjore cicerones are Christians, converts from among the pariahs, and they are not allowed by the Brahmins to proceed within the temple grounds beyond the

second gopuram; if you wish to see something of the city, then they have their usefulness. As you will not find your day too full, an hour or so given to the Rajah's Palace, to Schwartz's Church, and to the bazars can be decided upon according to your inclination.

The Rajah's Palace is a prodigious ruin which looks impressively important from a distance. But its magnificence is pretty well confined to this distant view. The only reason for going to Schwartz's Church would be if you are interested in the dramatic story of the life of Christian Schwartz. A German by birth, Schwartz came to India in 1749 as a member of a Danish missionary society. He was not only a man of goodness and piety, he had also a genius for leadership. He was fearless at all times and had the capacity to win the respect and devoted friendship of every one with whom he came in contact, European or native, and of all ranks and castes. He played an extraordinary part in the stirring life of his era. The universal faith in his honesty often made him a chosen intermediary, a notable instance being when Hyder Ali asked him to carry his terms to the British. From 1778 until his death in 1798, Schwartz lived at Tanjore, enjoying the friendship and confidence of the Raja.

In the bazars you can find the *repoussé* work of the Tanjore silversmiths, whose craftsmanship is traditionally acknowledged. It is an intricate type of art, on the gingerbread side, but interesting to examine. The inlaid work of the Tanjore copper-smiths is almost equally famous. But what may interest you most of all, if you care for antique brass, is to go to the second-hand brass bazar and to hunt through the heap of junk. You are almost certain to find some very good pieces, and there is always the chance of coming upon a veritable treasure.

You might easily walk to the Great Temple if it were not for the sun. It is well to treat the sun with respect, even to the point of overdoing the matter. Your carriage brings you to the first gopuram, a great gate rising ninety feet above you. There is then a long passage to the second gopuram and, passing under this gate, you enter the temple enclosure. You are free to wander anywhere, except that you may not enter the central shrine.

As a matter of historical fact the sacrosanctity of the central shrine has not been immaculately preserved. It was defiled during the period when the British and French were disputing the mastery of Hind. A French army occupied the temple enclosure and the soldiers had the power and the curiosity to discover the innermost secrets. But that was a long time ago, and I am rather inclined to believe that there has been a violation of the mysteries at a very recent date. Chance introduced me to an engaging scapegrace, an adventurer with a very easy conscience, who had found in the East a fertile field for his wits. He was rather given to telling the truth, except when embarked on some scheme demanding artistic lying, and he had an adventuresome gayety of spirit and a love of danger and excitement which would have led him into just this sort of an escapade. Therefore, I was inclined to believe him when he told me about his visit to Tanjore and how he shaved his head, dyed his skin, dressed himself as a Northern Brahmin, and made his way to the innermost shrine.

The Tanjore temple, rising boldly as it does, has frequently been called the most beautiful and effective of all the Dravidian temples. It is unquestionably the most effective in its unique condition of not being hidden by a mass of surrounding buildings. The pyramidal tower of the huge main shrine rises eleven stories to a height of one hundred and ninety feet. Perhaps some hint of its marvels can be conveyed if I say that every inch of the surface is covered by the most elaborate and intricate carving and ornamentation of which fertile Hindu genius was capable. The date of the erection of this central building is commonly given as about 1025 A.D.; and it is interesting to note that unlike many of the other temples in the South of this general date, the Tanjore temple stands to-day virtually as it was originally completed.

In making the circle around the base of the principal shrine, you will come upon the small detached shrine to Subrahmanya, the war god. The technical skill and the artistic imagination of the carvings on this building represent the genius of the Hindu at its highest tide. The decorative details are as exquisite as they are profuse. Coomaraswamy tells this tale about the building of the Subrahmanya shrine: "The king himself came

to see the master sculptor at work, and stood behind him as he was intent upon his carving; then the sculptor held out his hand without turning, to receive a fresh wad of betel from his servant and pupil, and the king, unseen, placed a royal betel leaf in the sculptor's hand. He, when he began to chew it, recognized the unusual delicacy of the condiments, and turned in fear to ask the king's pardon; but the king answered, 'I am a king of men: but you are a king of craftsmen, and merit royal delicacies.'

Trichinopoly's Three Great Temples

By making a fairly early start, the plan of seeing Trichinopoly's three temples in a single day becomes not nearly so arduous an endeavor as you might suppose. In fact, there will not be any hurry. A guide will be waiting on the steps to volunteer his services when you come down to breakfast, and I suggest your engaging him. The guides here, as at Tanjore, are Christians, but this disability in the way of caste does not operate against their usefulness. They may enter the temple enclosures as far as may you.

The best plan is to drive to the temples of Sri Rangam and Jambukeswar in the morning and to visit Trichinopoly Rock in the afternoon.

It is rather a long drive to Sri Rangam, but I doubt whether you will notice this fact. First you will have the streets of the city, and then, with the abruptness of Oriental cities, the houses stop and you are forthwith in the luxuriant countryside. The most picturesque scene comes at the bridge spanning the Cauvery, a placid stream flowing through the palm jungle. A moment later you will see the outer gopuram of Sri Rangam, the largest of all the temples of India.

This grandiose gopuram is one of three, at some distance apart; when you have reached the third, turn a few steps to the left, and you will discover the great car which bears the god and goddess of the temple on their tour during the January festival. It would seem impossible that the car's huge, clumsy, ungreased wheels could ever be made to move. But the ropes are seized by hundreds upon hundreds of votaries,

and move it does. To enter the next gateway you must step over the naked bodies of holy fakirs, lying in the dust on their backs and staring with open eyes into the brassy sun.

From this point onward there is a prescribed path from which you must not digress. Let me tell you as tactfully as possible that as a non-Hindu you are an "untouchable," and that there are mysteries which your profane presence, or even your profane distant sight, would pollute. You are none the less permitted to see a great deal, and there is good reason for thinking that within the forbidden areas there can be nothing more impressive than what you may see, especially as Seshagiri Rao's Mantapam, a truly marvelous pavilion, is not denied. Its carved columns represent the ten incarnations of Vishnu, and even if by this time you have decided that your perceptive faculties have become irretrievably benumbed from the incredible profusion of sculpture on all sides, I am quite sure that they will revive under this Mantapam's inspiration. Here in the courtyard are a number of gaudily painted and richly caparisoned elephants, sacred temple animals whose dispositions have become a little snobbish under the adoration paid them but who will, nevertheless, give you the ancient "elephant trumpet salute" upon presentation of a silver eight *anna* piece.

The final point to which you are permitted to advance is the flat roof over the vast Hall of the Thousand Columns. From this vantage you may look over the balustrade for a restricted view of the farther courtyards.

Strangely enough, it is not considered that your eyes or fingers will defile the temple's famous jewels. But to see them you must present a formal application and pay a fee. It takes a few hours for such an application to be passed upon and for the arrangements to be made. You must thus make a second visit later in the day; and you may or may not think this effort worth while. The collection has been described by many writers, one of the most glowing accounts being by Pierre Loti—or was he telling of the Madura jewels? Anyway, the description would equally fit Sri Rangam. "A chair is placed for me near the piles of gold and precious stones," he wrote, "and a garland of marigolds is hung round my neck. Now the priests hand me the ancient jewels that have left their hiding-

place for one little hour ; they beg me to handle them, and find amusement in throwing them, one after another, on to my knees. There are dozens of golden tiaras, ornamented with stones of many colors, ropes of pearls, and rubies that resemble boa-constrictors."

Some of the pieces of jewelry are antiques, centuries old, and many legends have grown up about them ; but one expects them all to be ancient, and thus, as Major Newell suggests in his *Handbook to Trichinopoly*, it is a surprise to find that some of the most costly are of recent date and modern craftsmanship. "The explanation given is still more astonishing," he writes, "namely, that they were the gifts of a beggar. During the latter half of the last century a pious Brahmin called Venkatal-hiri lived in Sri Rangam. He had long renounced the world in favor of the life of an ascetic. . . . Finally the culminating point of his career was reached when he announced that he had made a vow not to eat on any day during which he did not receive more than ten *rupees* in offerings. Sooner than let so holy and inspired a yogi die, the poorest was ready to venture any sacrifice. In this way the Brahmin beggar, who existed miserably, without clothes and almost without food, was enabled to present jewels to his god, one alone of which is valued at Rs. 70,000."

A few years ago the priests of the Sri Rangam temple, which is sacred to Vishnu, and those of Jambukeswar, which is dedicated to Siva, fell into a quarrel which resulted in depriving the god and goddess of Sri Rangam of their annual visit to Jambukeswar. Their outing is now confined to a tour of the Sri Rangam enclosure. It is over the road which they once knew that you will drive to the Siva shrine. Just why it is that at the Siva temples we non-Hindus are allowed to approach to the very portals of the innermost shrine but are halted so early at the Vishnu temples becomes difficult to understand when one thinks of the conventionally ascribed characteristics of the two gods. One would expect the Vishnuite sect to be the more tolerant, both philosophically and practically. The well-balanced proportions of Jambukeswar are its chief contribution architecturally, but if you go there

at noontime there is a superb effect of light and shadow in the great central hall.

After you have returned to the station restaurant for tiffin, my advice would be to take a couple of hours' siesta in your dark, comfortably cool room. One should treat midday in South India with respectful deference, and there will be abundant time later in the afternoon to visit the Rock.

I have read the geological chapters of the *Imperial Gazetteer* in the hope of finding out why there should be this great Rock of Trichinopoly jutting above the flat plain, but there seems to be no adequate explanation. With or without a reason, there it towers. The summit is to be reached by an interior winding stairway hewn out of the living rock. Not only did the patient toilers chisel out those dark steps, at every landing they cut deep caves—chapels which you will discover branching off mysteriously to right and left. Only now and again is there a window, and in the ghostly darkness one's imagination is prepared to credit any lurid tale of infamous deeds. Undoubtedly the dark deeds have been many, but the most pitifully tragic story of all is concerned with a purely accidental occurrence. It happened about a hundred years ago. An unaccounted for panic laid hold of a throng of pilgrims who were ascending to the chapel at the summit. In a grip of terror they started to dash down the long flights, and in the terrible crush which followed hundreds perished.

The chapel to Ganesha on the summit and the view from its terrace are both famous. The chapel itself would be passed unnoticed if it were a wayside shrine; and I have the suspicion that there never is and never has been that "clear day" which the guide-books mention on which one may see the gopurams of Tanjore. But the stairway is an adventure not to be missed.

Madura

The morning train from Trichy reaches Madura at noon. You will find the sleeping-rooms at the station preferable to those of the dak bungalow.

If you are planning to spend no more than twenty-four hours at Madura, let me give you a warning. The moods of the

Great Temple, during the different periods of the day, are so divergent that if you do not plan to visit its halls and courts and galleries not once but several times you will be irretrievably robbing yourself. In the afternoon the temple activity is, so to speak, resting on its oars. This is the time to become acquainted with the prodigious marvels of the temple buildings from a "sightseeing" point of view. Of course you will take a guide. (Their rendezvous is at the railway station.) In the quiet afternoon hours, undistracted by the presence of throngs of worshipers, you can study the great gateways, the courts, the exquisitely beautiful porches, the shrines, pavilions, and sacred bathing tanks, the mysterious passageways, the vast halls, and the details of the profusion of carving.

When you go again to the temple at night, you can scarcely believe that it is the same place. You enter by the gateway of Minaksi; and then, suddenly and without warning, you stand facing the blazing Door of the Thousand Lamps. You have come upon a world of fantasy and enchantment.

The corridors and courts are thronged by ecstatic worshippers pressing forward, and paying so little attention to your presence that you feel as if a cloak of invisibility had been dropped about your shoulders. It is toward the innermost shrine that the steps of the worshipers are directed, whose doors in the afternoon stood closed but have now been swung open. You are amazed to learn that you are allowed to approach to the threshold beyond which none but the Brahmin priests themselves may pass. You gaze into the deep enigmatic darkness and in its farthest depths is a glimmering, solitary light—the ever burning flame on the altar of Siva, god of destruction and reproduction. Its faint beams are reflected by the facets and surfaces of many jewels. Your guide earnestly urges you not to pause too long. The toleration granted you must not be strained. You turn away and for the first time notice that your steps have brought you into a lofty hall. Massive black stone columns support a roof lost in Cimmerian shadows. In the murky light you discern the figures of unknown and terrible gods. They are tortuously carved, and under the flickering light of sputtering torches, thrust into sockets high against the granite pillars, their writhing limbs and torsos have been imbued with life.

For the temple's third mood, if, in the morning, you will arise betimes, when the air is fresh and cool and the shadows long, there is another incomparable picture. From the outer gateway you must walk through corridor after corridor until at last you come to the shrine of the goddess Minakshi-devi. It is to this chapel that the high caste Brahmin women come, bringing their morning offerings of fruit and rice and flowers for Siva's bride. They apportion themselves spaces on the stone flaggings of the floor and spread out their bright colored scarfs upon which to sit while they carefully arrange their offerings on gold and silver platters. The smoke from the incense of the altar fills the room with a faint blue haze; and from embrasured windows, cut high in the lofty walls, shafts of sunlight fall like golden columns. So theatrically perfect is the effect that on afterthought one suspects that those windows must have been cut for this very dramatic purpose.

So far I have not mentioned the town of Madura. But there is one drive you ought to take. Assuming that you have only twenty-four hours, the best time is a little while before sunset on the afternoon of the day you arrive. The destination is the lake of Teppa Kulam. In the center of the sacred lake is an island of mysterious enchantment. It is covered with a dense jungle, but through the foliage you may discern a temple of seductive beauty. But there is neither bridge nor boat to take you to the island. Once every year (some time in January) the god Siva and his bride sojourn in their triumphal car from the Madura temple to the lake. They are then carried across the forbidden water on a sumptuous raft built for the occasion.

The express train for Ceylon leaves Madura at noon and arrives at Dhanuskodi in the early evening. Here you will find a ferry steamer waiting to take you to Talai Manaar on the north Ceylon coast. From Talai Manaar departs the train for Anuradhapura and Colombo. Just before you reach Dhanuskodi you will see from the train window the great temple of Rameswaram. It is a magnificent picture to carry away as a farewell memory of India; and, for the arriving traveler, Rameswaram stands as a sentinel and omen of incomparable marvels.

CHAPTER 15

CEYLON—THE FRAGRANT ISLE

HOW many tens of centuries have gone by since men first dared to set sail on the seas beyond the sight of land? From that remote date the Fragrant Isle of Spice has fascinated the imagination of the world. If such a statement seems an exaggeration, let us start no farther back than when civilization was dawning on the shores of the Mediterranean. We know that Phoenician barks raided the pearl fisheries of Ceylon centuries before Alexander found the road to India. And one can imagine that these adventurers from the West may have come in contact and conflict here with sailing junks from China, bent on trading or raiding. The early Celestials had a passion for dauntless exploration, and that they ventured westward as far as the Ceylon coast is fairly well assured.

The ancient peoples, who inhabited this island, so abundantly yielding riches to tempt the covetousness of the world, were never free from plunderers or would-be plunderers. From the earliest days until now, Ceylon's history has shown an unending succession of attempted conquests. Many have been successful. Alien conquerors have held sway, and some have established dynasties to endure for generations. Powerful native dynasties have risen and fallen. One of the greatest of the ancient kings was Wijaya, who came from India with a conquering army some five centuries before Christ. Magnificent capitals have been built here, as splendid (one may hazard from their ruins) as may have been Babylon or Tyre. These great cities fell and the ever lurking jungle closed in upon them.

This island, in those ancient days, was incredibly blessed with riches. Not only did the combination of a fertile soil and a beneficent tropical climate produce the fragrant spice trees, but there were mines which yielded gold and precious stones in lavish abundance. And the people themselves were rarely en-

dowed with skilled fingers and artificer's taste to create materials and objects of beauty and luxury.

Perhaps the strangest part of Ceylon's story is that, after uncounted centuries of such glorious prosperity, both the island and the people seemed suddenly to grow weary and listless. The thorny jungle began rapidly to conquer the gardens and groves. Strange fevers stalked the land. The people drew together into miserable villages and scarcely less miserable towns. It was at this time, in the late sixteenth century, that the Portuguese appeared on the scene. The native civilization at that time had not fallen as low as it did later, and the island was still to be considered a rich prize. The Portuguese conquered and occupied a considerable territory, and maintained their power for a century and a half. Then they were deposed by the Dutch, who maintained themselves masters of the coast and much of the hinterland for another century and a half. Finally came the British, who expelled the Hollanders, and set themselves the task of conquering the entire island. And now, for a century, Ceylon has been a British Crown Colony.

During the first fifty years of British rule, the most frequent observation to be found in any writings about the island was that its conquest had not been worth the effort. And yet this was the same geographical spot of land over which had ruled the Mahawansa kings. Verily, some black nemesis seemed to have fallen athwart the island. One traveler wrote, after a hunting trip through the jungle in which he had come upon squalorous villages, decimated by epidemics, whose survivors seemed to be existing under some spiritual, mental, and physical blight, "I felt upon seeing the children that it was a tragedy for one and all to have been born."

Such was the apparent condition of absolute hopelessness which faced the British. But they began a sturdy campaign to reestablish agricultural prosperity and to reclaim the jungle. The tale of that protracted struggle redounds in adventure. At one time coffee planting promised to be the salvation. The triumphant villain of this chapter was a mysterious and devastating plant disease which, in a season, laid low the patient, constructive effort of years. But the British refused to yield. The entire horticultural world was searched to find a replace-

ment, or replacements, for the coffee tree. To-day you see vast and flourishing plantations everywhere, a diversified scene of tea, rubber, and cocoa groves. The children of those children, of whom it was declared that their happier fate would have been never to have been born, are sharing in the prosperity which has been so valorously won. The all-conquering jungle has been tamed. That fearful disease called *parangi*, a product of insufficient food and bad water, is to-day almost forgotten even by name.

For the traveler the island has again become a paradise to gaze upon, a vast park through which to wander. Perfect roads thread the plains and wind their way into the mountains. One does not know whether to say that the motor car was ideally created for Ceylon, or Ceylon for the motor car. The alliance is consummately blissful. Perhaps you will take this so much for granted that you will not wonder about the state of things when Ceylon was a "motor-less Eden." I can remember a quarter of a century back when the only railway line was that from Colombo to Kandy and Nuwara Eliya. Elsewhere throughout the island mail coaches, drawn by bullocks, jogged along and on these the traveler booked seats unless he could afford a private carriage. Only the most ardent and indomitable visitors thought of journeying to the buried city of Anuradhapura.

But it is high time to talk about the Ceylon of to-day. Its present prosperity maintains no gorgeous pageantry of courts and palaces such as bedazzled the ancient world, nor is there any longer the "unbroken wilderness of the jungle" of a few years back to which the big game hunters of the world fell heir. Instead you will find a resuscitated Garden of Eden—one which has been modernized into a vacation land of luxurious hotels and comfortable government rest-houses, a land of tennis clubs and golf courses, of magnificent botanical gardens, of spectacular uncovered ruins, of luxurious tropical views amid the plains and lower hills, and of superb prospects amid the soaring ranges.

The equatorial sun shines full down upon this island, but in a marvelous way the cool sea breezes temper the air to a balmy mildness almost throughout the year. It is true that

June and July are rather unpleasant months along the coastal fringe, but Ceylon never knows the oven heat which the Indian plains endure in their hot season. Always there is the hill station at Nuwara Eliya with its well-nigh ideal climate—cool and healthful. Should your visit to the East be such a leisurely tour that it can embrace two winter seasons—which is a consummation devoutly to be wished if your plans are so extensive that they embrace Southern India, Burma, Siam, Indo-China, the Dutch Indies, and the Philippines—then Nuwara Eliya beckons as an almost perfect “lay-over” retreat.

I realize that few travelers need such a retreat. The usual tourist has but a few days for Ceylon, and not every visitor who comes has the purse to engage motor cars indiscriminately. There are railways, as well as highways; and by their use one may visit the chief places of fascination. I mean Kandy, Nuwara Eliya, and Anaradhapura. Colombo will inevitably include itself in your itinerary.

Should you be a passenger on a steamer anchoring at Colombo for a two or three days' call, and should you ask my arbitrary advice about the disposal of your time, my answer would be readily forthcoming. Namely, take motor car or train immediately to Kandy and the Peradeniya Gardens. And if you are a devoted lover of spectacular mountain scenery and mountain motoring, you may find it possible in this brief time to take the sixty mile drive upward to Nuwara Eliya from Kandy. In five days—but not to be accounted leisurely ones—you can include Anaradhapura as well.

You will either arrive in Ceylon by steamer at Colombo, or you will be a train passenger from Southern India landing at Talai Manaar by ferry boat. From Talai Manaar an express train races to Colombo in about twelve hours. It is along this route that the buried city of Anaradhapura lies. Thus, if you are coming from Southern India or are planning to proceed there by train, the time required to reach Anaradhapura need not be counted into your schedule. I cannot suggest detailed plans beyond these few general hints as I have no idea of the number of days you will actually have, and an extra day affords more leeway for altering plans in this small country than a week might offer in a country of more disturbing distances.

Never has a travel book about Ceylon, nor a guide-book chapter, been written which has not explained that Colombo is a place of strange sights for those who arrive directly from the West and who are not familiar with the Eastern scene elsewhere, but that for other visitors its charms will not call forth more than a nominal degree of enthusiasm. I hasten to reaffirm the truth of this statement. If Colombo is your first sight of the Orient, it is likely that you will find it exhilarating. None the less I would insist upon whispering the name of Kandy in your ear. But I assume that Colombo is not your first Oriental port, and that you will be interested in knowing that it can be seen quickly. To my own way of thinking, the pleasantest thing to do is to engage a motor car for a drive through its streets and then to proceed along the coast road to Mount Lavinia by the way of Victoria Park. In this park there is a small museum, and should you wish to gain an idea of the arts and craftsmanship of the people who lived in the glittering days of Ceylon's imperial magnificence, here and there in these rows of glass cases are such exquisite examples of ancient jewelry and other trinkets that the imagination leaps to a reconstruction of the bygone civilization. In one of the wings has been gathered an assortment of stone carvings and "moon-stones" from the buried city of Anuradhapura. The famous "moon-stones" take their name from their shape. They are the semicircular, flat pieces of granite which were laid at the foot of the entrance stairways to temples and palaces. Their fame comes from their beautiful and intricate carving.

The perfect hour to drive to Mount Lavinia is just before sunset, so as to have the tumultuous gorgeous colorings of the sky and sea as you sit on the terrace conventionally sipping tea. Not always, of course, does the sky perform to its full dramatic possibilities; nevertheless I can remember no other place in the Orient where the sunset is so consistently accommodating. Manila's famous sunsets are not half so reliable. Standing on the Lavinia shore close to the tea-house is the most photographed palm tree in all the world. No one ever came here with a camera who did not see the "possibilities" of that particular palm tree against the sea.

This drive to Mount Lavinia is a seven mile sample, as it

were, of the coast road scenery of the island. Should you wish a longer motor flight, there is the wondrous seventy-five mile drive to Galle. The scenery is sensuous by day, but if you return by night under the white light of the tropical moon, you have an idyllic enchantment quite beyond description.

Galle is a somnolent, picturesque old port, dreaming of the days when it was a Portuguese, and later a Dutch, stronghold. It was the Dutch who built the fort of splendid walls, within which lie the older streets. You will find an hotel, quite passable, should you wish to spend a lazy day, strolling about the ramparts, prowling amid the bazars, or perhaps following one of the paths into the charming nearby countryside to visit one of the ancient Buddhist monasteries. In fact, should your temperament enjoy a day of no more hectic excitement than I have pictured, I withdraw my hint that the railway or steamer trip to Galle will not be worth your while.

I have just mentioned the bazars at Galle. Sometimes visitors make extraordinary finds there in the way of curios or antique Singhalese jewelry. But in Ceylon one never knows where one's heart may skip a beat through coming unexpectedly upon a treasure. Sometimes you will see nothing at all at Colombo, and then find at Kandy or Nuwara Eliya the iron-bound chests of the dealers bulging with precious trifles. Sometimes it is the Colombo shops that are overflowing. For carved ivories, tortoiseshell, silver, or precious and semiprecious stones, there is no lack any place. If you have endurance in argument and know the value of precious stones, you will never be closer to the end of the rainbow than at Colombo.

Kandy and the Peradeniya Gardens

Whether you find yourself climbing through the ever rising hills on the road to Kandy by train or by motor car, I think you will succumb to the spell of enchantment inspired by the beauty of the green jungle. But do not expect to find yourself journeying through an untamed wilderness. Your progress will not be blocked by an opposing herd of mad bull elephants. It was far different in the days when the surveyors were cutting the line for the railway. Wild elephants, leopards, and croco-

diles were the masters of the swamps and the thorny country-side. In fact, elephants then existed in such numbers that the Government paid a bounty on each one shot. Sir Samuel Baker in his *Eight Years Wandering in Ceylon* tells a tale of three of his friends bagging one hundred and four of these animals in a couple of days' shooting.

A few minutes before the train reaches Kandy it passes the station for the Peradeniya Gardens. Instead of alighting at this Peradeniya stop, it is much more satisfactory to continue to Kandy and later to return by carriage directly to the gardens.

As dates may be considered in Ceylon, Kandy is not an ancient place. It can count only some six centuries since it acquired importance. But from the day when it did become the capital of one of the "up-country" kings, it has had a sufficiently stormy history to make up for any amount of lost time. It has been besieged, captured, sacked, and burned "more often than not." To-day its population has dropped back almost to that of a village, but the dignity and atmosphere of having been a great capital still lingers unmistakably. Kandy has a peculiar charm which I have never attempted to analyze, and I will not now try to pull the flower to pieces.

In the heart of the town is a squared, artificial "tank"—the name given in India and Ceylon to any lake. Should you take a stroll around this tank in the early morning, with no other ambition than a desire to establish a mood of sensuous accord with the strange, tropical scene, something quite necromantic happens. You are no longer an alien and a stranger in the mysterious East. A magic ointment has touched your eyes. The veil of incomprehensibility dissolves. If you should enter the gates of the Maligawa Temple in this mood, you will find a picture never to be forgotten. At least that was my own experience one such early morning. The sun had not long been risen above the rim of the surrounding hills, and there was that delectable, spicy freshness in the air which is at one and the same time a stimulant and a balm to the senses. A priest of the temple came up to me, and immediately—with a strange absence of any barriers whatsoever—we fell into an absorbing conversation. He was a handsome youth, and charmingly

gracious. He invited me to enter the brass doors. Workers were strewing the altars and the floor nearby with freshly picked, waxen flowers on which the dew still hung. Their heavy perfume was almost drugging. My guide showed me the temple treasures, including the jeweled casket containing the famous tooth from which the temple takes its name. The tooth is hidden within seven diminishing shrines, resting on a gold lotus leaf.

This treasure, which is supposed to be a tooth of Buddha, has an authentic legend going back for some sixteen centuries as far as Ceylon is concerned. At that early date a Princess of Kalinga brought it from India. Its history from that hour has been so extraordinary that a thrilling and exciting volume might be written about its adventures. It has been stolen and recaptured innumerable times. Thieves have taken it on remote wanderings. It has provoked wars and heavy retaliations. If you believe the Portuguese story, this is not the original tooth. The Portuguese declare that one of their Archbishops at Goa, four hundred years ago, destroyed the tooth by fire, after it had been seized at Jaffa by Don Constantine of Braganza. This effort of the pious Archbishop's to confound the heathen was of very slight avail, as the legend immediately spread itself through the Buddhist world that the tooth had been miraculously preserved and spirited safely away.

Should you have had your *chota hazri*, or little breakfast, brought to your room before starting on this stroll, you will probably have another hour, following your visit to the Maligawa Temple, before returning to the hotel for *burra hazri*, or big breakfast. And it takes just about an hour to circle the path known as "Lady Horton's Walk." Its views are enchanting and from some points magnificent. Later in the day—a felicitous hour is toward the end of the afternoon—you may wish to drive to Lankatilaka, a curiosity in temple architecture standing imposingly on a high rock.

However, the goal which almost every visitor has foremost in his mind upon coming to Kandy is to see the Royal Botanical Gardens at Peradeniya. The fame of these gardens among travelers has been based upon their beauty and wonders, and not upon their utilitarian value to the world. The original

idea was to establish a practical experimental station, and an experimental station is what you are really seeing to-day. Perhaps it is intended that casual visitors will absorb a certain amount of practical instruction. If so, this aim is so well sugar coated that the usual visitor remains unsuspecting of the amazing amount of practical information he is carrying away. However this may be, the gardens could "justify" their existence by their luxuriant beauty alone. The magnificent avenues are bordered here by one variety of stately palm, and there by another. The carpets of green lawn make one covetous that they might be rolled up and taken home. Of course there are all the rarities and curiosities of the flora of the tropical world, varying in surprises from specimens nearly unbelievable to others totally impossible in their strangeness. The orchids have their own conservatory. Possibly that climbing plant which covers a pergola nearby, the famous "fly-catcher," is the supreme curiosity. If, when you were a child, the odors from the kitchen spice jars held strange and mysterious suggestions of romance for you, here are the spice trees themselves, perfuming the air with the same magical fragrance.

Across the river at Gangaroowa, is another experimental station, more uncompromisingly practical. It is largely confined to groves and fields for the raising of trees and plants of definite economic importance. Here are rubber trees, dripping future motor-car tires, tennis balls, and bath mats. Also you will find tea trees of savory leaf, and cacao and coffee trees. If you wish merely a composite picture of the gardens, pausing here and there as you might at a gallery, the drive will take two or three hours; but if your interest is exhaustive, you must plan for a long day. Whatever may be your program, let me give you the hint that toward the end of the afternoon you should be on the river bank. At this hour the mahouts bring the elephants to the deep pools for their daily bath and scrub. You get an amazing revelation of the wisdom and good manners of these mammoth creatures; and I prophesy that you will take exactly as many photographs as you have available exposures for your camera.

When you are in India, even if your visit is one of several months, I venture to hazard that you will not set eyes on a

single member of the snake family except those specimens which are under the care and guardianship of professional charmers. Of course one observes sensible precautions everywhere. At Kandy, in its neighborhood, and at the Peradeniya Gardens you should be unusually alert and cautious. This may be Eden, but it is an Eden of the twenty-fifth verse of the first chapter of Genesis. Cobras and other equally undesirable serpents thrive. It is quite true that almost never does one hear of a European being bitten, but you must not understand that this comes about through any discrimination on the part of the reptiles. The Europeans do not wander carelessly across lawns in the dark; nor do they venture away from open paths and into the high grass at any time.

Nuwara Eliya

While Kandy is some one thousand six hundred feet above the sea, with a noticeably more salubrious temperature than that of the coast, it still decidedly belongs to the tropics. On the contrary, at Nuwara Eliya, six thousand feet in the clouds, you have come to a temperate zone climate. It is a place where you will need warm clothing. The roaring, open fire of the hotel drawing-room in the evening is lighted for its comfort as well as for its cheerful picture. This astonishing transformation in climate and scenery is accomplished by a two hours' train journey from Kandy, or by a short half day's motor trip.

This broad plateau of Nuwara Eliya is truly one of the loveliest spots on earth. Here, during the summer months, the Governor General of the island has his residence. Near the Residency grounds are the hotels and the clubs, all with a view across the lake. Round and about is a marvelous, out-stretching countryside, with charming roads and paths bordered by rhododendron bushes or rows of eucalyptus trees. The venomous snakes of the lower hills have apparently never found their way to this height; but the excitement of lurking suspense which their presence might afford is not severely missed. The lassitude which one's bones have gathered in the sluggish air of the plains is blown away. The air is brisk and pure.

Do not go to Nuwara Eliya expecting to find an ancient town

of rich temples, sumptuous palaces, and picturesque bazars. The thin blood of the native population and the crisp days and nights of this high plateau are not congenial. No Singhalese raja ever thought of building a capital here. As far as Nuwara Eliya itself is concerned, you can see all there is to see in a very few hours. But if you have the necessary days and the necessary *rupees*, this delightful spot is an ideal base from which to tour the mountain roads of southern Ceylon. Before the motor car came, there were bullock-drawn coaches and horse-drawn carriages. Long journeys were then popular, with nights spent at the comfortable rest-houses along the way. In a one day's excursion you may have a very good idea of what you would see in a fortnight of motoring, if you will drive the thirty miles to Badulla. On this road you pass the botanical gardens at Hak-gala, where the flowers and plants of the temperate zone grow in the same luxurious profusion that the plants of the tropic world do at Peradeniya.

If you are ambitious to scale mountain peaks, you will here find summits to challenge your enthusiasm. In the way of spectacular views, that is. Of course, there are no snow fields or glaciers. Pidurutalagala is the highest of all, but its fame does not compare to that of Adam's Peak. The topmost ledge of this latter mountain is one of the most sacred Buddhist pilgrimages of the East. Its holiness arises from its impress of Buddha's foot—measuring five feet six inches from heel to toe!

I should have to enlarge this chapter into a motoring Blue Book to describe all of the possible routes through southern Ceylon; and the usual traveler with the usual amount of time would not be interested in its information. Though there is one particular hint you may wish to have before leaving Colombo, if you are planning to motor to Kandy and Nuwara Eliya. You can make arrangements to have your car return to Colombo from Nuwara Eliya by the way of Bandarawella and Ratnapura. It is not too ornately worded a phrase to declare that Ratnapura "lies in the heart of a scenic paradise." But its unique fame comes from its topaz and sapphire mines, crude surface affairs worked in the exact way which was in vogue centuries upon centuries ago. The tropical scene

reaches its climax after you pass the town of Avisawella. The road then follows the winding Kelani River, with exotic pictures of village and boat life.

The Buried City of Anuradhapura

The past few years have heaped up certain complexities of choice for the traveler bound for the buried city of Anuradhapura. Once, and not so long ago, he could choose to make the journey in a bullock-cart or he could stay away. But this generation has to ponder whether it will choose the railway, the motor road from Colombo, or the motor road from Kandy. For those who are going to, or coming from, Southern India by rail, Anuradhapura is on the direct route between Colombo and Talai Manaar.

With the coming of the railway there has been built an hotel. The work of excavating the ruins, of repairing the great tanks, and of driving back the jungle, which has been in progress for something more than half a century, has been going ahead rapidly for the past two decades under European archeologists and engineers.

Whatever descriptive adjectives you may select for Anuradhapura, it certainly cannot now be called "deserted." You may remember Pierre Loti's pages written a quarter of a century ago. First he painted an imaginative picture of ancient days when the temples and palaces were numberless and their golden cupolas and pavilions shimmered in the sun, and the streets were crowded with elephants, horses, chariots, and countless multitudes. And then he added, "Now there is silence, shadow, and green night; men have passed away and the forest has closed on everything. The awakening morning shines on all these buried ruins as calmly as it shone on the virgin forest in the first dawning of creation."

Loti was firm in the belief that to Malabar conquerors from India must be charged the responsibility for the downfall and desertion of this once great city. "Amongst the monstrous roots which twist like serpents over the red earth," he wrote, "lie confused heaps of ruins and fallen stones. Hundreds of broken gods, stone elephants, altars, and chimeras are scattered about,

giving proof of the fearful havoc wrought by the Malabar conquerors nearly two thousand years ago." If this controversy interests you, you will find a half dozen diverse theories to account for Anuradhapura's desertion. Undoubtedly there were Tamil invasions, but it seems likely that pestilence or famine, or both, caused the abandonment. Modern sanitary engineering is now fast freeing the countryside from epidemics and fever; and drainage and irrigation works are bringing a return of agricultural prosperity. It is extremely interesting to note also that this renaissance has brought Anuradhapura to the fore again as a sacred city of the Buddhist world. Pilgrims from all the Buddhist countries of the East come here to scatter flowers on the ancient altars. And they bring contributions to the fund which is supporting the work of the native archeologists who are to-day industriously excavating alongside the Europeans.

The nights of the new and full moon of every month are festival nights. The throngs are larger in the months of January and February, but the weird and indescribable beauty of the midnight processions does not depend upon their numbers. The pageantry of the scene is always one of unbelievable enchantment. Surely you will plan to be at Anuradhapura on one of these two nights of the month. When the moon appears above the black silhouette of the jungle, the pilgrims appear, each with a lamp in his hand—cups of oil with floating wicks.

I should be less willing to try to guess how much interest you will take in these ruins than I should about any other corner of the East. Visitors one might consider the least likely to fall under Anuradhapura's spell become ardent amateur archeologists, and others, who you might feel certain would be enthusiastic, declare that the story these scattered ruins tell is far too incoherent to be absorbing. If you wish to read what scholars have to say, there is certainly no lack of literature on Ceylon's buried cities. In fact, the number of books is decidedly formidable. The chapters in Mitton's *Lost Cities of Ceylon* having to do with Anuradhapura can be read through on the train ride between Colombo and the no longer lost city. Or, if you like to "read on the spot," what more delectable seat could you find than under the shade of the very holy Bo-Tree, planted twenty-two hundred years ago from a sprig cut from

the bo-tree under which Buddha sat at Gaya near Benares? This particular *Ficus Religiosa*, within a few minutes' walk of the hotel, is unquestionably the oldest historical tree in the world.

Strangely enough, the date of the founding of the city has been established with less dispute among scholars than the date of its demise. Quite likely the year 437 B.C. was the exact date when King Pandukabhaya approved the plans of his builders, and ordered his cohorts of skilled artisans and slaves to begin the work of creating one of the supremely magnificent cities of all times. Anuradhapura's splendor steadily increased through the next five centuries. No great buildings were added in the later centuries although Anuradhapura remained the royal residence and capital until the middle of the eighth century, or perhaps into the ninth. While mere size is never a proof of grandeur, it is nevertheless a staggering fact that the excavation work shows that the city covered some two hundred and fifty square miles! Not every surmise need be based on the findings of modern archeologists. There are fairly reliable contemporary native chronicles. When the mighty King Asoka, Buddhism's great secular champion, came from India to Anuradhapura, "miracles followed, and riches and precious metals and gems, buried in earth, rose to the surface." Asoka brought as a gift the left collar bone of Buddha, and built a great dagoba, the Thuparamaya, to cover the relic. Asoka's grandson built the famous nine-story Brazen Monastery, or Palace. The number of dagobas built by the pious during the city's twelve long centuries is as the stars of the sky—not to be counted. But this number includes the great, the minor, and the insignificant. Another "special feature" of Anuradhapura—which the real estate agents of the ancient days of prosperity undoubtedly emphasized to their prospects—was the innumerable and elaborately ornate bathing tanks. If you allow your imagination a little latitude, it will certainly reconstruct for you the gorgeous scene when the youths and maids of the nobility gathered at the Kuttan tank, with its great stone staircases and golden awnings. For their entertainment, as they lounged in shade and sun, were "jugglers, dancers, and musicians from many lands." Anuradhapura had an inner city and an outer

city. In the former rose the golden roofs of the palaces. In the latter lived the people.

Inspection of the hotel register will show that the majority of travelers spend only one day amid these ruins. This time will yield a fairly comprehensive idea of what must have been the city's magnificence; but two days are infinitely better. The extra hours of a second day will give you time to drive to the temple crowned hill of Mihintale, eight miles distant, as well as allowing a more leisurely wandering at Anuradhapura itself.

Guides have been licensed to conduct tourists through the mazes of the jungle paths. They do not answer the questions which one wishes answered, and they chatter volubly when one would prefer silence. In spite of this, they are practically indispensable. Your guide will recommend the conventional round, and this set plan of progress is about as satisfactory as any other. One of the first destinations is the Abhayagiriya Dagoba, the largest of all. It soars to a height of more than two hundred and fifty feet. Do not refuse to climb to the top of its huge brick dome, or you will miss a most illuminating view of the Anuradhapura plain. Tennant, one of the authoritative writers on Anuradhapura, took the pains to estimate the number of bricks which went into this dagoba, and arrived at the extraordinary calculation that they would build a wall ten feet high reaching from London to Edinburgh.

Polonnaruwa

Nowadays almost every visitor to Ceylon goes to Anuradhapura. Very few journey to Polonnaruwa. Polonnaruwa is far from the railway, and there has been much less clearing away of the jungle. But you may be interested in knowing that this lost city is easily reached by motor car. There is a fairly good road (forty miles) from Anuradhapura to Habarane; and an excellent road (sixty miles) from Kandy to Habarane. From Habarane a passable road has been cut through the thirty miles of jungle to the heart of the Polonnaruwa ruins. The trip is usually made from Kandy. With an early morning start, you can arrive at the rest-house on the shores of beautiful Lake Giratella at noon. You will then have the afternoon of that

day and the following morning to explore the ruins, and by leaving at noon you will be back at Kandy in the evening. Obviously, if you can spare three days instead of two, you will avoid making the trip so strenuous that it must inevitably be fatiguing.

In some ways you will find Polonnaruwa even more interesting than Anuradhapura; at least in this fact that its ruins are in a much better state of preservation. The jungle has had far fewer years to consummate destruction. The date of the city's founding goes back to the fourth century A.D., but it did not become a capital until about the time that Anuradhapura was deserted. Its most sumptuous building period did not come until the twelfth century. Why it was so suddenly abandoned to the jungle, about a century and a half later, is a mystery for eternal speculation. But you can see by subtraction that this abandonment came only seven hundred years ago, or seven centuries later than the desertion of Anuradhapura.

As I said, very little has been done in clearing away the jungle, although roads have been cut through the thorny barrier of vegetation to a few of the more important groups of buildings. As at Anuradhapura, the ruins are scattered over many square miles. But do not think that the resemblance is otherwise one of duplication. The mighty dagobas of Anuradhapura are here represented by such puny successors that no one but an archeologist or antiquarian would be interested in making the effort to reach their remote site. It is the splendor of the temples and palaces which is your high reward. Desolate indeed these buildings are, but they have so remarkably withstood the onslaughts of decay that many of them might be repaired and made habitable. At the time of this city's great building period, Hindu influence had become strong in the land, and you will see this influence everywhere both in architectural design and in decorative detail.

If you are proceeding from Ceylon to Southern India, you will of course take the train to Talai Manaar. From Talai Manaar there is a ferry steamer to Dhanuskodi, the terminus of the South Indian Railway. The train ride from Dhanuskodi to Madura is extremely interesting, with a splendid view of the

great Rameswaram Temple. But the countryside of Ceylon, north of Anuradhapura, is a monotonous plain of green forest. For this reason it is highly desirable to plan to take the night express from Colombo, or from Anuradhapura if you have broken the journey there, so as to reach the Indian mainland in the morning.

CHAPTER 16

MEMORANDUM OF EASTERN ITINERARIES

IN devising your Eastern itinerary, its satisfaction will depend upon choosing when to go as well as where to go. The summer months are hot everywhere in the Orient, either in the tropic or the temperate zone, except in the mountains. Thus, for the traveler, the year is one of about eight months, not twelve. But the comfortable season varies for the different countries. Spring or autumn should be chosen for Japan, Korea, Manchuria, and China. The season in the Philippines is from November until the middle of March. The cool season for Indo-China, Siam, Burma, and Southern India begins about the middle of November and lasts until about the middle of January. Java, Malaya, and Ceylon, lying close to the equator, show not much variation in temperatures, but the winter months are preferable. For Northern India, the cool, dry season begins about the first of November and continues until about the end of March.

Let us suppose that you are planning an around-the-world trip and are contemplating giving eight months to the Orient. If your direction is to be westward, you can plan to arrive in Japan in September and have September, October, and November for Japan, Korea, Manchuria, and China, and then have December, January, February, and March for the tropical countries. On the other hand, should you wish to travel eastward, do not arrive in India before the first of November. You will then have November, December, January, and February for the tropical countries, and March, April, May, and June for the Far East.

You will see that all sorts of combinations are made possible in an around-the-world trip, within the eight available months, due to the different conditions met in traveling eastward or westward. By giving thought to the direction of your itinerary, you can make sure of reasonably comfortable temperatures in a visit of any duration of from three to eight months. In a visit of four months, for instance, if you are traveling westward, you can have September and October (or October and Novem-

ber) for Japan and China, and then have November and December (or December and January) for the tropical countries. By traveling eastward, instead of using the autumn and the winter, you can employ the winter and the spring—arrive in India in January and have January and February for the tropics and March and April for the Far East.

While it would be possible in a “net” tour of seven, or even six, months to visit all of the countries sketched in the preceding chapters and to see many of their most interesting places, naturally it would not be possible to include all of the places mentioned. It has not been the intention of the writer to describe an all inclusive “ideal” tour embracing the entire Orient. Few travelers would desire, or have the time for, such an unremitting schedule and itinerary even if their endurance were adequate for the effort. The thing to avoid is becoming so travel-weary, mentally as well as physically, that one’s receptive and perceptive faculties are surfeited. Its soundness cannot be questioned, though the advice may be trite, that it is infinitely better to go to fewer places and to keep the keen edge of one’s enthusiasm than to see everything in a benumbed state of exhaustion.

The ambition of this book is that its descriptions will help you to decide which countries and what places most appeal. A goodly part of the fascination of one’s trip is in planning one’s itinerary; in deciding where one most wishes to go and what places to leave out.

The following memorandum is not an itinerary taking in all of the places described in the preceding chapters. It is meant to indicate the minimum time required to visit certain of the most notably interesting places and parts of each country, together with notes giving the amount of time required to travel from one country to another. By studying this memorandum it will be a comparatively simple matter to add or subtract according to the itinerary which most appeals to you and to determine approximately how long it will take to cover your own selected route.

JAPAN. In three weeks the traveler may have three or four days each at Nikko and Kyoto, and a day each at Yokohama, Tokyo, Kamakura, Matsushima, Miyanoshita, Nagoya, Nara,

and Miyajima. Four weeks, of course, would be preferable. These are all places to be called "usual," but if four weeks are given there will be time to include one or two of the less usual places, such as the trip to Ikao and Kusatsu from Nikko, or that to Koya-san from Kyoto, or that to Beppu from Miyajima.

Note:—Trans-Pacific passengers holding first class steamer tickets between Yokohama and Shanghai, in either direction, upon the payment of \$75.00 gold may exchange their steamer tickets for first class railway tickets between Tokyo and Shanghai by the way of Kyoto, Kobe, Shimonoseki, Fusan (Korea), Seoul, Mukden (Manchuria), Tientsin, Peking, and Nanking. These tickets are good for ninety days and allow stop-overs everywhere without extra charge. The time schedule from Shimonoseki to Peking is:—From Shimonoseki to Fusan by express steamer, twelve hours; from Fusan to Seoul, twelve hours; from Seoul to Antung, the Manchurian frontier, twelve hours; from Antung to Mukden, six hours; from Mukden to Peking, twenty-four hours.

If you are not planning to visit Korea, Manchuria, and Peking, but are proceeding from Japan to Shanghai by steamer, the approximate sailing time is three days from Kobe, or two days from either Nagasaki or Moji.

KOREA. Two days are ample for Seoul, the capital. If a third is available, a motor excursion can be made either to Suigen or Kaijo. A visit to the mountains of the Kongo-san can be made in from five days to a week. In southern Korea a motor trip can be made to ancient Keishu from Fusan in two days, or from Taikyo in one.

MANCHURIA. For seeing Mukden, one day will suffice. If Liao-yang, Dairen, and Port Arthur are visited, a week must be given in all.

PEKING AND NORTH CHINA. At Peking, even should you rigorously confine your visit to seeing only the Temple of Heaven, the Forbidden City, the Winter Palace, the Summer Palace, the temples of the Western Hills, the Lama Temple, the Ming Tombs, and the Great Wall, such a minimum program will require five arduous days. It will be much better to give seven or eight. A visit to the Hsiling Tombs takes two extra days.

The through train journey between Peking and Shanghai takes thirty-six hours. If Holy Mount Taishan, the Tomb and Temple of Confucius, and Nanking are visited en route, allow four extra days. There is the alternative choice of traveling from Peking to Hankow by rail, and from Hankow by steamer on the Yangtse to Shanghai. This route requires six days.

SHANGHAI AND THE YANGTSE VALLEY. Shanghai may be seen in one or two days. With Shanghai as a base, Soochow can be visited in one day, Hangchow in three days. If the voyage is made up the Yangtse from Shanghai to Chungking and return, this round trip of three thousand miles requires three weeks.

HONGKONG AND SOUTH CHINA. The direct steamer journey from Shanghai to Hongkong is made in two and one-half days. But if you go by coasting steamer, stopping at Foochow, Amoy, and Swatow, this cruise takes from eight to ten days.

Hongkong is to be seen in a single day. The excursion to Macao can be made in one day. Under the duress of hurry, Canton may be seen in one day, but two or three are preferable. The West River steamer trip from Hongkong to Wuchow and return takes five days.

MANILA AND THE PHILIPPINES. The steamer voyage between Hongkong and Manila requires two days. The city of Manila and something of its countryside can be seen in thirty-six hours. But if motor trips to Pagsanjan Gorge and Baguio are to be made, then the minimum time will be one week. A cruise among the southern Philippine islands (including Panay, Cebu, Mindanao, and Sulu) consumes from eighteen days to three weeks.

FRENCH INDO-CHINA. By steamer from Hongkong to Saigon, by way of Haiphong, takes seven days; from Saigon to Singapore, three days. A visit to the ruins of Angkor, made from Saigon by steamer on the Mekong River, takes a minimum of seven days, but ten to twelve are preferable.

If French Indo-China is not visited, the direct voyage from Hongkong to Singapore requires five days.

JAVA AND BALI. The express steamer from Singapore to Batavia takes two days. A minimum of eleven days will show you the chief places of Java, including Batavia, Buitenzorg,

Garoet, Djokjakarta, Prambanan, the Boroboedoer, Soerabaja, and Tosari. If Soerabaja and Tosari are omitted, the visit can be made in seven days. For the island of Bali, owing to the schedule of the steamer which makes the round trip from Soerabaja, the visit must arbitrarily be made in either five or nine days.

MALAYA. With three days, you may have one in Singapore, the twenty-four hour train ride through the jungle world from Singapore to Penang, with an hour for a drive through Kuala Lumpur when changing trains, and a day at Penang. A week, however, will allow visits of a day each at Singapore, Malacca, Kuala Lumpur, Ipoh, Taiping, and Penang.

SIAM. Bangkok is to be reached by railway from Penang in two days. The round trip from Penang back to Penang can be made in one week, allowing three days for Bangkok and Ayuthia.

BURMA. Rangoon is to be reached by steamer from Penang or Calcutta, a three days' sail from either port. Eight days will suffice for the traveler to see Rangoon, journey by rail to Mandalay, and return to Rangoon by Irrawaddy River steamer. If the trip to Mandalay is not taken, two days will reveal Rangoon.

NORTHERN INDIA. Six weeks will be demanded for an itinerary embracing Calcutta, Darjeeling, Benares, Lucknow, Agra, Delhi, Amritsar, Lahore, Peshawar, the Khyber Pass, Udaipur, Chitorgarh, Jaipur, Mount Abu, Ahmedabad, The Caves of Ellora, and Bombay. By including only Calcutta, Benares, Agra, Delhi, Jaipur, Mount Abu, and Bombay, this trip across Northern India can be made in two weeks, giving three days each at Agra and Delhi. Or, by omitting Mount Abu, and taking only two days at Delhi, Darjeeling can be included in the fourteen days.

CENTRAL AND SOUTHERN INDIA. The trip across Central India from Bombay to Madras, and through Southern India from Madras to Dhanuskodi, including Bijapur, Hyderabad, Madras, Tanjore, Trichinopoly, and Madura, requires twelve days. The trip from Calcutta to Dhanuskodi, with a break in the journey of thirty-six hours at Puri, and a day each at Madras, Tanjore, Trichinopoly, and Madura, takes nine days.

MEMORANDUM OF EASTERN ITINERARIES 449

Between either Bombay or Calcutta and Dhanuskodi, the trip can be made in six days, with a day each at Tanjore, Trichinopoly, and Madura.

CEYLON. Colombo, Kandy, Nuwara Eliya, and Anuradhapura can be seen in seven days.

INDEX

Where there are several page references to a place or locality in the following index, the more important reference or fullest description is indicated by black-faced figures.

A

- Abu, Mt., 335, 378, 389, 390, 448
Abu Road, 390, 392
Aden, 285
Adyar River, 417
Agematsu, 33
Agra, 152, 335, 343, 345, **346**, 364,
 365, 394, 409, 448
Agra Fort, 351
Ahmedabad, 335, 347, 378, 392,
 448
Ajanta Caves, 398, 402
Ajmer, 335, 378, 384, 390
Akita, 32
Aligarh, 346
Allahabad, 343
Along, Bay of, 264, 265
Alwar, 378, 380
Ama-no-hasidate, 28, 29, **82**, 85
Amanzaka Pass, 56
Amber, 382, **383**, 394
Amoy, 201, **202**, 203, **207**, 447
Ampenan, 310
Amritsar, 335, 360, 361, 362, **363**,
 448
Ana Sagar Lake, 385
Angkor, 152, 208, **252**, 253, 254,
 255, 256, 349, 408, 447
Angkor-Thom, 262, 263
Angkor-Vat, 261, **262**, 278
Annam, 203, 252, 253, 264
Antipolo, 241, 242
Antung, 99, 446
Anuradhapura, 208, 326, 327, 330,
 349, 426, 429, 430, **438**, 441,
 442, 443, 449
Arashiyama, 72
Ardjoeno, 307
Asama-yama, Mt., **48**, 51

- Aso-no-umi Inlet, 82
Avisawella, 438
Ayer Itam, 292
Ayuthia, **279**, 448

B

- Badulla, 437
Bagendit Lake, 301
Baguio, 3, 241, 242, **243**, 447
Baguio Hills, 233
Baikal, Lake, 161
Bali, Island of, **293**, 303, 308, 448
 Dancing, 312
 Festivals, 311
 Funerals, 311
 Itinerary, 447
 Luggage, 311
 Music, 312
 Palaces, 309
 Passage to, 309
 People, the, 313
 Servants, 309, 311
 Shopping, 311
 Temples, 309
Bandarawella, 437
Bandoeng, 299
Bangalore, 414
Bangkok, 254, 269, 270, 277, 278,
 280, 281, 448
Baramulla, 375
Baroda, 378, 393
Batavia, 294, **296**, 306, 308, 447
Batu Caves, 290
Batwa, 393
Bazaars (*see* Individual Countries
 for Shopping)
Benares, 335, **340**, 381, 394, 397,
 448
Beppu, 30, 85, **86**, 446
Bengal, Bay of, 404

Benoa, 309, 310
 Bhamo, 330, 331
 Bharatpur, 346
 Bhubaneswar, 405
 Bijapur, 335, 394, 407, 448
 Bijbehara, 377
 Bilibid Prison, 236
 Biwa, Lake, 28, 67, 71
 Biwa Canal, 72
 Black Pagoda, 406
 Boeleleng, 309, 310, 311, 313
 Bombay, 2, 4, 285, 335, 378, 379,
 380, 384, 393, 394, 401, 404,
 407, 448, 449
 Books (*see* Individual Countries)
 Borneo, 293, 297
 Boroboedoer, 294, 303, 448
 Brindaban, 346, 352
 Bromo, Mt., 307
 Bubbling Well Road, Shanghai,
 176
 Buitenzorg, 294, 297, 298, 306,
 447
 Bund, The, Canton, 224
 Bund, The, Hankow, 191
 Bund, The, Shanghai, 175, 179
 Burma, 255, 282, 314, 342, 349,
 430
 Antiquities, 332
 Books on, 317, 332
 Buddha, 318
 Caravans, 331
 Dufferin, Fort, 328
 Gautama, Recumbent, 324
 Guides, 333
 History, 324
 Hotels, 4, 318
 Itinerary, 448
 Monasteries, 329
 Palaces, 326, 328
 People, the, 314
 Reservations, 324
 River voyage, 331
 Royal Lakes Drive, 321
 Season, proper, 2, 317, 444
 Servants, 317
 Shopping, 321, 328
 Shwe Dagon Pagoda, 318
 Steamer routes, 330
 Temples, 318, 324, 326, 327,
 330, 333, 334
 Theaters, 322

C

Calcutta, 2, 4, 285, 335, 337, 340,
 348, 401, 404, 448, 449
 Cambodia, 252, 253, 282, 408
 Canton, 139, 198, 199, 201, 222,
 264, 447
 Cawnpore, 343
 Cebu, 248
 Cebu, Island of, 240, 248, 249,
 447
 Celebes, 293, 297
 Ceylon, 200, 203, 282, 294, 335,
 338, 349, 404, 417, 426, 427
 Antiquities, 439, 442
 Books on, 433, 439
 Botanical Experimental Station, 435
 Buddha relics, 434
 Buddha tree, 440
 Expenses, 437
 Festivals, 439
 Guides, 441
 History, 428
 Hotels, 432, 434, 438
 Itinerary, 449
 Motor roads, 437, 441
 Mountain resorts, 436
 Museums, 431
 People, the, 427
 Peradeniya Gardens, 430, 434
 Seasons, the, 2, 430, 444
 Shopping, 432
 Steamer routes, 430
 Temples, 433, 441
 Champanir, 394
 Changchun, 122, 125, 126
 Changsha, 202
 Chao-chow, 213
 Cheng-chow, 166
 Cheng-tu, 196
 Chidambaram, 418
 Chienmai, 281
 Chien-shan Mountains, 123
 Chihli Province, 165
 China, Central, 173, 342
 Books on, 197, 181, 188
 Bore, Hangchow, 185
 Cities, ancient, 189
 Concessions, foreign, 174, 191
 Expenses, 181, 189
 Food, 180, 182
 Gardens, 187

- China, Central,
 Hotels, 175, 179, 180
 Houseboat travel, 181, 185, 187
 Inland travel, 189
 Inns, 196
 Itineraries, 182, 188, 447
 Luggage, 188
 Ming Tombs, 190
 Names, romantic, 183, 184
 Rapids, running the Yangtse, 193
 River voyages, 187, 193
 Seasons, the, I, 444
 Shanghai, 173
 Shopping, 176, 179, 187, 196
 Shrines, 183
 Steamer routes, 197
 Steel mills, 192
 Taiping Rebellion, 186
 Temples, 177, 186, 187, 190
 West Lake, a tour of, 183
- China, Northern, 129, 342
 Astronomy, 142
 Books on, 139, 141, 169
 Caravans, 161
 Climate, 133
 Coal Hill, 146
 Divisions of, 132
 Drum Tower, 149
 Excursions from Peking, 163
 Expenses, 162, 168
 Festivals, 151
 Great Wall of China, 157
 Guides, 140, 152, 153
 History, 134
 Homes, 131
 Hotels, 131, 137, 158, 168
 Inland Travel, 163
 Inns, 132, 162, 163
 Itinerary, 446
 Lama Temple, 150
 Manchu Tombs, 164
 Ming Tombs, 157
 Monasteries, 156, 164
 Museums, 144
 Palaces, 136, 139, 142
 Peking, 136
 Permits, 142
 Ricksha, the, 138
 Routes through, 165
 Seasons, the, I, 444
 Shopping, 147
- China, Northern,
 Shrines, 167, 170
 Steamer routes, 165
 Summer Palace, 152
 Temple of Heaven, 140
 Temples, 139, 155
 Tombs, 446
 Transportation in, 130
 Traveling in, 152, 158
 Winter Palace, 145
- China, South, 198, 342
 Books on, 216
 Bridges, great, 210
 British in Hongkong, 215
 Canton, 226
 Cities, ancient, 208
 Cities, great, 199
 Concessions, foreign, 204, 212
 Dangers in, 223
 Gambling, 220
 Guides, 209, 225
 Han Yu, 213
 Hongkong, 214
 Hotels, 204, 208, 218, 222, 224
 Itinerary, 201, 447
 Names, romantic, 228
 "Open" ports, 202, 203
 Opium War, 200, 214, 220
 People, the, 198
 Piracy, 223
 Ports, desertion of, 203
 Portuguese in Macao, 219
 Railways, 202
 River traffic, 225
 River voyages, 206, 210
 Season, the, I, 204, 444
 Shopping, 212, 218, 228
 Shrines, 210
 Slave trade, 211
 Steamer routes, 201, 219, 222
 Tea trade, 203
 Temples, 206, 209, 228, 229
 Trade wars, 214
 China Sea, 282
 Chindwin River, 322
 Chinkiang, 189
 Chion-ji, 84
 Chitorgarh, 335, 378, 386, 448
 Cho-sen, 100
 Chuan-chow, 210
 Chu-fou, 167, 171
 Chungking, 187, 188, 194, 447
 Chuzenji, Lake, 29, 49

Clothing for the Orient, 6
 Coal Hill, 142
 Cochin-China, 252, 253
 Colombo, 4, 285, 294, 404, 426,
 429, 430, 431, 432, 437, 438,
 443, 448
 Conducted Parties, 14
 Confucius, Tomb of, 166, 168,
 169, 170, 203, 447
 Conjeeveram, 418
 Credentials, value of, 10
 Cruises, World, 14

D

Daibutsu, The, Kamakura, 30, 42
 Daibutsu, The, Nara, 76, 77
 Dairen, 3, 115, 117, 122, 124, 446
 Dal Lake, 376, 377, 378
 Dargah of Banda Nawaz, 411
 Darjeeling, 2, 4, 244, 335, 339,
 362, 448
 Daulatabad, 399
 Delhi, 335, 347, 353, 362, 364,
 365, 378, 379, 380, 381, 394,
 409, 448
 Den Pasar, 310, 312
 Deshima Island, 91
 Dhanuskodi, 426, 442, 448, 449
 Dieng Plateau, 303
 Djokjakarta, 294, 301, 305, 448
 Dragon River, 209

E

Elephanta, Caves of, 396, 398
 Ellora, Caves of, 335, 395, 400,
 448
 Eklingji Lake, 389
 Equipment, 12
 Everest, Mt., 339, 380
 Expenses, 10, 17

F

Fatehpur-Sikri, 346, 349, 379,
 394
 Firozabad, 358
 Foochow, 201, 202, 203 204, 447
 Forbidden City, 136, 139, 143,
 152, 446
 Formosa, Island of, 203
 Fu-chow, 195

Fuji, 57
 Fujikawa River, 56
 Fuji-yama, Mt., 30, 53
 Fukien, 198, 206
 Fusian, 88, 99, 100, 446
 Fushimi, 70
 Futami-no-ura, 65

G

Galle, 432
 Galta Gorge, 382
 Ganderbal, 377
 Gangaroowa, 435
 Ganges River, 340, 397
 Garoet, 299, 448
 Gaya, 340
 Geishas, 29, 68, 73, 89
 Gifu, 65
 Giratella, Lake, 441
 Goa, 378, 379
 Gokasho, 65
 Golconda, 412
 Golden Temple, 343
 Gotemba, 55, 56, 58
 Goza Bay, 65
 Grand Lac, 258
 Great Wall of China, 128, 139,
 157, 303
 Guides (*see* Individual Countries)
 Gulbarga, 394, 407, 410
 Gulmarg, 373, 375, 377
 Gwalior, 346

H

Habarane, 441
 Hai-phong, 254, 265, 447
 Hakgala, 437
 Hakone, Lake, 54
 Hangchow, 132, 139, 176, 180,
 199, 203
 Han-kiang River, 214
 Hankow, 165, 188, 189, 191, 447
 Hanoi, 202, 253, 254, 255, 264,
 265
 Han River, 192
 Han's Mountain, 213
 Hanyang, 192
 Harbin, 122, 126
 Hardwar, 360
 Health, care of the, 9

Heijo, 111
 Hikone, 72
 Himalaya Mts., 339
 Honan Province, 165
 Hondo Island, 88
 Hongay, 265
 Hongkong, 133, 198, 214, 222,
 251, 254, 269, 285, 294, 308,
 447

Hoogli River, 337

Hoshigaura, 124

Hotels (*see* Individual Countries)

Hotgi Junction, 410

Houseboats (*see* Individual Countries)

Hozu River, 82

Hué, 254, 255, 264, 265, 266

Hupei Province, 165

Hyderabad, 335, 407, 410, 412,
 448

I

Ichang, 188, 193

Ichi-no-miya, 83

Ikao, 29, 50, 446

Iloilo, 248

India, Northern, 200, 335, 448

Amusements, 375

Antiquities, 356

Astronomical Observatory,
 Jaipur, 381

Bazars, 339, 342, 345, 347, 355,
 382

Bearer, 336

Beauty of, 372

Bombay, history of, 395

Books on, 342, 359, 362, 364,
 371, 383, 387

Botanical Gardens, 338

Burials, Parsi, 397

Canals, 377

Caravans, 369

Caves, Temple, 397

Chitor Fort, 386

"City of Victory," 349

Crocodiles at Jaipur, 382

Customs, religious, 384

Delhi Fort, 356

Equipment for, 336, 378

Expenses, 374

Festivals, 361, 384

India, Northern,

Ganges, a trip on the, 341

Golden Temple, 363

Guides, 350, 363, 383, 387, 399

Hill Tribes, 368

Hotels, 339, 340, 362, 364, 368,

373, 374, 377, 379, 392, 396

Houseboat voyage, 373

Inns, 379

Itinerary, 448

Jain towers, Chitorgarh, 387

Kuth Minar, 359

Marble work, carved, 347, 383,
 386

Mountain climbing, 391

Museums, 338, 343, 352, 367,
 382, 389

Mutiny relics, 344

Palaces, 345, 347, 351, 356, 367,
 372, 380, 381, 389, 390

Pearl Mosque, 351

Railway routes, 380

River trip, 340

Season, proper, 2, 336, 373, 444

Shopping (*see* Bazars)

Taj Mahal, 346

Temples, 338, 341, 342, 343,
 353, 357, 358, 362, 366, 377,
 384, 385, 391, 393, 397, 398

Tigers at Jaipur, 381

Tombs, 347, 351, 366, 393

Zoo, Calcutta, 338

India, Southern, 200, 255, 403,
 430, 448

Architecture, 410, 418

Bazars, 412, 419

Bijapur, history of, 408

Books on, 405, 411, 413, 414,
 423, 424

Brass, Tanjore, 419

Festivals, 406

Fishes, weird, 415

Golconda Fort, 412

Guides, 409, 418, 421

Hotels, 405, 412

Itinerary, 404, 448

Jewels, temple, 422

Madras, Aquarium at, 415

Madras, history of, 414

Madura Temple, 425

Palaces, 419

Repoussé work, Tanjore, 419

Railway routes, 405

- India, Southern,
 St. Thomas, tomb of, 415
 Seasons, the, 2, 335, 403, 414,
 444
 Steamer routes, 404
 Temples, 406, 408, 410, 413,
 418, 419, 420, 421, 425, 426
 Tombs, 413
See India, Northern, for general facts
- Indian Mutiny, 344, 355
- Indo-China, French, 202, 252,
 275, 430
 Annamese, 267
 Architecture, 260
 Art, Cham, 257
 Art, Khmer, 261
 Books on, 252
 Botanical Gardens, 257
 Climate, 255
 Dancing girls, 260
 Expenses, 258
 French in, 253
 Guides, 259, 262
 Hotels, 257, 258
 Itinerary, 447
 Khmers, the, 261
 Mystery of, 252, 257, 261
 Palaces, 260, 266
 People, the, 259, 261
 Royal tombs, 267
 River voyage, 259
 Seasons, the, 1, 444
 Steamer routes, 254, 255
 Temples, 260, 262, 263
- Indrapat, 358
- Inland Sea, 29, 84, 86
- Inns (*see* Individual Countries)
- Introduction, Letters of, 10
- Ipoh, 290, 448
- Irrawaddy River, 317, 322, 448
- Ise, Shrines of, 64, 80
- Islamabad, 377, 378
- Itineraries, Eastern, 444
 Foundation stones of, 27
 Seasons for various, 444
 Steamer fares, 446
- J
- Jaipur, 335, 378, 380, 384, 448
- Jaisalmer, 379
- Jaisamand Lake, 389
- Jalgaon, 402
- Jambukeswar, 421, 423
- Japan, 18, 342, 446
 Antiquities, 74
 Architecture, 25
 Bathing, 23, 30, 51, 87
 Biwa, Lake, a tour of, 71
 Books on, 20, 38, 47, 70, 78
 Capitals, 59
 Cherry Blossoms, 39
 Cities, 27
 Cormorant fishing, 65
 Expense, 32
 Feast of Lanterns, 89
 Festivals, 36, 41, 44, 58, 61, 72,
 77, 78, 89
 Flower festivals, 72
 Food, 22, 43, 57, 58
 Fuji-Yama, a tour around, 54
 Gardens, 67, 69
 Geishas, 29, 68, 73, 89
 Geisha theater, 73
 Guides, 27, 37, 79
 Health resorts, 87
 Hollanders in, 91
 Hotels, 34, 35, 52, 56, 64, 74
 Homes, 23
 Hospitality, 21, 80
 Inns, 21, 23, 31, 57, 66, 72,
 74, 83
 Itinerary, 27, 445
- Lakes, a tour of, 29, 49, 52,
 55, 71
- Mikados, 66
- Mikado's Palace, 68
- Monasteries, 79
- Mountains, 29
 Mountain scenery, 51, 56
 Mountain trails, 54
 Museums, 35, 40, 77, 81, 90
 Nagasaki, Coaling at, 90
 Palaces, 67, 69
 Pearl fisheries, 65
 Pottery, 62, 68, 73
 Seasons, the, 1, 444
 Shopping, 73
 Shrines, 36, 38, 42, 45, 53, 61,
 64, 75, 80, 86
 Steamer routes, 84, 88
 Temples, 24, 25, 39, 45, 58, 69,
 70, 75, 76, 86, 89
 Tokaido, The, 30, 59
 Tokaido Railway, 30

Japan,
Tramping, 32, 50, 83
Viewing, 83
Views, famous, 28, 82, 85
Views, Famous Eight, 71
Volcanoes, 29, 87
Jaro, 248
Java, 200, 203, 255, 282, 293, 297,
 338, 342, 447
 Bali, Island of, 308
 Boroboedoer, The, 303
 Botanical Gardens, 298
 Crafts, 306
 Dutch in, the, 293
 Dyeing, 302
 Entertainment, 302
 Hotels, 295, 296, 298, 300, 302,
 307
 Itinerary, 294, 447
 Mountain resorts, 307
 Museums, 297
 Music, 302
 Palaces, 301
 Prambanan Temples, 305
 Seasons, the, 2, 444
 Steamer routes, 293, 308
 Temples, 303, 305
 Volcanoes, 300, 307
Jehol, 130, 163
Jhansi, 346
Jhelum River, 371, 375, 377
Jih-kuny-giam Hill, 209
Jinsen, 105
Jodhpur, 379, 390
Johore, 286, 288
Johore Bharu, 288
Jolo, 250
Jolo Island, 250
Juggernaut Car of India, 406
Jumna River, 347

K

Kabul, 370, 380
Kah-chioh, 212
Kaifeng, 189
Kaijo, 109, 446
Kalgan, 161, 162
Kajika-zawa, 56, 57, 58
Kamakura, 30, 34, 42, 60, 445
Kamodjan, 301
Kanarak, 406
Kandy, 429, 430, 432, 441, 448

Kankariya Lake, 393
Kankroli Lake, 389
Karli, Cave at, 399
Karuizawa, 51
Kashmir, Vale of, 269, 291, 335,
 349, 367, 371
Keijo, 103
Kelani River, 438
Keishu, 99, 101, 446
Khurda Road, 405
Khyber Pass, 335, 360, 368, 448
Kia-lat, 212
Kinchinjunga Mt., 339
Kinkaku-ji, 69
Kinkwa-san Island, 52
Kiso Mountains, 64
Kiso River, 33
Kiukiang, 191
Kobe, 27, 28, 84, 85, 88, 446
Kofu, 56, 57, 58
Koh-si-chang, Island of, 271
Kolongsu Island, 208, 209
Kongo-San Mts., 99, 110, 446
Konsei Pass, 29, 50
Korea, 88, 93, 446
 Antiquities, 109
 Buddha, White, 107
Cho-sen, 100
Classes in, 97
Costumes, 96
Culture, 102
Customs, 104
Demonology, 108
Expenses, 101
Geisha dances, 108
Guides, 105, 107
Hermitage ended, 94
History, 97
Hospitality, 103, 111
Hotels, 99, 103
Inns, 99, 101, 111
Itinerary, 446
Monasteries, 107, 111
Mountains, 110
Museums, 102, 105
Names, city, 100
Opinions on, 95
Palaces, 105, 106
People, the, 95
Seasons, the, 1, 444
Shopping, 109
Shrines, 102, 106
Steamer routes, 100

INDEX

- Korea,
Temples, 106
Theaters, 108
Yangban, the, 96
- Kota Batoe, 299
Kowloon, 215
Koya-guchi, 79, 80
Koya-san, 29, 79, 80, 81, 446
Kozu, 30, 60
Kuala Kangsar, 283, 290
Kuala Lumpur, 289, 290, 448
Kuling, 191
Kuno-zan, Mt., 30, 61
Ku-sang, Mt., 206, 207
Kusatsu, 29, 50, 446
Kwantung, 198
Kwei-fu, 195
Kyoto, 26, 28, 29, 36, 58, 61, 65,
 66, 72, 78, 79, 82, 87, 89, 445,
 446
- Kyushu Island, 30, 33, 84, 87, 88
- L
- Ladakh, 269, 377
Lahore, 335, 347, 360, 361, 362,
 363, 364, 396, 414, 448
Lama Temple, Peking, 150
Lampang, 281
Landi Kotal, 369
Laos, 252, 278
Lavinia, Mt., 431
Lawang, 307
Leh, 378
Leles Lake, 301
Le Pnom Hill, 260
Lhasa, 163, 378, 380
Liaotung Peninsula, 115
Liao-yang, 115, 122, 446
Lombok, Island of, 310
Lonauli, 399
Lucknow, 335, 343, 344, 448
Luzon, Island of, 2, 233, 240
- M
- Macao, 201, 214, 219, 447
Madras, 335, 404, 407, 414, 448
Madura, 335, 353, 404, 417, 418,
 424, 442, 448, 449
Mahamandir, 390
Maizuru, 83
Malacca, 289, 448
- Malacca, Straits of, 282, 286, 291
Malavli, 399
Malaya, 275, 282
Books on, 282
Botanical Gardens, 288
British in, 285
Climate, 282
Guides, 287
Hotels, 287
Houseboat trip, 283, 290
Itinerary, 448
Seasons for, 444
Temples, 292
- Manchuria, 113
American Consulate, 119
Books on, 114, 124
Cities, 125
Costumes, 117
History, 113, 115
Hotels, 123, 124, 125, 127
Itinerary, 446
Japanese in, 117
Lama Tower, 122
Monasteries, 123
Mountain scenery, 115
Museums, 125
Palaces, 120
People, the, 116
Seasons, the, 1, 444
Steamer routes, 125
Temples, 126
Tombs, 121
- Mandalay, 319, 321, 324, 331, 332,
 448
Mandalay, Road to, 323
Manila, 2, 4, 233, 251, 308, 431,
 447
Manila Bay, 234
Mar Canal, 377
Mariquina River, 242
Marwar Junction, 390
Mataram, 301
Matsushima, 28, 32, 52, 85, 445
Mekong River, 253, 258, 447
Menam Delta, 281
Menam River, 271
Menam Valley, 271
Min River, 204
Mindanao Island, 233, 248, 249,
 447
Ming Tombs, 157, 190, 267, 446
Min-kiang River, 206
Minobu, 57, 58

Mirador, 247
 Misen, Mt., 86
 Mito, 32
 Miyajima, 28, 85, 446
 Miyanoshita, 30, 54, 56, 60, 445
 Miyazu, 82, 83, 84
 Moengal Pass, 307
 Moji, 28, 84, 446
 Molo, 248
 Monju, 84
 Montalban, 241, 242
 Montalban Gorge, 241
 Moulmein, 317, 321, 323, 334
 Motor car, need of the, 5
 Mukden, 115, 116, 117, 118, 122,
 446
 Museums (*see* Individual Countries)
 Muttra, 346, 352
 Myingyan, 332
 Mysore, 414

N

Nagara River, 65
 Nagasaki, 28, 84, 88, 446
 Nagoya, 28, 61, 62, 65, 445
 Nahagana, 72
 Nakescendo Road, 33
 Names, place, 13
 Nanga Parbat, 375
 Nanking, 132, 136, 172, 176, 189,
 199, 446, 447
 Nankou, 160
 Nankou Pass, 157, 161
 Nara, 29, 36, 66, 67, 73, 79, 89
 445
 Nariai, Mt., 83
 Nasik, 399
 Nazim Bagh, 376
 New Guinea, 293, 297
 Niigata, 32
 Nikko, 29, 36, 43, 89, 445, 446
 Ningpo, 197
 Nuwara Eliva, 3, 244, 429, 430,
 432, 436, 449
 Nyanugu, 332

O

Okitsu, 61
 Omi, Mt., 196
 Osaka, 85

Oton, 248
 Otsu, 72
 Oudh, 345
 Owari Bay, 32

P

Padang, 294
 Pagan, 332, 349
 Pagsanjan, 241, 242
 Pagsanjan Gorge, 241, 447
 Panay, 240
 Panay Island, 248, 249, 447
 Papandajan, Mt., 300
 Pasig River, 235, 242
 Pasoeroean, 307
 Peacock Throne, Delhi, 357
 Pearl Mosque, 351
 Pearl River, 225
 Pegu, 323, 333
 Pei-ling, 121
 Peking, 4, 133, 161, 163, 165, 188,
 198, 203, 222, 267, 446, 447
 Penang, 4, 254, 256, 269, 270,
 283, 284, 289, 291, 448
 Peradeniya Gardens, Ceylon,
 430, 432
 Perak River, 283, 290
 Peshawar, 360, 367, 368, 448
 Philippine Islands, The, 231,
 430, 447
 America and the, 232, 244
 Baguio Mountains, 243
 Benguet Road, 244
 Bilibid Prison, 236
 Books on, 231
 Costumes, native, 245, 249
 Cruising, 247
 Expenses, 247
 Extent of, 232
 Food, 235, 243
 Hotels, 235, 237, 247
 Houses, native, 232
 Islands, southern, 247
 Itinerary, 447
 Luneta, Manila, 237
 Motor trips, 242
 Mountain trails, 246
 Palaces, 237
 River voyage, 243
 Seasons, the, 2, 444
 Shopping, 246, 250
 Spaniards in, 234, 238, 249

Philippine Islands, The,
Steamer routes, 233, 251
Tramping, 246
Tribes, 233, 240, 245, 249
Phu-Cam Canal, 268
Pichola Lake, 389
Pidurutalagala, Mt., 437
Pitsanoluke, 281
Pnom-Penh, 254, 255, 258, 259
Pok-wan-shan, Mt., 230
Polonnaruwa, 441
Poona, 399
Poo-too, Island of, 197
Port Arthur, 115, 122, 124, 446
Port Swettenham, 290
Prambanan Temples, 305, 448
Prome, 319, 323, 332, 333
Puk-kan, Mt., 105
Punjaub, the, 2, 360
Purana Kila, 358
Puri, 405, 448
Pushkar, Lake, 384, 385

R

Rameswaram, 418, 426, 443
Rangoon, 285, 317, 318, 319, 321,
 322, 331, 332, 333, 448
Ratnapura, 437
Rauza, 400
Rawalpindi, 367, 371, 373, 374,
 375
Ronins, Tombs of the, 38
Rosario, 242

S

Sagar Lake, 380
Saigon, 4, 253, 254, 255, 256, 264,
 266, 447
Salween River, 322, 334
Sandakan, 251
Sand Sea, 307
Sanganer, 382, 383
San Mateo, 242
Sarkhej, 393
Sarnath, 343
Seasons, the, 1
Secunderabad, 412
Semarang, 308
Sento Gosho, 67, 69
Seoul, 98, 99, 100, 104, 105, 107,
 111, 446

Shahjahanabad, 356, 358
Shameen, Island of, 224
Shimonoseki, 28, 84, 85, 88, 100,
 446
Shanghai, 88, 133, 165, 173, 188,
 189, 291, 446, 447
Shantung Province, 167
Shikoku Island, 85
Shiogama, 52
Shizukoko, 61
Shoji, Lake, 54, 56
Shwe Dagon Pagoda, 319
Siam, 255, 269, 430
 Art, Khmer, 274
 Books on, 275
 Buddha, statues of, 278
 Climate, 271
 Dancers, 273, 279
 Festivals, 272, 273
 Fishing in, 271
 Gardens, 274
 History, 276
 Hospitality, 273
 Hotels, 270, 273
 Itinerary, 448
 Museums, 274
 Palaces, 273
 Railways in, 270
 Religious influence, 277
 River life, 271
 Seasons, the, 2, 444
 Shopping, 279
 Shrines, 278
 Steamer routes, 269
 Temples, 277
 Theaters, 273
 Water travel, 270, 278
Siam, Gulf of, 282
Si-an-fu, 166
Siccawei, 177
Sikandra, 351
Simla, 4, 244, 360, 361, 362
Sind River, 377
Singapore, 4, 88, 251, 254, 269,
 283, 284, 308, 447, 448
Sisophon 254
Siwalik Hills, 361
Smeroe, Mt., 307
Soerabaja, 294, 301, 306, 308, 309,
 311, 313, 448
Soerkarta (Solo), 305
Solo, 302, 305
Sonamarg, 377, 378

INDEX

461

- Soochow, 132, 176, 180, 185,
203
Soochow Creek, 174, 175, 178,
181
Sports in the Orient, 8
Srinagar, 371, 373, 374, 375, 377,
378
Sri Rangan, 421, 423
Steamer Routes (*see* Individual
Countries)
Straits Settlements,
Seasons, the, 2
Subashiri, 55
Sugashima Island, 65
Suigen, 105, 110, 446
Suiyuan, 161
Sujangar Hill, 389
Sulu Island, 248, 447
Sumatra, 293, 294, 297
Surugu Bay, 30, 32, 57, 61
Suwa, Lake, 33
Swatow, 201, 202, 211, 447
Szechuen Province, 188
- T
- Tai-an-fu, 167, 168
Taihu Lake, 187
Taikyo, 101, 446
Taiping, 290, 291, 448
Taishan, Mt., 79, 166, 203, 207,
447
Taj Mahal, 346, 350
Takaboko Island, 91
Takahama, 85
Takht-i-Sulaiman, Mt., 376
Talai Manaar, 426, 430, 438,
442
Tangkangtsu, 123, 124
Tanjong Bunga, 292
Tanjong Kling, 289
Tanjore, 335, 353, 404, 417, 448,
449
Ta-tung-fu, 162
Taxila, 367
Teluk Anson, 283, 291
Temples (*see* Individual Coun-
tries)
Teppa Kulam, Lake of, 426
Tibet, 269, 377
Tiehling, 115, 126
Tien Hsi-Miao, 121
Tientsin, 165, 446
- Tjibatoe, 300
Tjisoeroepan, 300
Toba, 65
Tokaido, The, 30, 59
Tokaido Railway, 30, 54, 57,
60
Tokyo, 28, 35, 56, 57, 58, 60,
445, 446
Tongking, 252, 253, 264
Tosari, 307, 448
Tour, Oriental, 1
Clothing for the, 6
Conducted Parties, 14
Credentials, 10
Expenses, 6, 10, 17
Health, 9
Hospitality, 4
Hotels, 4, 7
Independent, 14
Letters of Introduction, 10
Motor car for the, 5
Paraphernalia, 12
Place names, spelling of, 13
Seasons, the, 1
Sports, 8
World Cruises, 14
- Tourane, 266
Travel, Independent, 14
Trichinopoly, 335, 404, 417, 421,
448, 449
Tsinan-fu, 167
Tsushima Channel, 100
Tughlakabad, Fortress of, 358
- U
- Ubaguchi, 56
Udaipur, 335, 346, 378, 386, 387,
388, 396, 448
Uji, 78
Umballa, 361
Urqa, 161
- V
- Victoria (Hongkong), 215
- W
- Wenhsien, 195
Weltevreden, 4, 296, 304, 306
West Lake, 183
West River, 202

INDEX

Whangpoo River, 173
 Wu-chang, 192
 Wuchow, 202, 447
 Wu-han cities, 192

Y

Yalu River, 118

Yamada, 64

Yangtse Gorges, 193

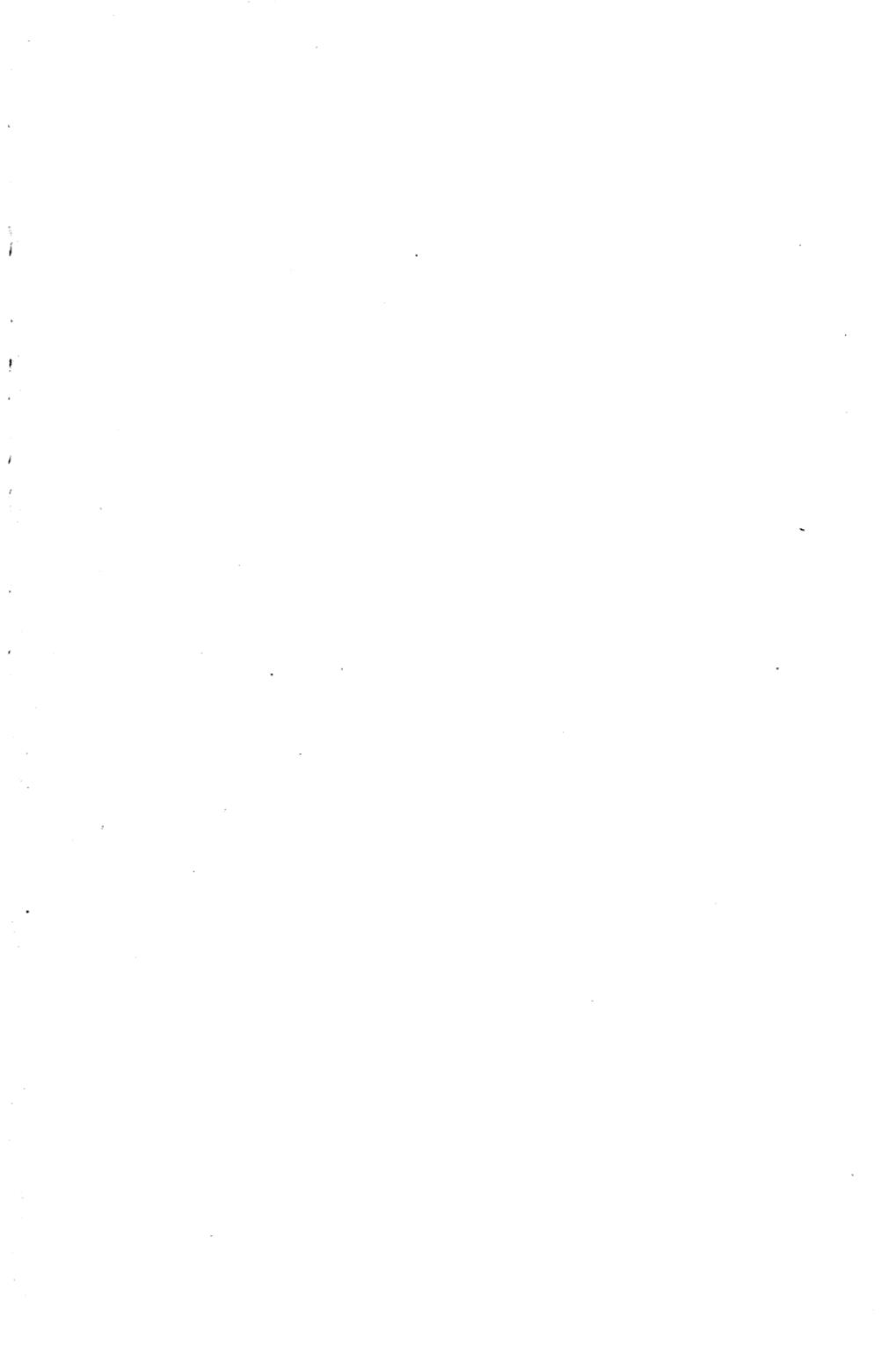
Yangtse-kiang River, 130, 173,
 187, 447

Yangtse Valley, 173, 179, 201,
 447
 Yokohama, 2, 33, 254, 445, 446
 Yumoto, Lake, 29, 50
 Yunnan-fu, 202, 264, 265
 Yunnan Province, 202, 264
 Yura River, 82

Z

Zamboango, 250
 Zayton, 189, 200, 208, 210





Fall of Empire - decay of Architecture 134

worship on summit of mountain 167-8

Lamaism a decadent, repulsive but picturesque form of Buddhism 150

drum tower - drum beats hours 149-150

Tibet & Silla 148-9

168

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